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Camera Notes

Volume III 1899-1900

Volume IV 1900-1901

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THE CAMERA CLUB OF NEW YORK

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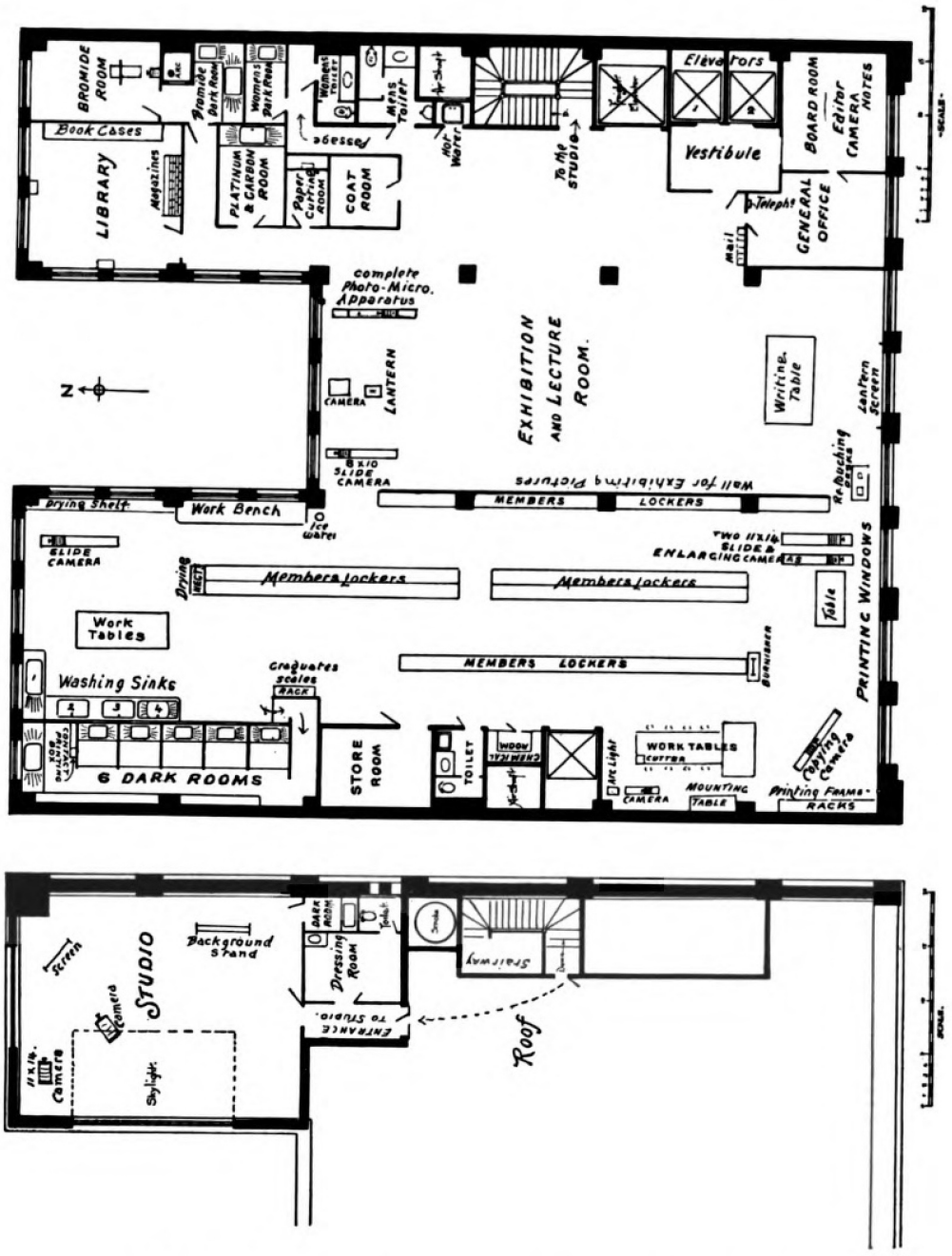

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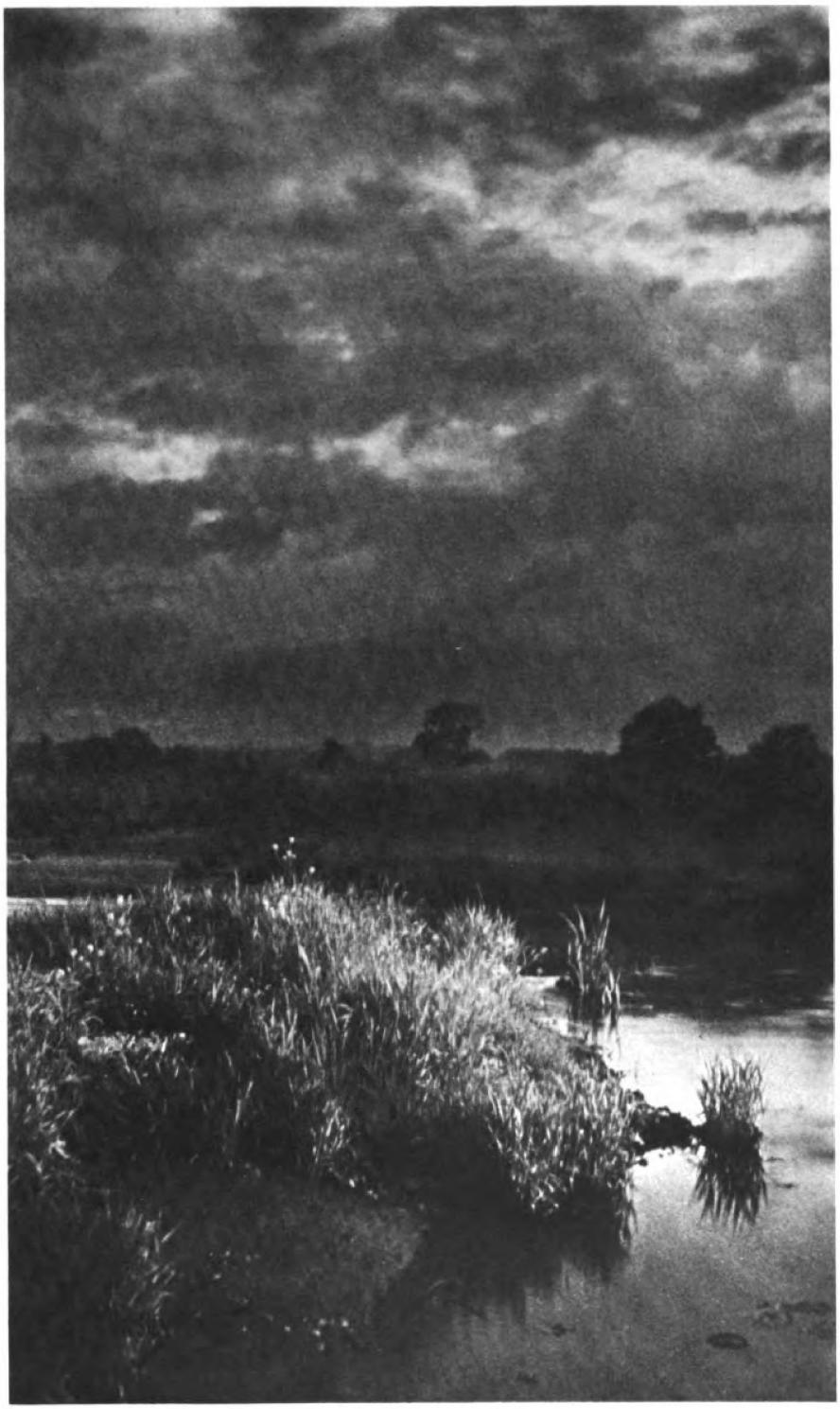

DAY'S DECLINE

By A. Horsley Hinton

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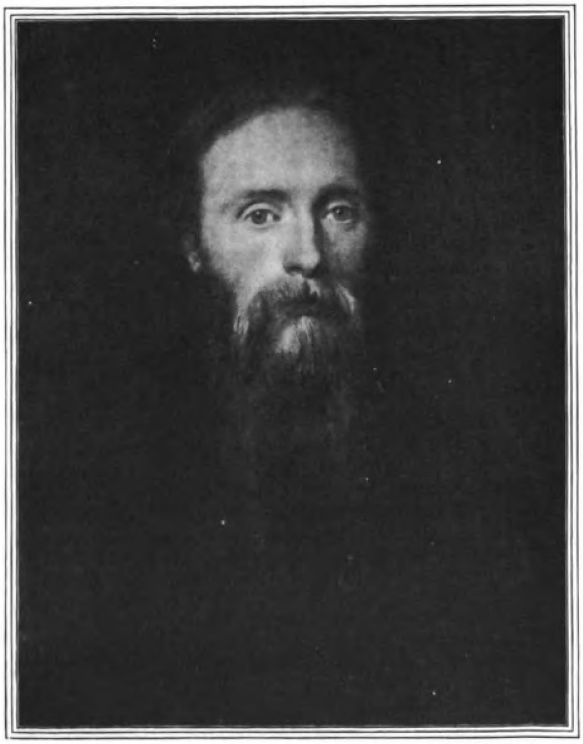

By Watts.

BURNE-JONES.

Portrait Painting and Portrait Photography.

"I would consider it a great honor if you would allow me to paint your portrait," I overheard a painter say to Prince Peter Krapotkin during his recent stay in New York. Krapotkin replied laughingly, "You will have to excuse me. First, it is very tiresome for the sitter; and second, one never gets a likeness. I have seen four or five portraits of Gladstone by eminent English artists. None looked like him. Artists have too much individuality. One cannot be a portrait painter and an artist at the same time."

This curious answer, valuable, as it came from a man—scientist, explorer, enthusiast and egotistic altruist—interested in the expression of every human endeavor, but with a preference for those conditions that concern the wel-

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fare of the masses, and therefore looking at everything from an utilitarian point of view, contains more truth than one is at first willing to credit to it. It suggests many of those contradictions inherent in portraiture, and that have never been satisfactorily explained. In this article I shall endeavor rather to state the intricacies of the problem than to solve it.

Lessing, who, with scientific accuracy in his "Laokoon" and "Hamburger Drameturgie" laid down fundamental laws for modern art which will resist the tide of many a century to come, did not grant portraiture a very high rank in the art of painting, because portraiture, although allowing ideality of expression, must be dominated by the necessity of producing a likeness, and thus it can only represent the ideal of a human being, not the ideal of humanity at large.

Neither the Greek nor the Japanese—the two styles in which Western artists like best to mask their incompetence to create a new style of their own—cultivated portraiture in the sense we do.

The aim of portrait painting is to produce a likeness—a likeness that reveals in one attitude as much of the sitter's individuality as is possible in a flat surface view. Beauty of outline, correctness of drawing, harmony of coloring, truth of tonic values, division of space, the individuality of brush work, contrast of light and shade, virility of touch, variety of texture, all become secondary attributes, because first of all the sitter will demand a likeness, and ought to have one for the time and money he spends.

But that this is rarely the case, everyone knows who has ever sat for a portrait painter, consequently I have come to consider it as a somewhat crippled branch of art, which cannot be brought into perfect harmony with the demands made on it by the public, on whom it is after all dependent. Portraiture as it is practised to-day is, when at its very best, nothing but an æsthetic enjoyment for the few who like to see a personality delineated as another personality sees it, and which enjoyment increases the oftener it is repeated. Who would not, out of sheer vanity, like to have himself painted by Whistler, Sargent, Bonnat, Boldini, Lenbach, Watts, etc.?

It seems a portrait becomes a work of art only when sitter as well as artist have a strong and decided individuality. If these conditions do not exist the portrait invariably becomes a conventional interpretation.

To produce a likeness of an ordinary vapid being is impossible without ignoring the laws of art in some way or other, and, sad to state, a portrait that is a work of art is rarely a perfect likeness.

The cinque cento masters nearly all made a habit of portrait painting, but at that time portraiture was not exercised on its present democratic plan, when everybody, who has a smattering taste for art and can afford it, has himself painted. Portraiture restricted itself (largely by the conditions of the time) to men and women of prominence, of character or rare beauty, and such types as the artist himself thought worthy of delineation. For this reason nearly all Dutch and Italian portraits of the renaissance show good workmanship. How far they are correct as likenesses is, however, beyond our capacity of judgment. I believe people were formerly more easily satisfied. Photography had not yet taught them how their faces looked on a flat surface, as it has to our generation. The demand for a likeness has

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thereby become much stronger and more difficult to satisfy than ever. The sitter himself, the members of his family, his friends and acquaintances, all have formed their opinions about his looks, and the portrait painter must possess the gift to discover and perpetuate those characteristic traits which appeal to the sitter's inner circle of friends.

By Whistler.

WHISTLER'S MOTHER.

Portrait painting, like modern art in general, is divided into three distinct phases. I can best explain them by mentioning three men who wield the brush to that purpose : Bonnat, Boldini and Sargent.

Of all the Frenchmen Bonnat was always the most congenial to me. He is a fighter for truth. His portraits are always brutally correct ; they are like confessions involuntarily made by his sitters. His art never lies ; it is cold but sincere, and sometimes has a touch of grandeur. To represent man as he is, entirely, so to speak, dug out with the very roots of his existence, with all that blackish soil from which his personality has sprung up—for that Bonnat has striven in restless work and passionate ardor all his lifetime. With him painting approached science. He wants to grasp the whole truth, theoretically apprehend it, and convince the world by painting the results of his investigations. Imagination had but little room in his art.

Eccentric Boldini is, at times, not less faithful to Nature, but in another direction. He paints the desires, theories and dreams of a decaying civilization, the thirst for pleasure, the pessimism of a period of dissolution. His flowing lines, his grotesque poses, his instinct for the brilliant, capricious, sensuous charm of life are unexcelled. He can however only paint highly seasoned personalities, like Whistler, the Count Montesquieu de Fezensac and capricious mondaines, just as Raffaelli, the painter of proletarian socialism, can only depict tramps, indulging in his portraits even in the idiosyncracy of making men like Zola and Huysmans look like emaciated loafers on the verge of anarchism. Paul Bourget once said, taking up the cudgel for the Psychological School of Literature, which began with Stendhal : "*La vie qui dépasse l'imagination en rutalités la dépasse aussi en délicatesses.*" Boldini also believes in this. Like Henry Gervex, Blanche, Jan van Beers, he symbolizes only in a superior, more clearly defined manner, our modern intellectual life, in which we find treasured up the whole wealth of the past, what millenniums have created. And despite our soaring ambition to create something new, we know no better than to waste our time by playing and flirting with the

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stored up treasure of dead ages, and exclaiming in hours of despondency: "Oh, could we but forget all we have learnt, be naive again like children, open to all new impressions, without everlastingly thinking of what has happened before us!" It is the disease of the century, and Boldini is one of the artists who endeavor to represent it.

The third phase is represented by John S. Sargent, expressed in the resistless desire to attain a perfect technique that has taken possession of all studios. We all know his breadth of method, his ostentatious brushwork, his dashing schemes of color, his masterly handling of accessories, tapestry, silk hangings, etc. His ambition is to permeate every stroke of his brush with color and virility, independent of an idea, a work of art in itself. Every picture was merely a step forward in attaining this ideal. Sargent is a fanatic of technique, who sacrifices even facial characteristics to suit his own taste. He does not care a jot about the sitter's individuality if it does not harmonize with the decorative fancies of his marvelous execution. Whoever wants a sober, characteristic portrait should surely not go to Mr. Sargent.

The man who combines the characteristic faculties of these three men is John McNeal Whistler, in my opinion with Chavannes, Manet and Monet the greatest artist of this century. He combines the fanaticism of a perfect technique, the search for truth, and the raffinement to create new sensations. Also Boldini is curious to analyze what the French call *La Modernité*, which in one word expresses our breathless, nervous modern life with all its intricate desires, but he merely courts it. Whistler masters it. His art revels in the realms of imagination unknown to Bonnat's realism, and Sargent's pyrotechnical displays of technique look crude and barbarous in comparison to Whistler's unobtrusive, unerring brushwork, which masters all the optical illusions of this world with wizard-like dexterity. Are you acquainted with his Paganini? That is not the Paganini of ordinary life, nor is it the one we know from the concert hall. The artist has attempted to give us the whole atmosphere that surrounds an artistic genius. And how has he accomplished such a task? By a male figure in an ordinary dress suit with shimmering shirt front, the outlines of which are lost in a space of vibrant emptiness.

In his masterpiece at the Luxembourg he does not merely represent his old mother. He endowed this old woman, sitting pensively in a gray interior, with one of the noblest and mightiest emotions the human soul is capable of—the reverence and calm we feel in the presence of our own aging mother. And with this large and mighty feeling, in which all discords of mannerisms are dissolved, and by the tonic values of two ordinary dull colors, he succeeded in writing an epic of superb breadth and beauty, a symbol of the mother of all ages and all lands, slowly aging as she sits pensively amidst the monotonous colors of modern life. Nothing simpler and more dignified has been created in modern art.

Two other interesting phases of portraiture are expressed by Frederick Watts and Franz von Lenbach.

Since Leonardo de Vinci nobody has expressed the soul life of a human being in a face as well as Watts. It shines from the eyes with an intensity

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that is appalling. Watts seems to concentrate all his feeling upon them. Take his Burne-Jones. Does not everything that is valuable in that man seem to radiate from the eyes and exist in their direct and searching glance? Color is not his strength. As delightful as his deep greens and browns and dull golds sometimes are, so unpleasant at times is his flesh painting. Even his vigorous drawing is secondary to his breadth of conception, which neglects all outside characteristics in order to reveal the inner life. All his portraits—I may mention his Sir Panizzi, Stuart Mill, Dr. Martineau, Spottiswoode, Lord Shaftsbury—suggest the grandeur of mental labor, the peculiar noble traits of their specific characters, be they men of action or study, scientists, political economists or philanthropists. In this lies the intrinsic value of Watts' art, and also its limitation. He is the painter of the human soul.

The keynote of Lenbach's portraits is intellectuality. He is an exceedingly faithful reproducer of facial characteristics, but unsatisfied with merely copying them, he invariably makes his lines, so to say, a commentary on the sitter's personality ; they are his means of telling what he thinks about them. Every turn and bend of his lines bristles with thought; that is his claim to originality. And with these lines—the other qualities of his technique are rather too dependent on the old masters—he endeavors to write history, and as he has created for himself the opportunities to paint more representative men than any other portraitist living, he has succeeded to some extent; the more so as he, realizing that it is well nigh impossible to do justice to and exhaust individualities like Bismarck, the Pope, or Duse in one picture, has made various commentaries on each person. His portraits of Bismarck will become trustworthy documents, because he has painted the statesman so often that future generations will be able to deduct from them a reliable composite likeness.

By Bastien-Lepage.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

On this occasion I also want to mention two of our American painters, who even among such illustrious company, fairly hold

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By Ben-Yusuf.

SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

their own. It afforded me a special pleasure to note that the two best portraits at the last portrait show—one of those peculiar institutions where only personages of the most exclusive circles are hung on the line—were painted by two Americans, F. P. Vinton and Thomas W. Dewing. Vinton is our American Bonnat; his vigor and power of characterization of men are marvelous, while Dewing is to me, with Stevens, the most remarkable depictor of ladies of the elegant thinking world. He is the interpreter of aristocratic womanhood. A painter cannot describe the melodramatic situations of a woman's life in colors, his brush can only dwell upon her sensuous, flirtatious charms, and the atmosphere and the environment in which she lives. This Dewing has accomplished. His best pictures have something so curious and delicate about them as almost to suggest the vague dreams and aspirations of womanhood. With what sentiment can that man imbue the texture of a simple gown! And what chaste voluptuousness can he suggest in some lady's languid face or furtive movement of her hands or neck!

My particular favorite among modern portrait painters—although he is little known in the vocation—is Bastien Lepage.

Of all the great naturalists who have enriched painting since Courbet and Manet seized the pallette, Bastien Lepage was the greatest, because his naturalism disdained all pose, always possessed simplicity and dignity, and still was something beyond mere faithfulness to nature, for which we usually seek in vain among the ardent followers of this creed. Also Manet and Courbet loved truth, but not so much for truth's sake as to affront conventionality and the old methods. Bastien Lepage was a naturalist, neither by intention nor theory, and least of all for effect, but because he had to be one ; with him it was unconscious intuition, the natural way of expressing himself.

I have seen four of his portraits—his Albert Wolff, André Theuriet, Prince of Wales and Sarah Bernhardt. His remarkable—one might almost say clairvoyant—power of characterization, which saw the most minute details, as well as all superior traits, made him change his entire method of brushwork with each sitter. In the first portrait his style is coquettish, capricious, brilliant and intellectual, like that of the famous Parisian art critic ; in the second reticent in gesture and of bourgeois dignity ; in the third, loud, lavish, aristocratic and ceremonious, and at last grotesque, nervous, electric like genius. Bastien Lepage's Sarah Bernhardt is one of the

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few portraits which are liknesses and works of art at the same time. Observe the purity of the profile, the elegance of the nervous hands, the originality of the attitude, the virility of the line of the back ! And the variety of texture ! Dress, face, hair, background, statuette, each treated differently, as you can study even in the accompanying reproduction of a reproduction. And in regard to conception, is it not Sarah Bernhardt as we imagine her in her private life, bizarre, exotic, enigmatic, the supreme of artifice?

Looking at this picture, we might come to the conclusion that there was, after all, a possibility for a harmonious union of art and portraiture.

Yet we cannot overlook the fact that even Bastien Lepage and all the other artists mentioned, Whistler included, find it impossible to adapt themselves to more than half a dozen types congenial to them, or to men and women of striking individuality. They all have produced numerous clever pieces of painting, and often masterpieces, but only on the rarest occasions, however, a likeness, and then generally of a personality of whom the public has always formed an ideal conception.

By Clarence H. White.

MRS. H.

There is a great danger for portrait painters in being too individual. Boldini shows this most clearly. In short, nothing is rarer than a portrait painter who has the power simply to repeat nature and thereby produce a work of art. I only know of one who could take any ordinary human being—the first best one he meets—and simply by studying the color and modeling accomplish an interesting and artistic likeness. That is Anders Zorn. He simply paints what he sees. He desires to reproduce nature as far as it is possible.

M. Chartran remarked to me one day: "I have no patience with artists who say that 'such and such persons have no interest for me, I can't paint them,' for in every person burns a flame

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that appears now and then at the surface." Chartran thought that a portraitist should not have too much individuality in his technique, but that he should be a man of individuality enough to find something of interest in every person. Now, as much as I despise Chartran, and as little as he can claim his "say" for himself—his portraits are like poems dedicated to the sitters; there is nothing genuine in them, yet one accepts them smilingly because they flatter one's vanity—he was perfectly correct in his statement (which proves that a bad artist can be a wise critic at times). There is undoubtedly something of interest in the physiognomy as well as pathognomy of everyone, of my grocer or coalman, for instance, however insignificant and faint it may be, which at times flares up and can be reflected on the canvas.

Well, Anders Zorn can do that, but he fails when he attempts to paint a striking personality; then he gets nothing but virility and color and a general outside resemblance, nothing of the inner man. There lies the rub. It is his individuality to comprehend the appearances of ordinary life.

To have the power to comprehend all types of humanity, to grow enthusiastic enough about them, and to paint them faithfully, subordinating one's flights of fancy to the necessity of the moment, would take a man of Whitman-like love for humanity.

If such a man would appear, he would undoubtedly be a stronger individuality than all these others. And individuality makes an artist, as I have shown above, unfit for getting a likeness. And that art without individuality is no longer art is equally clear.

Yes, Krapotkin made an approximately true statement when he said: "A man cannot be a portrait painter and an artist at the same time."

American Portrait Photography.

The aim of portrait photography is also likeness, and the camera is capable of producing it.

True enough, not one lens is like the other, and each camera has therefore a certain individuality of its own, but in certain things it is always correct; for instance, a man with a Cyrano de Bergerac nose will never be represented by any lens as having a Roman or Grecian nose, as it at times happens in portrait painting.

The reports of the cameras in producing a portrait might differ, for instance, in the facial expression. But as it is impossible to take the same subject with several cameras at the same time and from the same point, and as the subject and the light are continually changing, one cannot know precisely how much is the work of the camera and how much that of its manipulator.

And the majority of us are such bad observers of facial expression. Not only the Chinese all look alike to us; no, we do not even remember the lines and plastic peculiarities in the faces of the members of our own family. How little one man knows another was shown by the remark of Mr. Keiley, who so gracefully crossed swords with me in Camera Notes, Vol. II. No. 3, in which he was pleased to call me "a man who never laughs." Now, I believe there are few men who laugh and smile more than I do, for I

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PORTRAIT STUDY

By Gertrude Käsebier

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PORTRAIT STUDY

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do it all the time, on all occasions. It is a racial trait, as Lafcadio Hearn has so deftly explained, that unconsciously plays its part in my facial expression. The reason why I looked so glum in Mr. Keiley's presence was his own peculiar sanctimonious appearance, which dampened within me all feelings of joy in so forcible a manner that I did not even dare to smile. And such gentlemen want to photograph each other and produce likenesses! No; a careful, intelligent system of posing, lighting and retouching is not sufficient.

A portrait photographer should be even a better character reader than a portrait painter. He should put into practice the theories of physiognomists like Della Parta or Lavater, Piderit, Claus Harms or Shyler, as he is continually confronted by people he has never seen before. He cannot get acquainted with them like a painter, who commands numerous sittings; he has to rely on his general judgment.

There is no art which affords less opportunity to executive expression than photography. Everything is concentrated in a few seconds, when after perhaps an hour's seeking, waiting and hesitation, the photographer sees the realization of his inward vision, and in that moment he has one advantage over most arts—his medium is swift enough to record his momentary inspiration. Right at the start I must confess that I have never met such spontaneity of judgment in a man, who was a competent character reader, artist and photographer in one person.

At present the art of portrait photography can be divided into three distinct classes, the amateur, the professional and the artistic photographers.

About the first class, consisting of all those hundreds of thousands who press the button or hide themselves under the focusing cloth for their own amusement, I have nothing to say. The second class, made up of those who are willing to photograph us for money, from 25 cents upwards, figure very prominently in the thoroughfares of our metropolitan life. But they have, excepting two or three, nothing whatever to do with art. They merely reproduce our face and figure in the most innane aspects, and retouch the plate until all resemblance is lost. Hollinger, with his delicate modeling of half tones in light tinted grays, is one noteworthy exception. The third class is the one which interests me. They endeavor to make photography an independent art, a new black and white process to represent the pictorial elements of life. There is much agitation among them. There are clubs and leagues and societies of artistic photography, and lectures and debates on the subject. There are dozens of magazines exploiting artistic photography, and exhibitions galore. An artistic photograph is, nevertheless, the rarest thing under the sun.

The majority of these ladies and gentlemen represent objects indiscriminately, or take bad painters as models for their compositions, and the results, of course, are dire. Others imitate, by all sorts of trickery, black and white processes and the pictorial side of painting in general, and produce something which in my opinion is illegitimate.

There are a number of artistic photographers in town, who devote themselves to portraiture, and make you look like a Holbein or a Dürer drawing, like an etching, like a reproduction of a painting, or like a Japanese ghost, all

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wrapt up in mist. I had the pleasure of being photographed by one of these ladies—Emmeline Rives, Anthony Hope and Rosenthal were posing for her in the same week, so I was in good company—and the result was a print that she pronounced one of the best she ever made. True enough it was an excellent likeness, but the position of the head, bending forward, was so peculiar that nine out of ten of my acquaintances asked me if I had lately become a bicycle fiend, for the picture looked very much as if it had been taken by a snapshot when I was scorching away from some picture exhibition which had done its best to make me melancholy. Now this lady is one of the best artistic photographers we have, and my portrait is one of her best efforts. That, it seems to me, does not speak very well for artistic photography.

I also do not like their peculiar attitude. Instead of simply managing their business like ordinary professionals they avoid advertising, and act as if money is of no consequence to them, and yet contradict themselves by charging twenty-five dollars per dozen. They bother celebrities to come to their studio, as they would be ever so proud to focus the author of such and such a book and give them, after long waiting, two or three prints as a reward. These photographs are shown to the other customers, and, of course, if this great man had himself photographed by so and so, why should not the humble Mrs. X have herself depicted by the same photographer for twenty-five dollars.

Equally absurd it seems to me is that a limited number of prints of a photograph should make it more valuable. The producing of prints from a plate is an exceedingly delicate art, but after all, a mechanical process. One can make several hundred just as well as one (perhaps not all up to one's standard, but they can be made), and it would therefore fall into the vocation of photography to exercise its influence in an unlimited instead of a limited edition. A good photograph does not get less valuable because a hundred other copies of it are scattered throughout the world. With a painting or even a general drawing it is quite different ; that can't be repeated, just as little as a photographer can pose a sitter twice in exactly the same way. But after the plate has once been made, the rest should be an ordinary printing process. That the plates have not yet reached the state of perfection to accomplish this may be an excuse for the present mania of retouching.

By Frank Eugene.

I have a great weakness for artistic photography, but I must confess that I do not like its present ways of asserting itself, although I give due admiration to works of such portrait photographers as F. H. Day, Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier, J. T. Keiley and Frank Eugene.

F. H. Day, apparently a man of wide æsthetic culture and of genuine, highly developed, artistic insight, has the

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By Gertrude Käsebier.

peculiar gift to render everything decorative. Sensitive to a high degree (I fear even oversensitive), he can only satisfy his individual code of beauty by arranging and rearranging his subject with all sorts of accessories and light effects, which show an extensive knowledge of classic, as well as contemporary, art. There is no photographer who can pose the human body better than he, who can make a piece of drapery fall more poetically, or arrange flowers in a man or woman's hair more artistically. He would have made (seriously speaking) an excellent manager of the supers of a dramatic company like the Saxon-Meininger. Even Irving could learn something from him. There are passages in his portraits which are exquisite, but all his representations lack simplicity and naturalness. He has set himself to get painter's results, and that is from my view-point not legitimate. He has pushed lyricism in portraiture as far as it can be without deteriorating into a mannerism; even his backgrounds speak a language of their own, vibrant with rhythm and melody; they are aglow in the darkest vistas. Day is indisputably the most ambitious and most accomplished of our American portrait photographers.

Lately he has managed to astonish the photographic world by making a series of photographic representations of the Crucifixion, of scenes at the Sepulchre, and the dies of Christ's head. In depicting this extremely difficult subject he has followed as far as conception goes, absolutely conventional lines; I mean he has not interpreted Christ in a new manner, as, for instance, Uhde and Edelfeldt have done. For such an innovation he had probably neither the inclination nor the nerve. His is, nevertheless, an innovation in the photographic field worthy of unlimited praise. Anything to deliver us from the stagnancy of commonplace, stereotyped productions! And Day took a step, however short and faltering, toward Parnassian heights. Pictorial representation of a classic subject on classic lines has spoken its first word in artistic photography, and no one knows where it may lead to.

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WALT WHITMAN. By Cox

Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier brought her art to a degree of interpretative perfection which it never before attained. She *imitates* (Day does not imitate but adapts) the old masters with a rare accuracy. Her management of tonic values is at times superb; she also understands the division of space and the massing of light and shade. But she is absolutely dependent on accessories. Without a slouch hat, or a big all-hiding mantle, a peculiar cut and patterned gown, a shawl or a piece of drapery, she is unable to make a satisfactory likeness. She utterly fails to master the modern garb ; only in rare cases, as for instance her Twachtman, or the Girl with the Violin, she succeeds, and solely because the sitters have themselves individuality enough. It is, comparatively, an easy task to get a good portrait of a personality, as the camera is sure to produce some of the individuality without the aid of the photographer. People will say that merely her Mother and Child pictures are free from these mannerisms, yet they have many fine qualities ; but I, for my part, associate maternal joy rather with an outburst of gay sunlight than the stifling artificial atmosphere in which Mrs. Käsebier places them. Her skillful schemes of light and shade lack luminosity. Besides the subject in itself contains so much poetical charm, it suggests poetry even without the help of the artist. Such people as Mrs. Käsebier depicts are very scarce on our streets, and whenever they appear they do it to the great sorrow of the rest of humanity. Why should a respectable citizen be transformed into such an eyesore? But Mr. Day, as well as Mrs. Käsebier, pre-eminently wish it so, as they are eminently fit to represent that class of human beings who wear slouchy drapery instead of tailor-made costumes, and carry sunflowers, holy Grail cups or urns, filled, I presume, with the ashes of deep thoughts, in their hands. People do not seem to comprehend that it may suit an idol-woman like Sarah Bernhardt to be represented with a statuette in her hand (besides she is a sculptress herself), but that it would be absurd to represent an ordinary society girl (third generation of a parvenu who married a washerwoman) in the same way. It merely shows the incompetence of the photographer to tell character.

I do not believe in Maeterlinckism, I mean by that a combination of all that is suggestive and modernizable in the old arts—as one can trace, for instance, in Maeterlinck the influence of Greek simplicity, Chaucer's fancies, Japanese laws of repetition, of Shakespeare, Virgil, etc.—our mod-

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ern life is beautiful enough, and our modern garb in no way less picturesque or less absurd (just as you like) than that of Holbein's or Velasquez's time, and yet these men succeeded in rendering it artistically without taking refuge in Assyrian and Egyptian fashions.

There is no sap of life in such art. It is still-born. The seeking of inspiration in the old masters without utilizing it in an original manner constitutes no creation. The intentional fabrication of a photograph to look like a Holbein drawing has nothing in common with the nobler aspirations of our age, and is an insult to the colossal genius of that man who rooted in his time and mastered it.

Leave the work of those great men undisturbed, except in hours devoted to a silent admiration! They have contributed their share to the history of art, and if you could only produce the epigrammatic suggestion of an original idea, such as they have created, you would deserve and gain your little niche in the Pantheon of fame!

Frank Eugene is a painter of remarkable versatility, who has taken recently to portrait photography, and not for a moment does he deny his original profession. He strives for the same picturesque muddiness in his plates as in his painting. He relies largely on his instinct. Mr. Day and Mrs. Käsebier use a good deal of premeditation to arrange their subjects. Mr. Eugene knows at one glance what he can do with a sitter. He fakes up an artistic background out of gobelins, faded foliage, flowers, etc., throws some drapery over the lap or shoulder, lets somebody hold a mirror to throw a reflection on the face, and takes the picture. All the others *think* to accomplish their results, he *feels*. Look, for instance, at his portrait of the Misses H. I have never seen anything so nonchalantly artistic in photography before. The accessories are marvelously interesting without hurting the importance of the figures. Not a master in the exercise of his new profession, he makes many technical mistakes, but he understands how to cover

By Breese & Eickemeyer.

YVETTE GUILBERT.

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them up. He scribbles and scrawls and scratches on his plates in a manner to which Mrs. Käsebier's "stopping out" processes, sprays, washes and baths are mere child's play. These corrections are not legitimate, but they are always right where he puts them, right for him and in the right place. He is a virtuoso in blurred effects, and understands values like few; his faces and shirt fronts have never the same values. He is little known to the photographic world at present, but I predict that his planned exhibition at the Camera Club next fall will be a revelation to many. He is, to my knowledge, the first American painter who has become a portrait photographer.

J. T. Keiley represents the Japanese phase in photography, which, for certain reasons, is very sympathetic to me. The "crazier" other people think them the better I like them. It only shows that other people understand heartily little of the spirit of Japanese art, which the majority professes to admire so much. His blurred effects, his losing detail here and discarding it entirely there, and yet suggesting it frequently by an entirely empty place —you see a line and yet it is not there—are truly Japanese. The values of a beautiful head of hair are interesting enough, without the profile, neck and shoulders, particularly if they are so delicately and poetically treated as Mr. Keiley at times succeeds in doing. If I were a Herrick I would write a villanelle to his "Japanese Coiffure." Yet these fragmentary outbursts of his muse can hardly be called portraits; they are studies (he wisely calls them so), and even if they should reproduce a complete face and neck, and not merely the vision of a shoulder, the broken silhouette of a seven-eights view, or the fragile values of the sternoclido mastoid muscle, they will play frolic with the face of the vicarious sitter, who may be delighted, nevertheless, to know how he looks when conventionalized by Japanese codes of line, space and tonal values.

The four artists (artist is the right expression for them, they are too much artists and not enough photographers—Mrs. Käsebier's ingenious signature alone shows that) have one grievous fault in common, they all overstep the limitations of photography. We may pardon a Wagner for his ignoring the fundamental laws of music, but not a Mlle. Chaminade. All four experiment. They are modifiers of the half truth the camera is capable of telling, for retouching is nothing but an artful destruction of the light and modeling done so graciously by Dame Nature herself—a covering up of technical mistakes, and the suppression, modification, accentuation, etc., of uncongrous details, until the picture looks no longer like a photograph, but is an hermaphroditic expression of one of the graphic arts. A plate on which retouching is neccesary is not a perfect plate, that is all that I have to say about it.

These photographers I am going to mention now, I believe are all—perhaps not as fanatically as myself—adherents of photography "pure and simple." They disdain the assistance of retouching, by which Demachy in Paris, and Einbeck in Hamburg have attained some of their most marvelous results. They realize that artistic photography to become powerful and self-subsistent must rely upon its own resources, and not ornament itself with foreign plumes, in order to resemble an etching, a poster, a charcoal or a wash drawing, or a Käsebier reproduction of an old master.

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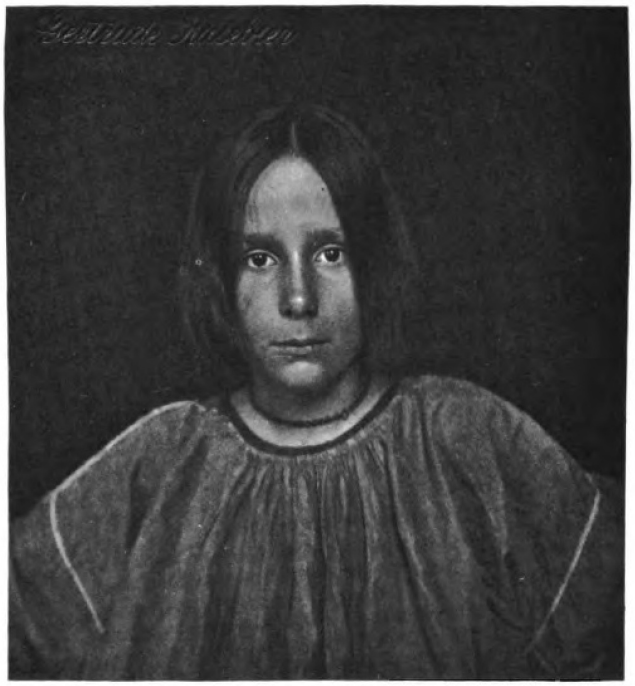

By Gertrude Käsebier.

Miss Zaida Ben Yusuf, G. Cox, R. Eickemeyer, Jr., and, I believe also C. H. White, work in that direction. They are less burdened with æsthetic lore, and for that very reason better adapted to photography. They want likenesses, and that alone can make portrait photography great.

Of C. H. White I have seen only one print, his "Mrs. H," which alone ranks him among the best portrait photographers. A modern girl, in a summer dress, conventional even to the crease in front, that is all. The figure is as well posed as a Sargent. The tonal quality is admirable in its delicacy and clearness. The only faults I have to find, are that the parasol is not rendered as interesting as it could be, and that the picture on the wall would have improved the portrait if it had been a landscape or Japanese print instead of a head.

Miss Ben Yusuf, of all photographers I know, relies most on her camera. She is wise enough not to retouch. She is a fairly good character reader, and understands posing. She composes her pictures with the simplest means, without applying any special artistic arrangement ; good taste and common sense seem to her sufficient. Her simplicity of purpose, the absence of affectation and of the display of great stores of knowledge is refreshing. She pursues her art on the right lines. It is only to be deplored that her work at present is so frightfully uneven. Many of her portraits are as bad as those of a Bowery photographer, while others, for instance her Anthony Hope (standing), is one of the most masterly plates in existence. The initial portrait of this article is a fair likeness ; she got the swing of my body, although she knew me scarcely an hour then. The arm akimbo and the background on the left, however, are uninteresting.

Cox has taken several remarkable portrait heads, among which the head of Whitman belongs to the best. There we have a strong, straightforward handling, that knows what it is about; no wayward caprice—a simple, decided and genuine method. One can speak neither of elegant taste, nor individuality of characterization, but the unity, simplicity and breadth of his execution is beyond praise. It is Whitman unmistakably for all those who

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have known the "good gray poet" when he was in the "sands of seventies," by far more enjoyable than Alexander's portrait in the Metropolitan.

Breese and Eickemeyer have produced one plate that deserves unstinted recognition—the portrait of Yvette Guilbert, called "Le Désir," which shows that they only meant it to be a study. Although this picture contains enough of a certain phase of Yvette Guilbert's art, a certain wanton forgetfulness, characteristic of this "Lady of Vain Virtue," as Rossetti might call her, it is not, and could not be, a portrait. We Americans have never known the real Yvette Guilbert—the "female faun"—and all on account of her wearing a wig here, while in Paris she appeared with her own carroty red hair. In New York she was a naughty pre-Raphaelite maiden, while at the "Concert Parisien" she represented Ugliness singing the misery and frivolity of modern society. Nor was I aware that lilies of the valley expressed desire; lilacs would have been more appropriate. Or did the Carbon Studio wish to convey that nervous Yvette Guilbert fell into a trance by inhaling the pure innocent odor of the lilies of the valley—a combination of raffinement and naiveté, as we see in Chevannes' mural decorations? I hardly think so. Much more to the point, though less curious, are Eickemeyer's study of a ranchman and the portrait of his father. That is portrait photography. There is no transfiguring, magnifying and generalizing of reality. Exactitude is in no way violated. And they are not accidents. Eickemeyer is only too scientific; he may be naive in the symbolism of flowers, but not in his technical methods. Read his "How a Picture Was Made," and you will know what hard and severe training he has gone through, and what strenuous study he has made. He also is on the right track, although a little more temperament would not harm him.

About Alfred Stieglitz as a portrait photographer I am not equally certain. We all know that a student of photography could not have (in references to technical usages) a better master than he. He is a fanatic of simplicity, but has done too few portraits, and these not individual enough to make an estimate. In his Mr. R—exact and cold like science, which may be a merit, as it happens to represent a professor—he has succeeded very admirably indeed. The monotonous line of the left arm and the veins of the right hand, however, disturb my enjoyment. At all events it is a valuable object lesson, and as such worth hanging up where students congregate.

Letting all these artists pass once more in review in my mind's eyes, it seems to me that after all the genius of the painter, comparatively speaking, is more successful in getting an artistic likeness than the mechanism of photography.

This is largely due to the fact that, with a very few exceptions, only mediocre talents have been drawn to the rubber bulb and focusing cloth. Artistic temperaments have avoided photography in fear of its restrictions, and so it has come to pass that until now the word genius could never yet be applied to any craftsman in this special branch of artistic photography.

The range of the technical expression of photography, in comparison with painting, is indeed very limited. First of all it lacks color. It controls line only as far as it is produced by broad opposite lights and shade (of which

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Mr. White's print is such an elegant example) ; it is impossible to accentuate any special part, as, for instance, Bastien Lepage has done in the back of Sarah Bernhardt. One cannot produce a clear, unhesitating line full of life from beginning to end. Also in representing texture, photography is handicapped. Of course the camera reproduces only too faithfully certain unimportant details, but the surface is always the same, unless where you retouch it so cleverly that it will suggest variety. It commands, however, tonality, but that also other arts convey equally well, and if photography is ever expected to assert itself as one of the independent—probably for a long time to come—minor arts, it has to develop that quality, which no other medium has in common with it. The beauty of blurred lines, produced by the action of light, for photography does not draw lines but rather suggests them by painting values, may be compared in importance to the linear expression of etching or wood engraving,* and the massing of black (viz , Goya) and the moss-like gradations of gray (viz. Whistler) in lithography. These arts, although allowing big scope to creative power, are exposed to a certain restriction in regard to subjects. This is not the case with photography, as it has the power to express *movement*, for instance the spontaneity of facial expression, which no other art can do in the same degree and with the same ease.

What artistic photography needs is an expert photographer, who is at the same time a physiognomist and a man of taste, and great enough to subordinate himself to his machine; only a man thus adequately endowed could show us a new phase in portraiture, with which even the eye and hand of the painter would find it difficult to compete.

However, only when color photography has been made possible, and kinetoscope photography in the hand of artists has developed to that extent that full justice can be done to the spontaneity of *actual* movement, to the continuous, almost undiscernible, changes in a human face, the delicate nuances in the evolution of a smile, or any other human sentiment, passion or common every-day expression of routine life, artistic portrait photography will fulfill its highest vocation. For would we not prefer a fragment of our children's life represented in actual movement, just as if they were alive, to any representation of one stereotyped position by a painter, no matter how skillful ? A child looking roguishly at us, quickly changing its facial expression into a smile, would mean infinitely more (and it could be equally artistic) than if a Sargent would place the same child like a big doll under a still bigger vase in a hall vibrant with emptiness (viz., Sargent's " Hall of the Four Children)." And a characteristic gesture, a pensive attitude, or furtive movement of one's wife, as expressed by the kinetoscope of the future, would be much more valuable than the rare æsthetic pleasure of letting Watts wrap her up in a pre-Raphaelite soul-mist, or Lenbach draw her picture in lines worthy of a Herodotus, or Boldini make her look like a languid bachantee of modern joy.

But artistic kinetoscope photography in color is so far off! We have to deal with the present, have to make the best of the existing conditions, and form from them, if we possess the power and are unselfish enough, those foundations, on which the photography of the future will construct itself.

SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

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Mrs. Gertrude Kasebier's Portrait Photographs.

From a Painter's Point of View.

There are two ways of looking at a picture—one as a record of truth, the other as a work of fine art. The first is the common, the traditional way, the way of the majority of people. By them an artist's success is measured by the accuracy of his statements, by his skill in deceiving by imitation, by the faithfulness with which he copies shape, tone and color from nature.

In this view the best photograph is the clear, sharp print, which records every detail with the utmost minuteness.

The second idea, that a picture is a work of fine art, rests upon the thought that art exists only for the purpose of creating beauty; that a picture is not merely a record or memorandum kept for reference, but something beautiful in itself. A picture is indeed a representation of something, but when produced by a real artist it has more than representation. Its tones, colors, shapes, its composition and style, the power and grace of its execution, all combine to make it a work of beauty, a work of fine art.

To the artist, a photograph that is perfect in every detail, that renders bare facts just as they are, is interesting as a scientific record and of value for scientific study, but it has no *fine art* in it. It is the work of light and chemicals, and produced by an operator, not an artist.

Mrs. Käsebier's work in portrait photography shows that she chooses the artist's point of view, that a portrait is not a mere record of facts. Being a painter herself, with experience and training, and a knowledge of what constitutes fine art, she chooses to paint her portraits with the camera and chemicals. She takes the scientific process and makes it obey the will of the artist.

The great portrait painters give us facts with absolute truth, but that is only a small part of what they give. They skillfully pose the sitter so that there shall be a color harmony, a dark and light harmony, a graceful line composition, and at the same time a presentation of the special character of the sitter. They seize the fleeting expression which reflects the real personality; they see beyond the mere posing model; and above all, their work is rendered with power and subtlety combined.

Mrs. Käsebier is answering the question whether the camera can be substituted for the palette. She looks for some special evidence of personality in her sitter, some line, some silhouette, some expression or movement; she searches for character and for beauty in the sitter. Then she endeavors to give the best presentation by the pose, the lighting, the focusing, the developing, the printing—all the processes and manipulations of her art which she knows so well.

She is not dependent upon an elaborate outfit, but gets her effects with a common tripod camera, in a plain room with ordinary light and quiet furnishings. Art always shows itself in doing much with few and simple things.

The question is sometimes asked whether such portraits as Mrs. Käsebier's are likenesses. I should answer unhesitatingly that they are. It is

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true that they often reveal traits and expressions that we had not noticed before, and this is greatly in their favor.

A characteristic likeness is seldom found in the conventional retouched photograph, and the whole subject is one on which people do not agree. One person observes the shape of the head, the setting of the eyes and the color of the hair; another sees the expression of the mouth, the peculiar form of nose or chin.

The superficial observer of a portrait will not appreciate all the points in which the likeness consists, but it is the artist's business to present these points, all of them, if possible. This, Mrs. Käsebier, like the best portrait painters, endeavors to do. Rejecting conventionalities and traditional notions, she makes her photographs works of fine art.

ARTHUR W. DOW.

Free Speech.

It has come to our attention that a few persons have acquired an impression that the articles in CAMERA NOTES represent the official opinions of the Camera Club, and that articles not in accordance with the views of the committee are, at least, not acceptable. It would seem hardly necessary to contradict such a suggestion, but it is desired here to state once, and for all time, and in the most positive terms, that there is not the slightest foundation for this impression, for the publishers neither have any desire to control opinions, nor do they assume responsibility for the opinions of contributors. Articles by members of the committee are received on the same footing as those from other writers, and are to be regarded as merely individual opinions.

The committee as a body has no opinions or theories which it seeks to protect or to force upon readers, and it would strongly impress upon all that CAMERA NOTES is not only freely open to all topics relating to photography, but that it invites and will heartily welcome both original articles and discussion of matters which may appear in its pages.

In discussions it is obvious that the mere expression of a difference of opinion or personal statements would not be acceptable; but a dissent supported by new data or deductions calculated to be of general interest is always in order.

Finally, while the committee does not propose to sit as a Star Chamber tribunal, it does reserve the right to decide the limits of controversy and the pertinence of matter submitted.

PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

The Portfolio of American Pictorial Photography.

The portfolio of American Pictorial Photography, announced in our last issue, will be ready for distribution within a few weeks. Nearly the entire edition of one hundred and fifty has been subscribed for. The few remaining copies may be had at ten dollars each. The portfolio includes pictures by Mrs. Käsebier, Miss Clarkson, Miss Weil, Miss Farnsworth, and Messrs. Day, White, Keiley, Stieglitz, Post, Fraser, Dumont, Murphy, Berg and Eickemeyer. Particulars to be had from the Publication Committee, Camera Club.

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Our Illustrations.

The frontispiece, "Day's Decline," by A. Horsley Hinton, of London, is another example of this artist's special landscape style. Comment is unnecessary. The picture speaks for itself, it having been originally shown at the London Salon, 1895.

We are happy to state that arrangements have been made with Mr. Hinton, the talented and accomplished editor of the *Amateur Photographer* (London) to write a series of articles for the next three numbers of CAMERA NOTES. Most of them will be illustrated.

The second insert, "A Portrait," by Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier, of New York, is a specimen of that talented photographer's best style of work. Mrs. Käsebier is, beyond dispute, the leading portrait photographer in this country.

Her pictures are broad, full of color and harmony, and above all, have the great charm of a keen artistic feeling and temperament. Their strength never betrays the woman.

The photogravure was produced by the Photochrome Engraving Company, of New York. It is a masterpiece in the art of reproduction.

The third insert, "A Decorative Figure," by R. Le Begue, of Paris, although a little restless, has a certain charm. Conjointly with Messrs. Demachy, Puyo and Bremard, Mr. Le Begue is considered to be one of France's leading exponents of pictorial photography.

The Hinton and Le Begue reproductions were made by Walter L. Colls, London.

The last photogravure, "Portrait of F. H. Day," by Mrs. Käsebier, tells its own story. It has the same boldness and vigor of her other picture, and nevertheless is absolutely dissimilar.

The reproduction of this plate was made by the Photochrome Engraving Company. As such it equals their other reproductions.

The half tones in the text illustrate Mr. Hartmann's highly interesting article.

A. S.

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Notes from the Secretary's Desk.

The following have been elected members of the Club since the last issue of CAMERA NOTES: Harry D. Frisbee, Bronx, N. Y.; Miss Emma J. Fitz, Boston, Mass.; Dallett Fuguet, 72 West One Hundred and Thirty-second street, City; James H. O'Brien, 248 East Twenty-third street, City; U. Nehring, 509 West One Hundred and Fifty-second street, City; J. K. Holbrook, 13 West Sixty-fourth street, City; G. O. Waterman, Jr., 143 Liberty street, City; Wm. Farrand, 935 Broadway, City; Mrs. Myra Wiggins, Salem, Oregon; Sydney A. Smith, The Rockingham, City; R. H. Halsey, 11 Wall street, City; Dr. John P. Burke, 167 Lexington avenue, City; G. Armour P. Burns, 101 West One Hundred and Eighteenth street, City; John F. Rogers, City; Dr. F. D. Skeel, 58 East Twenty-third street, City; J B. Elmendorf, 128 West Forty-third street, City; Tyrone Power, London, England; Edward H. Berry, 50 West Twenty-fifth street, City; Ferrars H. Tows, 34 West Fifty-second street, City; Joseph T. Keiley, 15 Whitehall street, City; C. W. Roepper, Germantown, Pa.; Chas. Richman, Chicago, Ill.

The name of Mr. Jacob Russak must once more be added to the list of donors to the studio fund, as he has given a very liberal second donation for the fitting up of one of the prides of our Club.

Mr. George Lorillard Ronalds has also contributed a handsome donation for the same purpose.

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Another change made with a view to the
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Since this meeting the revised Constitution and By-Laws, as adopted, has been printed and sent to all members.

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Annual Meeting, April 11, 1899.

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Proceedings.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Club, held on Tuesday, February 14, Vice-president Stieglitz in the chair and Mr. W. P. Agnew acting as Secretary, the principal business transacted was the selection of a Nominating Committee to nominate a ticket of Trustees, officers of the Club and a Committee on Admissions, to be voted on at the annual meeting in April. This committee was chosen by lot from a list of twelve names, submitted by a committee of three appointed by the chair. The following gentlemen were chosen and declared elected: Wm. E. Carlin, Chairman; Floyd Peck, W. T. Colbron, C. C. Roumage and Theo. Dwight.

Mr. Stieglitz, for the Publication Committee, reported a very flattering increase in the number of subscriptions to CAMERA NOTES, and that the affairs of the publication were in a most prosperous and satisfactory condition.

* * *

On February 21, Mr. Cornelius Van Brunt delivered an illustrated lecture before the Club on "The Canadian Rockies and their Flowers." As a lecturer on a technical subject before a popular audience Mr. Van Brunt is remarkably successful, for he succeeds not only in conveying a very considerable amount of information to those learned in his subject, but he also commands the interested attention of the uninitiated to the end. His colored slides of flower subjects are justly famous for their beauty, delicacy and accuracy of tints; but in this lecture he showed for the first time a number of views of the region he traversed, the slides for which had been exquisitely colored by Mrs. Van Brunt.

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At the meeting held on Tuesday, March 14, President Murphy in the chair, verbal reports were made by a number of the committees.

The revised Constitution and By-Laws, as presented by the Committee on Revision, was then taken up, and it was decided to read and discuss the documents section by section. This was done and quite a number of changes were made, some of merely a formal nature or for the purpose of harmonizing contradictory sections. Some of the changes, however, are decidedly radical.

* * *

On the evening of April 26 Mr. Van Brunt again lectured upon "The Flora of Central Park" before a crowded house, for the mere announcement of any lecture by this gentleman is sufficient to reduce our ample accommodations to "standing room only."

The discourse and slides were delightful, as usual.

* * *

The active membership was limited to 250, as it was considered that, in view of the tax upon the facilities of the Club on holidays, this number would be the utmost limit justifiable, and moreover it would insure an ample income, with a safe margin over ordinary expenses. It was also decided that when the active membership should reach the limit, the entrance fee should be raised to $25. Practical experience had demonstrated that advantage had been taken of the section in the former constitution regulating non-resident membership, and the new constitution was made to limit this class to those who "actually live more than thirty miles from the New York City Hall." Another change made with a view to the justice of the case was the equalizing of the dues of the corresponding and non-resident members, both classes now paying $10 annually.

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Report of the President of the Camera Club at the Annual Meeting, April 11, 1899.

At the close of this, the third year of our Greater Camera Club, your President has the honor to report, for the Board of Trustees, another chapter in the continuous record of success that has so far attended the fortunes of this organization.

The fiscal year just closed has been one of progress and importance to the Club; a year of material prosperity and artistic advancement; a year of growth and influence, and a year made memorable in our annals by the satisfactory settlement in our present commodious home.

Reviewing the situation somewhat in detail, reference must first be made to the all important question of membership. A glance at the report of the Secretary shows a net gain of thirty-six names, making the total membership in all classes 323.

During the year twenty-four resignations were received and accepted; twelve names were dropped from the books, and two members were taken from us by death—Dr. George Trowbridge and J. Bernard Silverman.

The financial exhibit made by our Treasurer is highly satisfactory, for, notwithstanding the extraordinary expenses incidental to moving and fitting up the new rooms the revenue of the Club has been ample, and we commence the new year with a cash balance of $1,335.06 in the bank, no outstanding indebtedness and no arrearage of dues chargeable against members.

The report of the Auditing Committee is worthy of attention, as it shows, over and above the gain in cash, a substantial increase in the assets of the Club, in our enlarged photographic plant and newly purchased apparatus.

In speaking of valuable assets especial mention should be made of CAMERA NOTES, the official organ of the Club, which, under the brilliant management of our distinguished Vice-President, Mr. Stieglitz, has more than fulfilled the promise of its youth, and has become a source of distinction to the Club and of pride to every member.

Under the able and serious direction of Chairman Berg, the Print Committee has arranged monthly exhibitions of prints, of varied interest and comprehensive character, illustrating the phases of photography, as shown by about 1,200 prints.

The Committee on Meetings, Dr. Vredenburg, Chairman, arranged for the seventeen lectures and demonstrations given in the club rooms during the year, which were largely attended by members and their friends.

The usual Wednesday evening tests of lantern slides have also been well attended, but it may be observed that of late more of the photographic workers in the Club have turned their attention in the direction of print making, consequently the lantern slide industry has suffered in proportion, though a total of about 4,000 slides were shown on the screen.

In the field of photographic competition our champions have not been idle, winning many honors at home and abroad, notable among which may be mentioned the award to Mr. Fraser of the so-called blue ribbon of British Photography, the "Royal Medal."

About forty other prizes have fallen to our members, but as the list has appeared in CAMERA NOTES no further mention need here be made, except to give expression to the general feeling of gratification experienced in the club when the works of our fellow-members receive such tokens of approval.

In this connection some regrets may well be expressed that so little interest has been taken in our own Club competitions. Of the two championship cups open for semi-annual contest between members of the Camera Club, only the Lantern Slide Cup has been awarded this year, which trophy is now held by Mr. Charles I. Berg, while in competition for the "Presidential Print Prize" no award was made, doubtless because the judges were so confused by the maddening rush of entries that they failed to decide which of the two competitors should bear the palm.

But the thanks of the Club are due to Mr. Berg for his public spirit in offering, even under such depressing circumstances, still another cup, for which the entry list is now open.

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The revision of our constitution and by-laws is too recent to require extensive mention, but certain important changes regarding limitation of membership may be recited, to wit: limiting the active membership to 250, the life to thirty, and removing all limitation as to the number of non-resident members, but making the residential radius of the latter class at least thirty miles from the New York City Hall.

To the regret of our members at large, in January last our popular Treasurer, Mr. Frank M. Hale, laid down "the white man's burden" of his office after having efficiently borne it for two years. After vain efforts to secure a withdrawal of Mr. Hale's resignation, the Trustees duly elected Mr. W. E. Wilmerding to fill the unexpired term.

Thus we have as briefly as possible summed up the the record of the closing year, leaving minute details to be developed in the several reports of the various officers and committees, but your President cannot close without a few words bearing upon the future of the Club.

To-day the Camera Club stands well equipped to face the future, and to win an enviable place among the permanent institutions of this great metropolis. But successful clubs are not created in a year or two; they must be built up by sustained effort.

This Club has a sound foundation, based upon merit and achievement, but it rests entirely with the members to shape its destiny towards a more exalted success.

Your officers are but your agents to carry out the daily details of club management. The moving power must ever spring from the rank and file of the membership; so your Trustees call upon each and every member to help in the great effort to raise the standard of the Camera Club so high that it shall become a beacon light to the world-wide brotherhood of the Photographic Guild.

Respectfully submitted,

April 11, 1899. WM. D. MURPHY, *President.*

Secretary's Report.

Mr. Chairman and Members of the Camera Club:

I have the honor to submit the following as the Secretary's report for last year:

MEMBERSHIP.

	1898. April 1.	Resigned.	Dropped.	Died.	Trans. to Non-Res	Trans. from Active.	Elected and Qualified.	1899. March 31.	Gain.	Loss.
Active Members.....	177	19	7	2	3	.....	49	195	18	.....
Non-resident Members	56	3	4	.....	....	3	24	76	20	.....
Corresponding "	18	2	1	.....	....	.....	.....	15	.....	3
Life "	20	.....	.....	...	.....	.....	.....	20	.....	.....
Honorary "	16	..	.....		.....	.....	1	17	1	.....
Total "	287	24	12	2	3	3	323	323	39	3
Net gain.....									36	

Total membership, March 31, 1899, 323.

The Trustees held ten regular and four special meetings, all of which were attended by a quorum, with the exception of one regular meeting (December 22d).

There were held ten regular meetings of the club.

Respectfully,

HARRY B. REID, *Secretary.*

April 1, 1899.

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Treasurer's Report for the Year Ending March 31, 1899.

	1898-99.	1897-98.
Balance on Hand, March 31, 1898	$1,008.62	$230.90
RECEIPTS:		
Members' Dues	4,242.65	3,611.74
Locker Rents	879.51	506.08
Entrance Fees	735.00	165.00
Life Membership		150.00
Studio	231.00	
Telephone	34.83	
Auction	69.21	106.50
Annual Dinner	191.25	Net .08
Annual Smoker	178.50	
Library (Sale of Old Books)	5.50	
Sale of Old Furniture	103.04	
Surplus	4.00	
Donations to Moving Fund	2,302.00	
Lantern Slide Exhibition		145.37
Expressage Refunded		2.00
	$9,985.11	$4,917.67

DISBURSEMENTS TO MARCH 31ST.	1898-99	1897-98.
Moving	$82.45	
Fitting up New Rooms	2,536.34	
" " Studio	218.90	
New Apparatus	184.28	
Rent 8th Floor	2,916.66	$1,999.92
Studio Rent	101.00	
Telephone	95.43	
Prints (for Permanent Collection)	15.00	
Annual Dinner	186.03	
Annual Smoker	157.00	
Library	109.62	46.70
Furniture	221.61	44.00
Print Committee	46.25	17.03
Printing and Stationery	284.17	222.25
Chemicals	96.28	94.97
Ice and Laundry	34.26	53.10
Insurance	10.00	12.75
Services (Custodian)	510.85	611.00
Electric Current and Gas	284.29	336.28
Cleaning Rooms	104 30	
Extra Elevator Service	47.00	
Postage	101.61	88.67
CAMERA NOTES	200.00	250.00
Incidentals	106.72	93.93
Old Journal		21.50
Interchange, Expressage		16 95
	$8,650.05	$3,909.05
Balance on hand	1.335.06	1,008.62
	$9.995.11	$4.917.67

E. and O. E.

WM. E. WILMERDING, *Treasurer.*

Auditing Committee: { LOUIS B. SCHRAM, *Chairman.*
C. C. ROUMAGE.

April 1, 1899.

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Report of the Auditing Committee.

To the Board of Trustees of the Camera Club:

The Auditing Committee herewith submit their report as follows:

We have examined the books of account and vouchers of the Treasurer covering the fiscal year ending March 31, 1899, and the bank balance and cash on hand at that date, and find the same to be correct. The books of account are kept in a systematic and business-like way, affording ready information at all times concerning the condition of the Club funds and the accounts of the members.

The Treasurer's accounts show that the receipts of the Club for the year amounted to $8,976.49, as follows:

ORDINARY RECEIPTS	$6,122.99	
EXTRAORDINARY RECEIPTS, including the donations for equipping new quarters, proceeds of Annual Auction, Dinner and Smoker, and Sales of furniture and books	2,853.50	$8,976.49
Add balance on hand April 1, 1898		1,008.62
TOTAL		$9,985.11

The total expenditures were $8,650.05, as follows:

ORDINARY EXPENSES	$5,048.36	
EXTRAORDINARY EXPENSES, including expense of Moving, Fitting up Rooms and Studio, Purchase of New Apparatus and Furniture, Purchase of Prints for Permanent Collection, Cost of Annual Dinner and Smoker	$3,601.69	$8,650.05
Balance on hand April 1, 1899		$1,335.06
" " " 1, 1898		1,008.62
Surplus of Income over all Expenditures		$326.44
Expense of fitting up the Club Rooms and Studio beyond the amount donated for that purpose and cost of moving	$535.69	
Amount expended in the purchase of Apparatus and Furniture, in increasing and improving the library, and toward the Permanent Collection of Prints	530.51	
	$1,066.20	

The former of these two items constitutes an expenditure not likely to recur, and therefore not fairly chargeable to the continuous operating expense of the Club. The latter results in an addition to the permanent assets. In considering the relation of the income of the Club to the cost of conducting its affairs, it seems proper that these items should be added to the above surplus.

This would show, as the net result of the operation of the Club during the past year, a surplus of $1,392.64 in the receipts for the year over the ordinary expenses and such extraordinary expenses as are likely to recur. Respectfully submitted,

LOUIS B. SCHRAM,
C. C. ROUMAGE.
Auditing Committee.

April 1, 1899.

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Auditing Committee: { LOUIS B. SCHRAM, *Chairman.*
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April 1, 1899.

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LOUIS B. SCHRAM,
C. C. ROUMAGE.
Auditing Committee.

April 1, 1899.

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Extracts from the Report of the Committee on Publications.

The Committee on Publications, Mr. Stieglitz, Chairman, made a lengthy verbal report of the history of CAMERA NOTES, giving a detailed review of its progress up to the present time, and outlining the policy for the coming year. He emphasized the necessity of maintaining the seriousness and earnestness of the policy originally adopted, as also its individuality and high character. The notices and reports from the various photographic publications of the world and the estimation in which it is generally held by the leading photographers of this and other countries, fully justify the policy followed.

It has now gained a position in which it is looked upon as a pioneer, and has won a place which puts it in a class by itself in photographic literature. Many of our own members at first considered it not sufficiently popular in its style and tone, but its phenomenal success both financially and in gaining the attention of the photographic world seems to us a sufficient answer to these criticisms.

The original idea of not making the magazine a money maker has been strictly adhered to. Every dollar which has been received for subscriptions and advertising has been devoted to the improvement of the general character of CAMERA NOTES, which can readily be shown by a comparison of the various numbers.

The Committee has been greatly handicapped by the limited support given them by the Camera Club members in the way of contributions to its pages, and once more urges them to submit articles and matters of general interest for publication, and thus save a very considerable sum which it has heretofore been necessary to expend for literary matter.

It will not do to lose sight of the fact that CAMERA NOTES *is, above all things, the Camera Club Organ.*

As to the finances, notwithstanding an increase of $700 over last year's expenditures, the original Club appropriation of $250 for Vol. I., also the appropriation of $200 for Vol. II., are intact, besides an actual surplus of some $68, with no outstanding indebtedness. This sum of money now forms a reserve fund for emergencies and improvements. It will be seen that the appropriation of the Club is merely nominal, and even the expense of postage cannot be met out of this sum. It must be understood that the Committee meets all of these expenses through its own individual efforts.

The edition is to be kept limited. It is this fact which tends to maintain its value with the outside public, which is at present paying as high as fourteen dollars for the eight numbers thus far published.

Although the 330 members are receiving the publication gratis, the cost of furnishing this is constantly increasing to the Committee on account of the continual increase in the membership list, which is largely due to the influence of CAMERA NOTES. The actual outlay for the 1,320 copies delivered to our members during the past fiscal year approximates $850.

As Chairman of the Committee, I beg to thank Mr. Wm. M. Murray for his valuable services to CAMERA NOTES especially, and to photographic literature generally. I also regret to announce that, owing to the great pressure of his business engagements, he will be unable to officially participate in the work of the Committee during the new year, but he has given the Committee positive assurance that he will continue to contribute to CAMERA NOTES. The Chairman also calls the attention of the members to the hearty and liberal support given our undertaking by the advertisers, who are carefully selected from the leading and most reliable firms.

The Club members ought not to lose sight of this fact, and reciprocate whenever possible.

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Other Reports.

The House Committee, through Mr. Agnew, its Chairman, made a verbal report. The Librarian, Mr. Beeby, made a verbal report. The Chairman of the Print Committee, Mr. Berg, read his report, which included a résumé of the year's work. The report was duly filed, as were all other written reports.

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The President called on the Nominating Committee for its report, which was presented by Mr. W. E. Carlin, Chairman.

The Nominating Committee reports the following ticket:

President.
WM. D. MURPHY.

Vice-President.
ALFRED STIEGLITZ.

Secretary.
HARRY B. REID.

Treasurer.
WM. E. WILMERDING.

Trustees (1 year).
WM. P. AGNEW,
JOHN BEEBY.

Trustees (2 years).
CHAS. I. BERG,
WM. J. CASSARD.

Trustees (3 years).
LOUIS B. SCHRAM,
JOHN ASPINWALL.

Committee on Admission.
CHAS. E. MANIERRE,
J. F. STRAUSS,
A. W. CRAIGIE.

Signed { W. E. CARLIN, *Chairman*, F. PECK, W. T. COLBRON, C. C. ROUMAGE, THEO. DWIGHT.

There were no other nominations, and the entire ticket, as reported by the Nominating Committee, was unanimously elected.

Mr. Berg read a lengthy correspondence relating to an exhibition of photographs at the Paris Exposition in 1900. The matter was referred to the Board of Trustees.

After the meeting had adjourned those present partook of a collation provided by our President, Mr. Murphy.

At the regular monthly meeting on May 9th, President Murphy presiding, the Treasurer reported a balance to the credit of the Club of $2,948.26.

On motion of Mr. Agnew, a vote of thanks was tendered to President Murphy for the handsome collation which he provided at the annual meeting in April.

The decision of the judges in the "Berg Combination Cup Contest" was announced, the winner proving to be Mr. Arthur Scott.

On motion of Dr. Stevens, a vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Berg and to the judges of this competition.

On behalf of the Trustees it was reported that in view of the fact that there being no possibility of having a photographic exhibition in the Arts Building of the World's Fair at Paris, in 1900, it was considered advisable to abandon the proposition to collect a united exhibition of the photographic art work of the United States.

Mr. U. Nehring exhibited and demonstrated the working of his enlarging and copying lens. The instrument is apparently a negative lens, which can be slipped into the tube between the combinations of the lens of any folding camera, for the purpose of shortening the focus of the same. While the principle is not new, the practical application, as made by the maker, appears to be one that will be found convenient by those who do not have access to a regular copying camera.

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Mrs. Kasebier's Prints.

(Exhibited February 15-25.)

Of the exhibitions of individual photographic work shown at the New York Camera Club, none excited more attention nor incited more earnest discussion than that of Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier.

This was due mainly to the fact that it was the largest and most remarkable collection of excellent and artistic portraits ever shown in this country, and partly to the circumstance that though professional work, it was marked by an entire absence of the confectioner-like and inartistic methods that, through universal application, have come to be considered essentially characteristic of all professional work.

Every print of the collection was a picture whose originality and artistic treatment separated it from the rest, and both invited and merited careful study. This is the more remarkable when it is remembered that these pictures were not the carefully studied compositions of leisure hours, but examples of work done professionally for the general public, without any chance to exercise a choice of models. Of the hundred and some odd pictures shown, over eighty were of men, women and children, attired in the conventional costume of the day, people from the conventional world, such as drift into the professional studio to sit for their portraits.

The manner in which this modern dress was handled, subordinated, and made to play its proper part in the composition of these pictures, evidenced great artistic feeling and readiness of device, while the arrangement of the light and shade of the different pictures displayed a keen appreciation of the refinements of notan.*

There was an easy naturalness about the pose in the majority of these pictures that bespoke a characteristic position—an essential requirement of a good likeness—while the entire absence of stiffness, restlessness and stereotyped sameness was pleasing and refreshing. The tonal values were generally correct, while the manner in which they were made to emphasize the dominant characteristics of the sitter was both original and artistic. If there was nothing else to recommend these pictures, the fact that they exhibited no trace of the use of theatrical accessories should certainly have won for them a high regard.

The studio furnishings of nearly every professional gallery, even to-day, when such strides have been made in photography, remind one more of the stage settings of some seaside concert hall than of anything else in the world. Nearly every studio is tricked out with several drop-curtain backgrounds, a buxomly upholstered chair with a thicket of fringe all round, or else the high-backed and elaborately carved article upon and against which damsels wonderfully gowned and ungowned may pose and show their curves most conspicuously, several marvelous creations in tables, a rustic seat, some shaggy rugs and a number of living-picture skull-grippers, to insure an impossible pose for the cranium.

The true artist—unfortunately there are few such in the professional world—depends not on these things for a good picture, but upon the individuality of the sitter, the ability fully to understand, appreciate and get in touch with that individuality, and the power to express it most characteristically and harmoniously.

To this these portraits owe their pre-eminence and value. Mrs. Käsebier approaches her work from the view point of the artist. She was the first American painter to take up photography professionally, and her prints are valuable not alone as likenesses, but as pictures. Some of these prints have already appeared in CAMERA NOTES, and several are reproduced in this issue in order to afford our readers the opportunity to study and profit by this work.

J. T. K.

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*This is a Japanese word that signifies the arrangement of dark and light masses. It was introduced into our art vocabulary by Mr. Arthur W. Dow, Curator of the Japanese paintings and prints in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and Instructor in Composition at the Art Students' League, New York, and Pratt Institute. Mr. Dow's book on Composition is one of the most practical works on that subject that has yet appeared, and should be in the hands of all those who desire to make a thorough study thereof.

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PORTRAIT OF F. H. DAY

By Gertrude Käsebier

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The Cassard Exhibition.

(February 15-25.)

A pleasing contribution to our monthly print exhibition for February was the selection from the work of Mr. William J. Cassard, one of our oldest members. There were over thirty prints done in carbon, platinum and gum, and covering quite a variety of subjects. The majority, however, were still-life studies of flowers, fruits and game, of which Mr. Cassard formerly made a specialty, and are interesting specimens of the methods which prevailed eight or ten years ago. Most of these were carbons, and several were decidedly effective, noticeably the panels of game, the peaches and the grapes.

Among the portraits were several of fellow club members, which were excellent likenesses, with nothing about them to suggest the methods affected by many within the last year or two, and probably for that reason fully satisfactory to those interested.

A few pretty bits of landscape completed the list, and as all of the prints were very handsomely and tastefully framed the exhibition presented a very attractive appearance.

After seeing such careful and conscientious work it is a matter of regret that Mr. Cassard finds so little time to devote to photography. W. F. H.

William D. Murphy's Exhibition of Prints.

(Exhibited March 15-31.)

Finance, politics and society sent their representatives to this exhibition in goodly numbers. It was impossible to enter the Club's exhibition room during the period of its duration without seeing some face well known in one of these three worlds, and if anything was wanted to demonstrate that the genial President of the Camera Club was a very popular man, the number and standing of the visitors more than sufficed for that purpose.

The scope of the exhibition was extensive, as its subjects were the culls of the length and breadth of two continents. It consisted of two hundred and ten prints, comprising marine, landscape and portrait work. Most of the pictures were executed in platinum, though there were prints upon other kinds of paper. Among these latter was a small gum print, a miniature portrait, which was particularly hard and unpleasant, and as Mr. Murphy himself has remarked, demonstrated the difficulties of the gum process, particularly when applied to miniature work.

The platinum prints were what are conventionally termed "straight prints." By this is meant that no shading or other printing device has been resorted to in order to produce a relatively correct scale of tonal values; the only approach to an attempt at anything of the kind was the sunning after removing from the printing frame of the sky portions of certain of the pictures. This proved effective to a certain degree, but did not impart the true feeling of atmosphere. It is a resort that is rarely satisfactory in its results, as it invariably robs the print of its vivacity and gives it a deadness of tone. When luminous distances are concerned, such a treatment is fatal. The greatest qualities of some of the pictures were sacrificed by this strict adherence to the so-called "straight printing" method.

The Niagara and surf pictures attracted most attention and were the most generally popular. These pictures stand in a class by themselves, Mr. Murphy having given more attention and thought to this class of work than to any other. As a whole, the collection of pictures demonstrated that Mr. Murphy has not only traveled extensively, but that his taste is neither circumscribed nor narrow.

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To the objection raised by certain critics that this collection does not measure up to the high technical and artistic standard of the hour, it is answered that the latest of these pictures was made over two years ago, and that the exhibition in consequence does not reflect much of the strong art influence that has been at work in the photographic world during that period. None better appreciates this than Mr. Murphy himself, and in order to be in a position properly to appreciate this collection the brief and somewhat humorous catalogue note should be read. In his catalogue he says:

"In presenting this collection to the public gaze no claim is made to artistic merit or technical excellence, the pictures being mainly memoranda from a traveler's note book, intended to record impressions of various points of scenic interest, with here and there a picturesque bit picked up by the wayside, while the few portrait studies are such as fall to the lot of almost any amateur who seeks to take pictures of his friends, with the risk of losing friendship when the results of his efforts are revealed."

Therefore, while giving full measure of appreciation to the pictures of this collection it would be quite as unfair to judge them according to the present highest standards or technical and artistic excellence, as it would be to permit Mr. Murphy's modest statement that "no claim is made to artistic merit" to pass without the observation that his failure to claim artistic merit for his pictures will not prevent his friends from valuing them at their real worth. J. T. K.

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The John E. Dumont Exhibition.

(April 11-25.)

John E. Dumont's April exhibition of some thirty prints was one of those exhibitions which teach the student of photography nothing new, neither of Mr. Dumont nor of the art which he, at times, so successfully manipulates. It merely served the purpose of showing the public once more what he has accomplished, and what place he occupies in artistic photography. The up-to-date criticism, which is distinctly on the side of innovation, may be opposed to such old methods as Mr. Dumont applies, yet what is really good is good at all times, and to that category belong his "Solid Comfort," "The Clarionet Player" and "The Prescription."

They are excellent *genre* studies, in which the story is clearly, frankly and not too elaborately told. I scarcely know of half a dozen American painters who could compose pictures with equal skill. Of course, his style looks somewhat old-fashioned to us, as his art is still under the guidance of the ancients and in no way influenced by Japanese art, but a picture does not need necessarily to be decorative and suggestive in order to be interesting. Dumont's strength lies in acute observation and realistic feeling, but his technique is rather rugged and haphazard, except in composition, which he apparently understands, although he does not always make use of it. What wonderful pictures he could have made of his "Good Night," "Listening to the Birds" and his "Village Choir" if he had taken a little more pains. His "Lock Tender" was a subject worthy of a Millet; there he could have secured a fleeting impression which might have suggested grandeur, space and mystery. But his print shows nothing of this; its only merit is the choice of the subject, and when we look at it we feel sorry for the lost opportunity.

Mr. Dumont's art knows but little of tonality and gradations. Its high lights and shadows are all monotonously alike. For instance, notice the hand and the underjacket in the clarionet player, or the water, sky and hulks of sailing vessels in his marine views. How his art would improve if he would note the values in planes at various angles and at different distances, and on a variety of colors, and observe the relative force with which masses relieve against the general tone.

Very likely Mr. Dumont does not realize his shortcomings in these directions, otherwise he would surely have avoided to exhibit so many red antique prints, which destroy, in his case, all tone, air and detail of chiaroscuro. S. H.

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Exhibitions and Competitions.

The London Salon.

Pictorial photographers the world over ever look forward with the greatest of interest to the Dudley Salon, annually held at London. It is an accepted fact that it is *the* representative exhibition of its class, and photographers from all parts of the globe send their best work to it with the hopes of having it hung.

The exhibition of the present year promises to be of more than usual interest to Americans, as nearly all our best photographers have promised to participate. According to reliable information, Clarence White, F. H. Day, Gertrude Käsebier, Jos. T. Keiley, Zaïda Ben Yusuf, Miss Devens, R. Eickemeyer, Alfred Stieglitz and others have prepared exhibits for this Salon.

Entry forms and further particulars may be had from Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, whom the Linked Ring appointed to look after its interests in the United States.

The Philadelphia Salon.

The success of last year's Philadelphia Salon has been instrumental in establishing what promises to become an annual institution in Philadelphia, for the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and the Photographic Society of Philadelphia have announced that an exhibition would be held under their joint auspices from October 22 to November 19, 1899.

The exhibition will be run on similar lines to the one of last year, with a few of the objectionable conditions of that exhibition altered. The jury of selection will consist of Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier, Miss F. B. Johnston, and Messrs. F. H. Day, Clarence White and Henry Troth.

We sincerely hope that the members of our Club will do all in their power to aid this worthy undertaking. Those who have pictures, let them participate.

Entry blanks may be had by addressing H. B. Reid, Secretary of the Camera Club, New York.

The Berlin Elite Salon.

A most successful international invitation exhibition has just been closed in Berlin. Like the one in Munich, it was held at the Arts Gallery, and created a sensation amongst the artists and art-loving public of Berlin. It is intended to hold these exhibitions every two years. The catalogue issued by the committee in charge was a gem, the exhibitors each receiving a special numbered copy. America was represented by Mrs. Käsebier, Jos. T. Keiley, F. H. Day and Alfred Stieglitz.

Awards and Honors Won Abroad by Camera Club Members.

At the recent South London Exhibition one of Mr. W. A. Fraser's night pictures received the gold medal in the open champion class. Inasmuch, however, as the entry did not comply with the conditions and the picture was ineligible in the class, never having won an award, the award was protested and the protest upheld.

This unfortunate occurrence was due, we are told, to an oversight on the part of Mr. Fraser's English agent, Mr. Welford.

At the Birmingham Industrial and Photographic Exhibition, Mr. William J. Cassard received a bronze medal for his exquisite fruit studies. A similar award was gained by Mr. Fraser in the landscape class for his "Royal Medal" winner, "Columbus Circle on a Wet Night."

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Camera Club Competitions.

Awards in the Lantern Slide Championship Cup.

On March 14th, the above competition was judged by Messrs. Alfred Stieglitz and Walter E. Woodbury, who handed in the following report:

1.—Chas. I. Berg	69.4	general average.
2.—John Beeby	62.16	" "
3.—Arthur Scott	50.83	" "
4.—T. Preston	49.58	" "
5.—W. P. Agnew	49.16	" "

There were but five competitors. The slides were judged on a basis of 50 for technique and 50 for art. The low percentages are explained by the very high standard taken by the judges as a basis for their marking.

✦ ✦ ✦

Awards in the Presidential Print Prize Cup.

On March 22d, the judges of this competition, Messrs. J. Wells Champney, R. Eickemeyer, Jr. and J. T. Keiley, made the following report: The prints submitted do not, in the judgment of the committee, warrant the award of the cup.

There were but two entries.

✦ ✦ ✦

"Berg" Combination Prize Competition.

On April 4 Mr. Chas. I. Berg offered a cup as a prize, to be competed for by members of the Club, upon the following conditions:

RULES GOVERNING COMBINATION PRIZE COMPETITION.

1st.—Competition open to all members of the Club who have not received a Camera Club award.

2d.—There will be no award unless at least five entries are received.

3d.—The prize is to become the property of the one receiving the highest average, if equal to or above 60 per cent.

4th.—Every entry must consist of three prints and three slides; no competitor to make more than one entry. Slides and prints are to be made from different negatives, and they shall be solely the work of the competitor.

5th.—In judging, art and technique to have equal value.

6th.—All prints and slides will be exhibited at the Club Rooms previous to the award being made.

7th.—Entries must be delivered at the Club Rooms, addressed to the Secretary, on or before May 5, 1899.

8th.—Entries must be presented only in nom de plume or cypher.

9th.—A sealed envelope addressed to the Secretary and bearing the nom de plume or cypher must contain the name of the exhibitor. The envelopes will not be opened until the award is made.

10th.—Only the name of the successful competitor will be announced.

11th.—The averages of each competitor will be announced under the nom de plume.

12th.—Slides and prints of the winning set will become the property of the Club.

13th.—The award will be announced on or before the ninth day of May, 1899.

14th.—The judges will be: Wm. D. Murphy, Ferdinand Stark, Alphonse Montant.

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Report of Judges.

In submitting the report of awards in the competition for the combination cup offered by Mr. Berg, the judges would first congratulate the Club upon the symptoms of awakening competitive interest shown in this instance.

Fourteen entries were made, each entry consisting of three prints and three lantern slides, to be judged on a basis of fifty per cent. for art and fifty for technique, with a minimum average rating of sixty per cent. necessary for an award.

The competition being anonymous, rating is given only under the nom de plume, and secrecy will be maintained as to the identity of each competitor, excepting in the case of the winner, whose name alone is revealed herein.

The slides were judged upon the screen and also examined in hand, while the prints were duly inspected by both electric and daylight.

The judging has been in accord with the strict standard of the Club, but the judges hope that the apparent severity in the ratings will not have a deterent effect upon the less fortunate exhibitors, for the judges particularly desire to commend the public spirit shown by some of the competitors, who obviously entered the contest with little hope of winning the trophy, but with a sincere wish to obtain a fair rating upon their work.

After due consideration of all the factors in the problem, your judges agree upon the award of the prize to "Jerry," whose entry received an average of 74.2 per cent. Upon opening the envelope bearing this nom de plume, it was found that Mr. Arthur Scott was the fortunate winner of the handsome cup.

The other competitors received the following percentages·

"Camerata," 69.2 per cent.; "Coalcytyne," 63.3 per cent.; "Enitor," 62.9 per cent.; "Umbra," 61.2 per cent.; "Plato," 52.5 per cent.; "Hill Crest," 52.1 per cent.; "Ferguson," 48.7 per cent.; "B X," 46.6 per cent.; "Back Number," 45.8 per cent.; "Nehi," 45.8 per cent.; "Rex," 43.7 per cent.; "Lex," 43.4 per cent ; "Thesis," 38.3 per cent.

Owing to illness, it was impossible for Mr. Montant to serve as Judge.

Ferdinand Stark,
Wm. D. Murphy.

May 9, 1899.

New Club Competitions.

Prompted by the success of the recent competition for the "Combination Cup," our President, Mr. Murphy, announces that he will offer two new prizes, open to all members of the Club:

(A) For the best portrait, head or full figure, taken in the Club gallery.
(B) For the best landscape, without figures, taken during the summer or autumn of 1899.

Conditions.

1. Entries to be anonymous, and to close on December 1, 1899, when all prints must be delivered to the Secretary.
2. Negative and print to be entirely the work of exhibitor.
3. All prints to be exhibited in the Club rooms prior to the award, which will be announced at the December meeting.
4. The winning prints to become the property of the Club.
5. No competitor may enter more than one print in each competition.
6. All prints to be framed or mounted in passepartout.
7. Each print must be marked on the back with the nom de plume of the exhibitor and the title of the picture.
8. All prints will be judged on a basis of 100 per cent. for general excellence, and the rating of each entry will be announced under the nom de plume, the name of the winner alone to be announced.
9. The judges will be three members of the Club, to be appointed by the Trustees.

The decision of said judges upon all points under these rules to be final and without appeal.

Wm. D. Murphy.

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Fin-de-Siecle Lantern Slide Competition.

Mr. J. Edgar Bull has offered a prize, to be competed for by the members of the Camera Club, upon the following conditions:

RULES GOVERNING FIN-DE-SIECLE LANTERN SLIDE PRIZE.

1. The competition is open to all members of the Club who have not received a Camera Club award.

2. The prize is to become the property of the winner, and will be awarded on the basis of artistic merit—the basis on which pictures generally are judged—without the mental effort of discriminating between art and technique.

3. Every entry must consist of six slides from negatives made between the 1st day of June and the last day of December, 1899, and shall be, as well as the slides made therefrom, solely the work of the competitor.

4. Entries must be delivered at the Club rooms, addressed to the Secretary, on or before January 15, 1900, and must be presented only in nom de plume or cipher.

5. A sealed envelope, addressed to the Secretary, and bearing the nom de plume or cipher, must contain the name of the exhibitor No envelope will be opened until the award is announced.

6. There will be no award unless at least seven entries are received, and no competitor shall make more than one entry.

7. Only the name of the winner will be announced. The nom de plumes of unsuccessful competitors will be announced in the order of comparative merit of the slides submitted.

8. Slides are preferably to be marked with appropriate titles.

9. The slides of the winning set shall become the property of the Club.

10. All slides are to be exhibited at the Club rooms on the night the award is announced.

11. The award will be announced on or before January 22d, 1900.

The judges will be Alfred Stieglitz, Wm. M. Murray and C. I. Berg.

Exhibition of Prints by Mrs. Isabel Churchill Taylor.

During the interim between the exhibitions of Mrs. Käsebier and Mr. Murphy, the Print Committee exhibited on the walls of the Club rooms some dozen framed photographs, the work of Mrs. Isabel Churchill Taylor, of Milwaukee, Wis. The subjects were portraits of children, boys and women, and were treated with much delicate feeling and refinement, at the same time showing a decided talent for pictorial treatment. Mrs. Taylor promises much, and we feel that we shall not be disappointed. The only exception that could be taken to some of her pictures was a tendency to over-retouch, which, if evident, is very annoying.

A. S.

Club Auction, March 3.

The annual club auction is a function in which business and pleasure are usefully combined, for it not only affords a convenient means for members to relieve their lockers of accumulations of superfluous apparatus and materials, but it is approached in a spirit of levity that insures a pleasant evening's entertainment to those who attend.

The list of impedimenta offered this year was not as great as heretofore, nor was the quality up to the usual standard, nevertheless the results were very satisfactory.

Our versatile President assumed the role of auctioneer, and his nimble wit and shrewd business methods held the audience until the end of the list, and left it in doubt whether he was intended by nature as the steerer of a mock auction or a rival of Financier Sage; he certainly demonstrated that he would be a bad man to meet in Wall Street, and his skillful efforts in working off doubtful bargains netted the Club a profit of over sixty dollars in commissions on the sales.

The work of receiving and preparing the goods, amounting to over 200 lots, and making up the catalogue, was by no means a slight or easy task, and great credit is due the committee for the way they performed their labors. The committee consisted of Messrs. Agnew, Bracklow, Schoen, Beeby, Scott and Montant

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THE LITTLE PRINCESS

By J. Craig Annan

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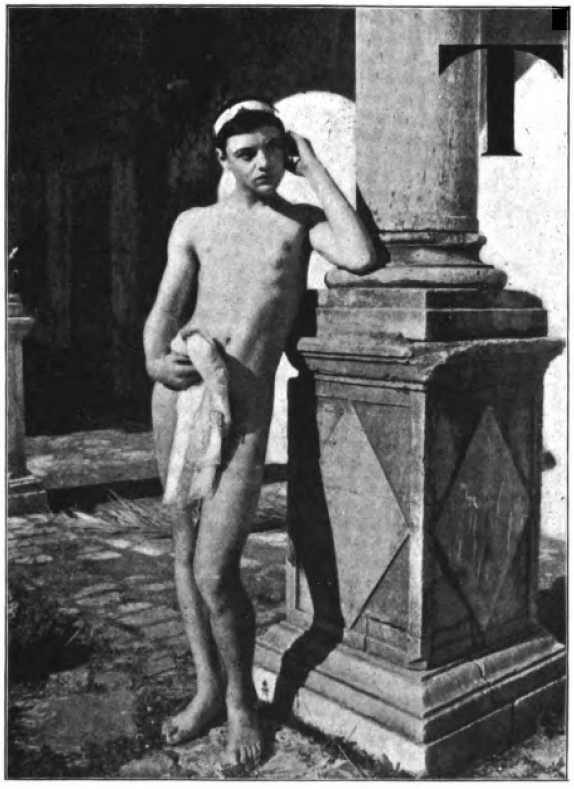
What Difference Is There Between a Good Photograph and an Artistic Photograph?



Count Gloeden.

THE answer to the above query seems at first sight to be quite simple, and nine photographers out of ten would say that a good photograph is merely a print from a good negative, whilst an artistic photograph must have been carefully selected as to subject, composition and lighting.

This is a dangerous and nearly universal error. An error to which we owe the thousands of so-called artistic photographs with which our average exhibitions are crowded—photographs so much alike in their faults that they seem to be the deformed children of one and the same father.

No progress will ever be made in pictorial

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photography whilst photographers continue to rely on the above definition and refuse to use, to some purpose, eyes that seem blind to Nature's delicate *nuances*. Let them go to the art galleries, seek the engravings, lithographs, chalk and charcoal drawings, let them bring their pet photographs for comparison, and they will soon acknowledge that correct composition—that is, composition devoid of such errors in lines and general balance as would make any subject displeasing—is no doubt necessary; that correct lighting, *i. e.*, an arrangement of light and shade calculated to bring out the center of interest of the composition, is also necessary: but that correct, and even good composition and lighting, such as are often found in photographs, go for nothing if they are not joined with true values, true tone, true rendering of texture, and what we call in French studio language, *"une belle matière,"* that is, a pigment of such nature that it will allow of rich, transparent shadows and of delicate and fluid half-tones.

So we must alter the definition of an artistic photograph, as it is understood by nine out of ten photographers, and say that a photograph is artistic when it is correct in composition and lighting, true in values, tone and texture, and printed on such a medium that it will satisfy the eye of an artist.

We take it for granted that our readers can distinguish beween good or bad composition and good or bad lighting, but we are not so confident about them all being able to detect false values or tones, for unfortunately very few people outside the painter's studio will care to trouble about tone and relative values, even if they know what the terms signify. By relative values we mean the relative amount of light reflected by the different surfaces of our subject; by tone we mean the amount of light reflected by the whole of our subject. We can change the tone of a figure subject in the studio by drawing the shade down, while the relation of its values will, of course, remain unchanged. A painter can give us the exact counterpart of values, for he has at his disposal similar colors to those of his subject. A black and white artist must translate the different reflections of colors into a corresponding and conventional monochrome tint and, if he sees well and translates well, he can give us a real impression of color by accurate relation of values, even in a monochrome black and white work.

That is what photography, when left alone, does not give at all.

Its translation of color values into monochrome tints is radically false unless special precautions are taken in exposure and development, and special pigment printing is adopted which will allow of local control. Now, how can you expect an artist to feel any other sentiment but irritation in looking at a photograph in which he will find faults in values that the merest dabbler in painting would not commit?

Examine a good average photograph with some pretence at artistic effect. Suppose it is a portrait you are looking at, ten to one you will detect equal values between the white drapery or the shirt collar and the flesh of the model. On the other hand, the dress or coat, if they are made of some dark stuff, will be several degrees darker than they are in Nature, and their value in relation with the already false value of the flesh will be doubly incorrect. If the model has fair hair it is probable that its value, compared with that of the skin, will give you the suggestion of dark chestnut hair, unless the light is strongly reflected on its shiny waves, then the hair will appear to be white. In a landscape the relative values of sky and ground are generally false—utterly false if the sky was blue in

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Nature, for in this case it will be rendered a pure white by the photograph. If the sky was cloudy and the photographer has attempted the hackneyed effect of *'contre-jour,"* he will secure a dramatic cloudscape, the value of which will be quite wrong, in relation to the values of trees and foreground, which will be much exaggerated in the sense of darkness. Things may be made still worse if he uses the combination scheme, for in such a case nothing is more delicate than to give the landscape a plausible illumination proportionate to the amount of light that would have been reflected in Nature from a similar sky. Even if separate negatives are taken at the same time of sky and landscape, it will be extremely difficult during development and printing to maintain correct equilibrium between the source of light and the reflecting surface of the landscape. Now compare the vivid green grass and trees in Nature with its dark translation in photographic monochrome; such a value in Nature would correspond with a general tone several degrees lower than the tone given by that photograph taken in bright sunlight. Such examples are but too easy to discover and their number is too great for the limits of this article.

If we study the photographic rendering of tone we will see that it is entirely in the hands of the photographer, for exposure and development can change a dull effect into a bright one. It follows that tone can be correctly rendered by photography if not by photographers.

Ferd. Stark.

Truthful rendering of texture is one of the most precious qualities of photography, and also one of the most neglected. How many photographs have we not seen in which real qualities of composition were totally destroyed by absolute loss of texture. I remember too well a study of still life in which fruit, plaster, metal and stuffs were rendered as one and the same material — a mysterious material by the way—which did not partake of a single characteristic of the above men-

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tioned objects. Photographers do not seem to mind this, and it is a great pity, for as I have said before, no process better than photography can paint the hardness of stone, the polish of marble, the sheen of satin or the softness of velvet.

Now that we have come to the last item of our list, let us suppose that we can produce a print, the subject of which is correctly composed, with good distribution of light and shade, correct tone, true value and good rendering of texture. It can be entirely spoilt, from an artistic point of view, if the medium on which it is printed has been ill chosen. We have but little choice amongst our photographic papers. Silver papers are radically bad, albumen being perhaps the least offensive of all. Platinotype gives better results, but its shadows, like those of bromide paper, are too often heavy and blocked up, and suggest paper instead of atmospheric depth. Carbon is better, without being perfect.

Far superior are the mediums used by the painter, etcher, lithographer and draughtsman. Monochrome water colors are without parallel for freshness in the lights and half-tones. Aqua-fortis and charcoal drawing can produce blacks so rich and velvety that our platinum and bromide blacks will turn a sickly gray when compared to them. Lithography, in the hands of the modern school, gives effects equal to those of etching.

The nearest approach to these qualities will be found in Artigue and gum bichromate paper, for both of which processes pigments of the same nature as those of aqua-fortis or water colors are used, but of course the similarity will stop there, for the technique of painting, etching and photography have absolutely no point in common. But certain qualities of pigment and manner special to the above processes may be added to the other and widely different characteristics of photography. The result is what ancient photographers call "a mongrel process," because they do not recognize therein the purple-violet tone and lovely glaze of their own cherished productions. Artigue paper and gum bichromate are not perfect mediums, far from it; but they are sufficient to show us the way, and, without doubt, the future of pictorial photography lies in that direction. What we want is a paper—any sort of paper—coated with any sort of richly colored pigment, giving us transparent shadows, great depth in the strongest blacks, and allowing of easy local development.

To resume, we cannot do better than to take as a guide the effects of etching and water colors, freshness, strength, boldness and delicacy combined, qualities which are often scattered through several photographs, but rarely found united in the same one.

Is this asking too much of the photographer, composition, lighting, values, tone, texture and medium?

We must realize that, on undertaking pictorial photography, we have, unwittingly perhaps, bound ourselves to the strict observance of rules hundreds of years more ancient than the oldest formulæ of our chemical craft. We have slipped into the Temple of Art by a back door, and found ourselves amongst the crowd of adepts—alone and uninitiated. Let us frankly discard our primitive errors—and learn.

ROBERT DEMACHY.

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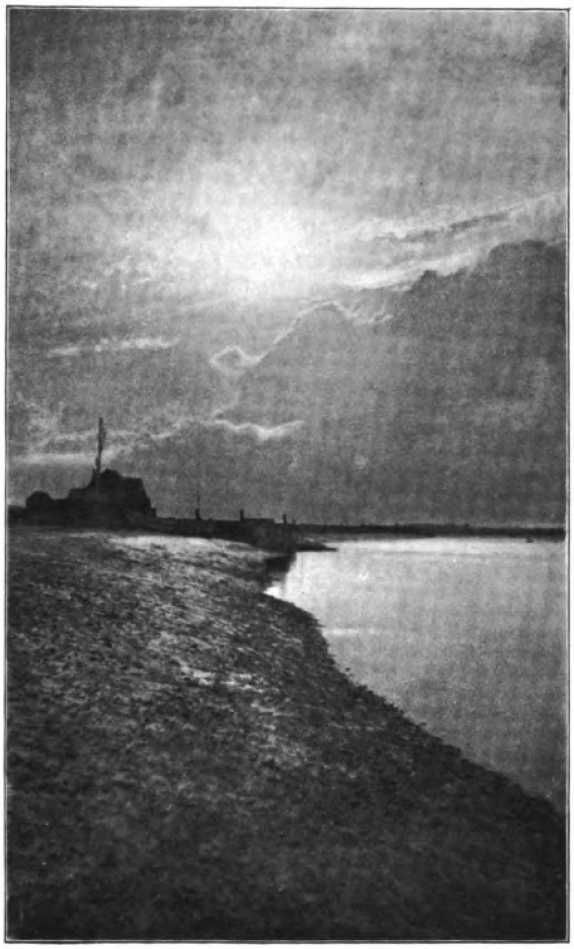

A. Horsley Hinton.

Some Motives.

So long as the ranks of photographers are recruited from all sorts and conditions of the community, and so long as individuals of all degrees of culture and of every variety of taste and sympathy are attracted to the use of the camera by the facility with which a photograph may be made, will it be desirable to endeavor to make clear the direct relationship which exists between the character of the photograph produced and the motive which prompted the making.

Photography applied to pictorial ends has not made the progress which we might have expected, and its highest and best achievements must still be regarded more as indications of higher possibilities, than as a conclusive solution of the question as to whether or not photography can be satisfactorily used as a means of personal expression. This should hardly be a matter of surprise, for it may be safely said that photography as it has been given to us by its inventors, and practised according to the intentions of its creators, is of all graphic means perhaps the least suitable for the purpose.

One can well imagine how, primevally, the tools and methods of the painter or draughtsman came to exist—the man, having conceived the idea of drawing something, used the means which came most readily to his hand, improving or adapting it to his purpose, but not expending time and skill to make the tool itself the clever piece of work it was originally intended to help in producing.

Rarely indeed do men make their instruments more perfect than the use to which they are to be put requires; rather does impatience and the economy of personal labor prompt us to use tools and methods when as yet they are scarce perfect enough, only improving and elaborating them when the actual need arises, and the less complete are no longer sufficient.

But the inventive person who is responsible for our photographic instru-

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ments and process has gone on improving them as instruments, or as a process, until they are very far in excess of our needs. He has given us, as it were, a haymaker's scythe with which to gather a rosebud.

How often has the superficial observer told us of photography's *"limitations"* as an artistic means? He has failed to understand that the limitations or insufficiencies have not stood in the way of photography being used pictorially nearly so much as have the redundancy of its capabilities.

Then but a very little reflection will show, of those who set out to practise photography from its pictorial aspect, so many are utterly ignorant of the thing they would do that the few bright exceptions to the rule do not require naming here. They know, and their title to exception is in the fact that ere I write another line they are aware of the message I would wish to carry. But the majority who would fain use photography for pictorial purposes judge merely by the superficial appearance of things, and because a picture by some master-hand pleases them, and they recognize the natural objects there portrayed, their conclusion is that the producer's motive was to copy Nature (an achievement which photography has made so easy), and they assume that it is because such aim has been attained that the picture seems good.

"Holding a mirror to Naure," has been the photographer's boast, and "True to Nature" has been the gospel of the shallow-minded. *Ignis fatuous* like, it has led men on, wrongly taken for the light which they have delighted to see in the works of a few, and when the will o' the wisp is grasped, if the futility of the pursuit is not apparent, it is because the mere sense of possession blinds the captor to the true value of his prize.

If truthfulness to Nature be the end and aim of pictorial art, then had all art effort, and certainly art photography, better cease forthwith, that those who would therewith occupy their time and energies may find a less hopeless task, for setting aside for a moment the question as to whether truth to physical facts—that is Nature—be desirable, it may check for a moment the blind and fruitless current of endeavor to show how utterly and absolutely futile is the attempt to truly represent Nature; how impossible to copy or produce a duplicate.

If a picture were an entirely faithful copy of its original, then would the result constitute an illusion, but it cannot be said that the great works of the world's master painters please us and secure our veneration by their power of illusion and of deceiving the eye; and there are two points which may be given, showing the essential difference between a natural scene and its representation on a plane surface, as in a picture.

When one moves, all the objects in the scene before us change their relative positions. As we drive along a road, the hedges seem to rush past us, whilst the more distant view travels with us, and all else between moves relatively, and this takes place only in less degree if whilst standing we merely move the head. Then we have the fact of stereoscopic vision, and although we have learnt how to take photographs stereoscopically and have thereby obtained results which awaken wonder and even admiration for their realistic effect, it will hardly be claimed by anyone that stereoscopy has brought photography one step further on the road towards the goal, which for the present may be represented by the world-honored work of a Titian, Velasquez, or a Turner. If mere fidelity

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to Nature be the qualification for acknowledgment as art, then is the merest photographic tyro, of but one week's experience, greater than all the great company of painters hitherto.

Need I go further? Need I point to the impossibility of setting down with brush and pencil, on a few square inches of paper, the one smallest fraction of the myriad details contained in a single yard of landscape, and moreover does it appear that any great artist has attempted such a task, unless it be merely as an exercise or a "study?" You may answer "yes" and quote the names of certain painters who have been famous for their rendering of fine detail. Very well. Compare their work, compare the work, too, of a miniature painter with a sharply focused and carefully developed photograph, and you shall find your painter far less deserving of the reputation for painting with microscopical or "photographic" accuracy than you imagined.

I am not proposing to discuss the question of detail and sharp focusing, except that the production of detail is essentially a part, and a very large part, of the truthfulness to Nature for which some inconsiderately ask so loudly.

Why, then, is it necessary for the artist, in no matter what medium he works, be it brush or dry plate, to study and carefully observe Nature, seeing that it has been suggested that fidelity thereto is needless?

I might perhaps formulate the photographer's position in much the same way as I have done on a previous occasion, by saying that his picture should be only just so far true to Nature that its truthfulness does not thrust itself upon the spectator as its principal virtue, whilst it may be untrue so long as the untruthfulness does not discover itself or make itself felt without careful analysis.

A man does not attempt to depict every blade of grass in the meadow, but by a broad stroke of his brush suggests the idea of a grass field more conclusively than the utmost elaboration of detail could possibly do; broad spaces of light and shade do duty for the clustering masses of tiny leaves which build up the tree. Thus in a hundred instances we find the painter does not portray what, when we come to think of it, he must have seen; he instead elects to use an entirely arbitrary symbol or figure, which by reason of its truthfulness to tone, perhaps to color, but especially by that indefinable something which gives works of widely varying character a generic relationship, he appeals to our feelings and awakens our imagination far more powerfully than he would do by a faithful and exact portrayal.

A close and sympathetic observation of Nature is necessary to enable us to know what particular treatment, symbols or methods will thus convey an idea of truthfulness better than truth itself—a close observation because

"A hair perhaps divides the false from true,"

and sympathetic because the object of a picture is to appeal to the emotional side of man.

Here we get an indication of how the result and the means adopted to obtain it are governed by the motive which prompts its doing. If the purpose be to instruct others or to record for our own use a certain scene, a certain condition, or to make a graphical description of physical facts, be those facts a human face, a landscape, or even a circumstance of light and shade under some particular conditions, then the motive will cause us to make as faithful and true

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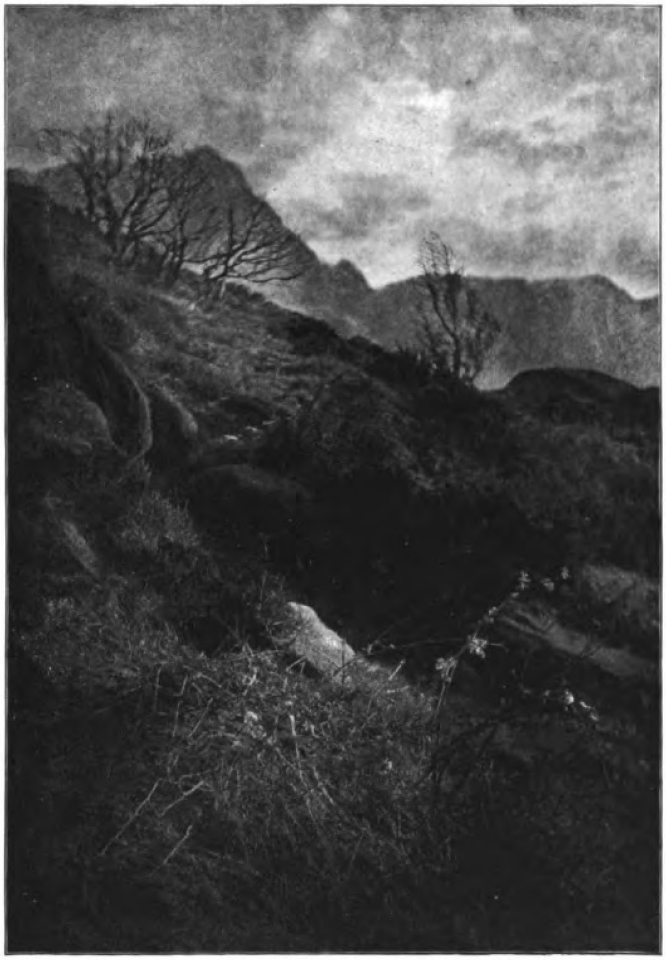
a record as possible. And it would seem that the optician and chemist—supposing the motive of the topographer and the artist to be identical—have perfected the instruments and materials which we use so that they may readily and uniformly give an exclusively true account of whatever is presented to them. So wonderfully have they succeeded that the photographer should be careful what credit he take to himself, seeing that with most photographs if we deduct what is due to fortunate circumstances and favorable conditions and the excellence of the instrument and the process, but little remains to represent the photographer's contribution to the total.



A. Horsley Hinton.

But the motive may be a more trivial one—it may be the mere delight of achievement; the self-satisfaction in producing a sort of *tour de force* of mechanical or manipulative perfection, and the motive will be detected in the exquisitely finished piece of craftsmanship—and if so, then rightfully the photographer should have made his apparatus and prepared his own materials ere he can honorably accept much praise.

Now in these instances of different motives we have in the first case a motive outside the mere print itself—the print is only valuable because it represents something that has a concrete existence. In the second case the value of the print is in itself, as a performance or a visible sign of the skill that was expended thereon. But in pictorial photography the motive lies quite outside the production of the picture.

If by the term photographer we mean one whose object in life is the pro-

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SPRING

By Clarence H. White

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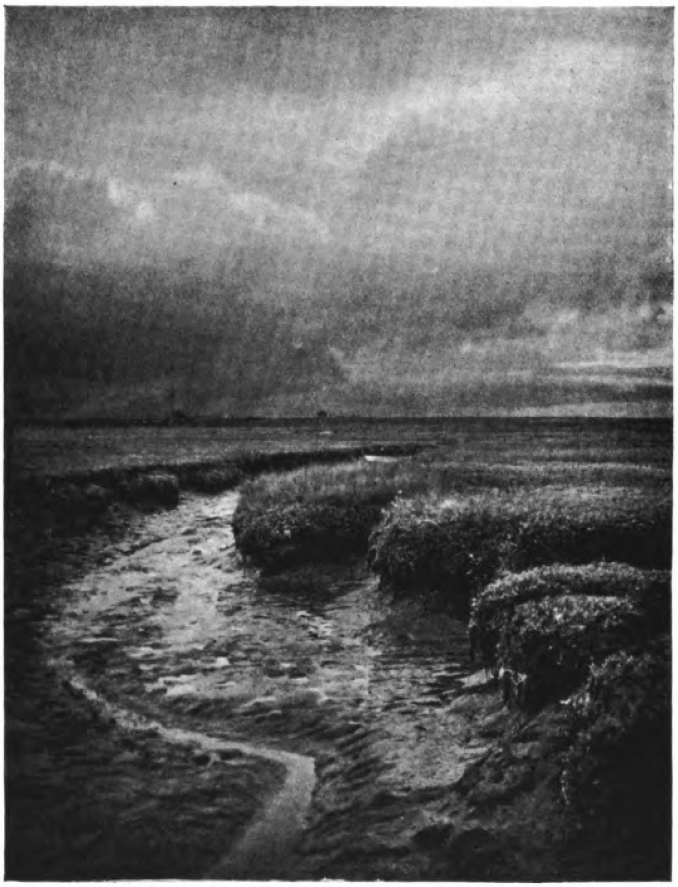
duction of photographs, or one whose interest is in photography, then the pictorial photographer can hardly be said to be a photographer.

The motive with which he sets up his camera and performs the necessary subsequent operations is independent of the photograph produced; that is to say, if the camera and development operations resulted in a painting instead of a photograph, the motive might be as well achieved, and if achieved the producer would be as well contented. His motive is to produce something which shall call up to the imagination of others or shall awaken the same feelings as some aspect of Nature called up or awakened in him. If he possess the necessary skill, he will probably employ brush or pencil for the purpose, these tools having been specially devised for such use by those who themselves best understood the especial needs. But lacking such skill he may resort to the camera and its appurtenances, to find that the direction in which mechanicians and scientists have developed this instrument has for the most part been the opposite one to that which the picture-maker would have wished.



A. Horsley Hinton.

The obstacle which has made the progress of pictorial photography slow, and has quite often brought it into not altogether undeserved ridicule, is twofold; first the redundancy of the process itself, which includes too much, and indiscriminately renders everything too exhaustively (which is equivalent to saying that it is too truthful, giving not only the truth, but the whole truth); and secondly, the photographer from lack of proper knowledge thinks it incumbent upon him to employ the whole of the methods and processes in their exhaustive inclusiveness.

Notice how different to the draughtsman. He witnesses some effect, some

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arrangement in Nature, which for the most part centers around a certain group, a cottage, a bend in a river, a mountain peak, a group of cattle, the human figure or face, etc. The rest of the field of view which his vision includes is but an accompaniment. Upon the particular effect or grouping he exercises his power, but on all the rest he expends only so much labor as shall save it from palpable incompleteness and unfinished appearance; the very necessity for the expense of labor and time rather checks producing such uniform completeness as is seen in the photograph, even if such elaboration were within his power.

Perfect fidelity to Nature would only come as the result, and at the end of infinite labor and patience. With the photographer such completeness is given him at the very first start, so that if less is desired, and his purpose is similar to that of the painter, he must work backwards, discarding piece by piece whatever he finds unnecessary. There will be the double incumbrance to get rid of; there is the completeness as regards the scene as a whole, and the completeness as regards each object included—for the latter something may be done, both in printing and differentiation of focus—emphasizing light and shade contrasts, employing sharper definition in and about the central group, and thus making it predominant, but it has been generally accepted as an inherent artistic fault in photography that beyond the selection of point of view or the arrangement of the models, when such is possible, little can be done towards making photography selective or giving it the power to isolate and leave out. Hence it is that we are constantly reminded by glib-tongued critics of the "limitations" of photography and of its "blindly mechanical" character.

As children our plaint of "can't" was met with the reproving admonition that "We know not what we can do till we try," and in the direction of striving to control the visible printed photographic image we don't know what we can do, for we haven't tried.

Here and there is a solitary experimenter, perhaps, or now and then a furtive effort, when for generations and after life-long labor the few who are alive to the artistic requirements and appreciate the artist's motive have spent as much endeavor in controlling the photographic image, to restrain its too generous manner, as the draughtsman or painter has spent in an opposite direction. When we have learned to throw overboard our excess of the very things the artist desires to acquire, then will it be time enough to decide if photography can be satisfactorily used by those who are working from a pictorial or artistic motive.

It is but yesterday, as it were, that men perceived that control was necessary. In platinotype printing—the introduction of which printing process meant almost a renaissance in artistic photography—we were shown a method of exercising a very large amount of control by the use of glycerine; but how many people really worked at it? Perhaps it came before the age was so keenly alive to what was needed, and from that time until now many new things have been introduced for which the claim for favor is based upon the possibility of exercising control over the result, or of modifying the mechanically formed image.

In the light of this argument what becomes of the sneer, too often heard, that in some phases of modern pictorial work the photographer merely seeks to ape the result of the mezzotinter, the crayonist, the aquarellist? Did the photographer commence with a clean sheet and thereon gradually make his picture, step by step, there might be greater excuse for such misunderstanding;

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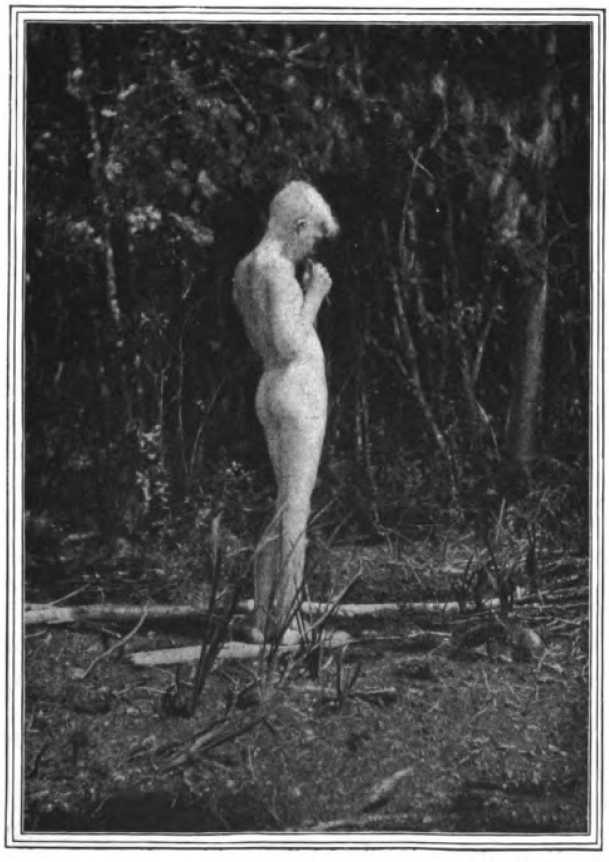
but, let us remember, the photographer with a process giving from the first too complete a rendering, must needs journey back upon the road along which the draughtsman is laboriously travelling—the photographer must unmake and undo and, his motive being the same, if he accomplish his end he will find his goal somewhere at the same spot as the other finds his, each having worked from opposite points.

I may have seemed to inveigle one from truthfulness without due cause, and now I have insufficient space in which to justify the position of the various emotions which are stirred through the senses, and we have here only to do with the sense of vision. I should say that with most people such pleasure as is derived from wonder and astonishment is more easily tickled into activity than the quieter and more enduring pleasure in the beautiful; moreover pictures, like ourselves, cannot with equal devotion serve two masters or fill two offices. If, then, the photograph, made according to the canons and traditions, gives that perfect rendering of every form and every detail in those forms which in this respect make photography unique, then it is wonder and astonishment which it will awaken first, and its one office has been discharged and, if for this reason only, we look no further for other attributes.

But let that exhaustive rendering of details be absent; let the truthfulness or completeness be such that, as has been suggested, it does not obtrude itself upon us for notice; let its falling short of perfection yet not discover itself as an inefficiency, and then if what is depicted be done in such a manner as to appeal to the imagination or stir the emotions it will have become the echo of Nature, and in producing this effect the photographer has been the object from which the sound waves have rebounded and caused the echo.



F. H. Day.

Art is the method by which a man may express his delight in natural beauty; the things he likes least he will probably leave out if he can, and as photography leaves nothing

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out of itself the photographer must strive to suppress and keep in subservience, that in his pleasure garden the beautiful flowers are not detracted from by unwelcome weeds.

I feel at the present so sure that what one may call canonical photography; that is, practised according to the rules laid down and so left uninterfered with and uncontrolled, can never do more that fill the title of "tasteful mechanism," which unfriendly critics have given it, that I am inclined to say, throw to the winds all laws and rules, intrude upon and interfere with the process-formed image in whatsoever manner one choose, and if wise enough to know the justifiable boundary when reached, scorn to observe truthfulness when a little falsity will better serve your purpose. Art has no part in teaching morality, and good photography, as such, is not the present aim.

Perhaps by the time we have by unrecognized and irregular methods obtained the effects we desire, and conveyed the feelings we wish, some one will have found the way by which the too stubborn process may become more plastic and more amenable to individual aims. A. Horsley Hinton.

F. H. Day.

Plein-Air Photography.

In out-door work we may fairly say that as the shadows are, so is the picture.

Most of us are very conservative in photography. As much as we can be said to follow anything in art, we follow the shortened light scale and the tonal schemes and makeshifts of the landscape artists of seventy years ago.

But art in America has progressed since then. The low color scheme of the decorative painters—such as Puvis de Chavannes—became known here. The Impressionists invaded our art exhibitions. These latter might have paraphrased an old saying, and taken for their motto the legend, "Take care of the shadows, and the lights will take care of themselves." This was the ideal of the true Impressionists, though not of their many imitators, who floundered about in purple lake without an idea of true method. But we photographers confounded the true with the false prophets, and scoffed at all.

Then came the Japanizers, trailing along and making efforts to see the world in pure tones, with the perspective flattened out; and the poster people wobbled about dizzily.

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We are beyond all this in art now. The interest in it has retired to Philadelphia, where Impressionism still holds the day at exhibitions. We realize now that to dismiss the Japanese idea as but an effort at seeing flat, and the poster craze at seeing in curves, would be as unfair as to call the powerful work of the true Impressionists purple horrors.

The outcome of these influences in art has been noticeable upon the walls of even the Academy. That welcome outcome of the *plein-air* style may be described briefly as one of an airy radiance of subject and treatment. But we photographers go on exhibiting the same vitreous or gelatinous shadows. Where these should be transparent, they are barely translucent; where they should be atmospheric, they are adamantine.

Why should we be blind to the lessons of the *plein-air* style? Why should we not have soft tones and high keys; brilliant skies, grass that can be walked in, trees that can rustle, and everywhere air, sparkling air, to breathe? And how? Take care of the shadows, and the lights will take care of themselves.

Epigrammatic sayings are more or less dishonest, but this one will serve us well, if we trust to it. For by keeping your shadows soft and clear and well modeled, you keep your lights soft and clear also. This does not interfere with the laws of composition in the massing of light and shade, any more than in the harmonizing of form.

It would be absurd to claim that we can keep to as high a key as the painters, for where they can contrast and model by a skilful management of colors, we have but monochrome to work in, and have to lengthen the scale of tones in shadows a little to obtain full distinctness between objects. But much may be done with appropriate subjects by those who have caught the spirit and feeling of the new idea.

In the days when the albumen print reigned supreme, we developed our negatives to the utmost to obtain sufficient density for sun printing, to get a good toning image in the print. So we clogged all the most delicate shadows and burned the others deeply into the print, or else we had a flat, variegated effect, all half-tones, and called it "soft." Oh, those much vaunted, beautiful, but delusive gradations of tone! As miniature work, to be examined closely, our half lights were sometimes of exquisite ivory, but our high lights were glaring, and our deepest shadows were impenetrable and impossible.

Nowadays there is no need and no excuse for this, with the facile media we have at hand for the interpretation of our ideas. Our quick plates lend themselves to easy manipulation, fair exposures, clean and slow development, and hence, to soft negatives. We know many chemical and mechanical means for altering the negatives and affecting the printing. The platinotype and the gum print are subject to treatment to produce a variety of results truly surprising as well as exquisite.

Nor comes the end yet, when the print is washed and dried. The platinotype may be toned; and with a brush and color wonders may be wrought. A too obtrusive secondary light may be toned down, or a shadow deepened, and thus the lights and shades may be made to stand out with clearer meaning.

Is such retouching legitimate? If we have an artistic end in view, all means to compass our idea and improve our pictures are legitimate. If we are desirous only of making good photographs, records for scientific or commercial

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purposes, such "fakings" are not admissible. Nor are they if we are merely "taking views" in a purely philistine spirit, for then everything must be the actual, "the real and only genuine," as recorded by mechanical means. Any variation from this strict rule means the introduction of self, and that means the practising of art, which would be truly abhorrent to the philistine.

But why should we dwell in the land of the commonplace, with the photogs, the camerists and the button-shovers; or have our work subject to that unpleasant query of Kipling, "It's clever, but is it art?" Better even to have the inquiry flung at you, "It's art, but is it nature?" Art need not be nature, either as the button-shovers understand the terms or as the so-called realists define abused nature. No, let us imagine, and "fake," if we cannot directly photograph

. . . . . "the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream——."

This puts before us an ideal of no easy attainment. As Goethe observes, "the artist is told to go and study nature. But it is no small matter to evolve the lofty out of the commonplace, or beauty out of formlessness." It is indeed no small matter, the more difficult for another truth he notes well, "Art, moreover, evolves many things out of itself, and on the other hand adds much to the imperfection of Nature, where such exists, inasmuch as Art contains beauty in itself."

What is this beauty which art adds to the imperfection of nature but man's self, our individuality? "For art is nothing less than the world as we ourselves make it, the world remoulded nearer to the heart's desire," says Havelock Ellis.

Of all the handmaidens of art, photography, the youngest, finds this moulding of nature the most difficult to do. For she is as yet the most limited in her powers by circumstance.

We have bought our power to paint with light, and without a long apprenticeship, by a cruel subjection to the unessentials of reality. In place of the long training and dear-won technique of the artist we accept mechanical and chemical aids, and at the best we are bound heavily. By the very means that make production easy the individual characteristics are hindered. Yet this individuality, this personality, is the essence of art, just as the exclusion of the individual is the aim of science.

There is all the more reason therefore why we should loosen our mechanical bonds and widen our bounds, by every means in our power. And if a carefully treated negative, a glycerined print, and retouching with a brush charged with "charcoal gray" will aid us to express our feeling in a photograph, we certainly should use these means. We should even feel with the painter that "the final basis of artistic reputation is not the subject that is treated, but the capacity to treat it."

DALLETT FUGUET.

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On Suitable Intensity of Light.

In working with lantern slides, bromide papers and transparencies, it is very necessary to consider the suitable intensity of light by which they are printed. The reason for this is that they are more sensitive to light than the printing-out papers and the limits of proper intensity of light are narrow, while, on the other hand, the range of power of the lights within one's command is very great.

The directions accompanying the plates or papers have little to say on the peculiar results due to a wrong intensity of light, and the cause of such results are by no means so patent as in the case of printing-out papers, there being no opportunity to watch the progress of printing. Until this subject is understood the operator is liable at any time to meet with most unsatisfactory and unexpected results, without at all knowing what he should do to avoid a repetition. It may seem to him that the evils can be remedied by giving a longer or shorter exposure or by modifying the developer, and along these lines he may continue experiments indefinitely, without coming upon the true difficulty. If it were possible for him to see the film darkening all over its surface under the effects of too strong light or refusing to print in the high lights because of too weak light, he would realize that the remedy could be found only by varying the intensity of the printing light or by changing its distance from the printing frame.

In making lantern slides by contact the first question of the beginner is, at what distance from the light the exposure should be made. My experience seems to indicate that for a medium negative and a *slow* lantern slide plate, the back of the contact box at the Club rooms gives a proper light, and that the box cannot well be used for fast lantern slide plates and not at all for making positives of fast snap-shot plates, without using special means to reduce the intensity of the contact box light. Its intensity is so great that it strikes through all parts of the average negative with such force upon the sensitive film as to nearly obliterate the distinction in tones and to produce upon development a result very similar to that obtained by printing a thin negative in strong sunlight.

In beginning this kind of work it is well to fix upon a normal weak developer, the ingredients of which are not to be altered, and to vary only the time and distance of the exposure until a satisfactory result is obtained by developing during a fixed time. Dense negatives will have to be exposed close to the light and thin ones farther away. This method leaves open only the question how near or how far from the light the exposure should be made, and with a few experiments the proper distance and time of exposure will be found. With any given lantern slide plate and developer and a medium dense negative of proper tone gradation, there will be required a certain length of exposure at a certain distance from the light. If the negative is otherwise good but is too thin, the same length of exposure would be required but at a greater distance from the light—if too dense, the same exposure, but nearer to the light. If the tone gradation is not correct, then in addition to making the exposure at varying distances the length of exposure must be varied. If, for example, the de-

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tails in the shadows come out by a normal exposure at the normal distance but not the details in the high lights, it will then be necessary to reduce the length of exposure and make it closer to the light, until a point is reached where the increased power of the light, acting for the shorter time, prints through the high lights of the negative without obliterating the shadows. (The proportionate reduction in time of exposure is as the square of the distance.) If, on the other hand, the shadows print too dark, while the high lights show correctly, the operation should be reversed and proportionately longer exposure given at a greater distance.

In bromide enlargement with a thin negative the largest lens opening will tend to give a somewhat flat result, while the smallest opening with the same developer and proportionately long exposure tends to increase the contrast. It seems to me that a medium sized opening is on all accounts to be preferred in general work, modifying its size to suit the density of the particular negative and the degree of enlargement, the endeavor being to have the opening permit a fairly bright picture to appear upon the screen. The depth of focus obtained by such an opening is deep enough to make handling the paper more convenient.

In making lantern slides by reduction, a somewhat similar rule holds good. That is to say, the faster the plate used and the brighter the day, the smaller the lens opening may be, and with dense negatives, slower plates, or less daylight, the opening must be enlarged. The rule may be considered quite general that in all these cases when using the metol and hydro developer the appearance of the image in about the normal time, followed by a rush to completion, is a sure indication not of an excessively long exposure, but of an exposure to too intense light. When the result is satisfactory as to density and otherwise, but the contrasts are too strong, if a moderately weak developer has been used but the exposure has been a long one, it is safe to infer that the intensity of light has not been sufficiently great. Between very wide limits of lighting it may be said that with weak developer one obtains soft results, and with double strength strong contrasts (provided that by omission of alkali or the addition of bromide the development is restrained to suit the exposure), but outside of those limits one holds the power of controlling the results by varying the intensity of light. If the range of tones in the negative be unusually great, in order to give a value to all of them it may be necessary to make the exposure within three or four inches of the light, and no amount of skill in development will obtain such a result from any other kind of exposure; and at the other extreme where it is desirable to suppress all intermediate tones, a long exposure at a *long distance* from the light would produce a result with a normal developer which no skillful manipulation of the developer could bring about if the plate is given a proportionately short exposure close to the light. CHARLES E. MANIERRE.

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ARABIAN NOBLEMAN

Reproduced from a Platinotype

By Joseph T. Keiley

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Object Lessons.

The Camera Club Monthly or "One-Man" Exhibitions, as they are termed by the Print Committee, have been productive of the most interesting change in the daily workings of club members.

It was the wont in the early days to make negatives, and negatives only. Plates were exposed, plates were developed, and there the work seemed to end, with probably a mutual criticism as to quality, whether the negative was hard or soft, a quick or slow printer, thin or dense, foggy or clear, while few prints, very few in fact, were ever made.

New York could not boast of any photographic salons, hence exhibitions of prints were seldom to be seen, and the amateurs, with very few exceptions, were truly working in the dark for what was called technique in negative.

If it was crisp, sharp and clear, that seemed to be all and everything. Composition, form, tonality, atmosphere, foreground, middle distance, and distance, were unknown terms. An exposure on a 4″ x 5″, or a 6½″ x 8½″ plate, must give respectively a full 4″ x 5″ or a 6½″ x 8½″ negative, and if by chance a print was made from either, it must be the whole size of the negative, no matter what was objectionable on one end or the other, or in the foreground, or in the upper portion of the sky.

With a view quietly to educate the ardent amateur and to lift the Club from its non-productive methods, arrangements were made a year ahead with recognized print or picture producers from Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other cities. Dates were arranged, with the result that, as above stated, the Club has had the benefit of studying each month for the last two years the work of one or two exhibitors.

It was interesting to hear the general criticism of the members, as each successive exhibit went up on the walls:

"What is there in this exhibition?"

"Did you ever see such a lot of thin, washed-out looking things!"

"Why, I could do better than that myself!"

Then they went and tried, and shortly they began to take notice, and as the months rolled by, and the Club began to turn out print makers by the dozen, if not by the score, the criticism of the pictures on the walls turned to earnest comments, and now we hear:

"I wonder how he got that tone!"

"There is a good bit of composition!"

"My, isn't that soft, and how full of atmosphere!"

"Isn't that drapery beautifully managed!"

"How does she get such simple effects!"

"Look how natural that is!"

"Doesn't look like a photograph, does it?"

"What kind of a print is that?"

And in the working room is heard:

"Shall I trim off some of that foreground?"

"Would you cut off that tree to the left?"

"Do you think that would look better in a red tone?"

"Do you think that is too gray?"

"Would you make that a little warmer?"

Truly the Club must now understand the trite saying of Mr. Horsley Hinton: "A good negative is one thing, but a negative that will enable us to get a good picture is another."

CHARLES I. BERG.

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The Gum-Bichromate Process.

In writing these notes on the gum-bichromate process, I desire to state at the outset that it is not possible for me to do so with any sense of originality, for the subject has been very fully treated in hand books and papers already published, notably those of Messrs. Demachy & Maskell, W. J. Warren, and Mr. Packham, in English; and Messrs. Kuëhn, Watzek, and Gaedicke, in German. It is hoped that those who have not read the foregoing works may find some points of value in this short paper.

The principle involved in gum printing arises from the well-known fact that any colloid, such as starch, albumen, gum arabic, gelatine, fish glue, etc., will, when mixed with the bichromate salts, become insoluble in time, and very rapidly so when exposed to heat and light. If we mix any of these colloids with, say, bichromate of potassium and some pigment, and spread on a sheet of paper, this should, when exposed under a negative, become insoluble approximately in proportion to the amount of light admitted through the various parts of the negative, so that in washing it up with water the soluble parts of the film will dissolve away, leaving the positive in the color used. Carbon in which gelatine is used, is the best known form of this process. There are several objections to it, first among them being that the film is too tender and not sufficiently soluble to allow of much local treatment, which is really the chief advantage of gum. In carbon the film is comparatively thick, and in order that the half-tones may be sufficiently stable it is necessary to develop on the side opposite from which it is printed. And even on gum paper with its much thinner and very soluble film, many prefer to print through the back of the paper. At any rate, no paper that is printed and developed from the front will give good gradation of tones, unless the film be very thin and easily soluble, and the pigment is in a very fine state of division.

You will find that if coated as thickly as carbon the prints will be harsh and lack the intermediate values, while if as thin as artigue paper they will be flat; the film should be thicker than artigue. The proper thickness will come with a little practice.

Papers Used.—Any paper may be used which is sufficiently sized to prevent the color from sinking into the actual fibres of the paper, from which the stain can never be wholly removed.

If too heavily sized the prints are harsh in contrasts.

If not sized, pure high lights are impossible. Both of these conditions may be taken advantage of for flat or hard negatives or some desired effect.

All writing papers [except those with glazed surfaces, which are difficult to coat], are very suitable, especially for smaller subjects and portraits. Smoothish papers give the greatest detail, while rough surfaces subdue detail, break up heavy shadows, and add to the atmosphere of the print.

It will be found that papers of medium surface had best be used by the beginner, being easy to coat and giving broader effects than the smoother papers.

MICHALLET.—A rough grain, heavy charcoal paper, having parallel ridges or lines, is easy to coat, and very useful for prints in which the masses are large and the general effect broad.

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LALANE.—A similar paper to the above, but much lighter, and with lighter ridges. These ridges are often of value in producing a certain texture by allowing them to run vertically, horizontally or obliquely, as the case may call for.

ALLONGE is an excellent paper for the general use, having, as do most papers, a different grain on the different sides.

All the above papers may be obtained in warmer tones than white, yellowish and yellowish brown.

Some of the white and tinted crayon papers give good results, as does also Steinbach paper. All of Whatman's water color papers are suitable, the rougher kinds being used for large prints. Should one require the maximum of fine detail and finish it is probable that no paper is better than the single transfer, for carbon—although the heavy coating of gelatine makes it difficult to lay the gum on smoothly.

The Gum.—Pure gum arabic, bought in large lumps (not powder), is used, the most convenient strength for the stock solution being 2 parts of gum to 5 parts of cold (not hot) water.

Say ½ oz. of gum to 2½ ozs. water. This is placed in a bottle with a wide mouth and glass stopper, the stopper being rubbed with vaseline to prevent it sticking.

By crushing up the lumps the solution may be made in a short time by continual stirring, or if left to itself the lumps will dissolve in about 24 hours.

Freshly made gum solution gives the greatest solubility, and as it gradually becomes acid the film becomes tougher; it is therefore an advantage if the gum be slightly acid, especially when much local development with a brush is indulged in.

When ready to coat, one may add a couple of drops of lemon juice or acetic acid to the fresh gum, if it is desired.

Should the gum, however, become very sour and mouldy from age or heat, it will produce spotty prints or may be entirely insoluble. Some workers recommend that the gum be mixed with another colloid, such as starch or fish glue, and while this may in some cases be desirable, I believe pure gum is generally to be preferred. One of the chief features of gum, owing to its extreme solubility, is a slight gumming or melting together in drying, which accounts for the beautifully soft image.

The Pigment.—Any color that is readily suspended in water and is chemically inert may be used. It is, however, desirable to select those which are the most permanent and have the greatest coloring power, bulk for bulk.

The majority of gum printers recommend dry colors; if these are used they must be ground exceedingly fine, for upon the fineness of the pigment and the thinness of the film depend in a large measure the range of tonal values. Therefore rub or grind the powder upon a fine ground glass or marble slab, with a spatula; when finely ground, say in ten minutes, add a little of the gum solution, and mix thoroughly; take up this mass and place it in a shallow, flat saucer, adding gradually the required amount of gum, mixing thoroughly the while.

Pastels and chalks may be used in the same manner.

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Tube water colors of good manufacture are perhaps as satisfactory as any, as they are in a fine state of division without grinding. Some satisfactory colors to begin with are, light red, Venetian red, yellow and red ochre, burnt umber, vegetable black, and indigo; nearly any tint may be gotten by mixing some of these colors.

As a rule the use of a single color tends to crudeness.

Lampblack is a good color, and may be tempered with a little indigo or burnt umber, to make it cold or warm in tone.

Other useful colors are, sepia, Vandyke brown, bistre, and burnt sienna. They are, however, more transparent and it takes more color to produce the required depth of tone, which in turn makes the mixture more difficult to coat smoothly.

Red will probably be a favorite color, being especially suitable for delicate subjects, women's and children's heads, etc. Personally, I have not found it easy to make up a fine transparent red. Light red may be tempered with other colors, burnt umber for instance.

A transparent and fairly good red is made by grinding up red crayon, [used in red chalk drawings], and tempering this with carmine, until the desired shade is reached. A further addition of burnt umber makes a rich brownish red. For use on etching tone paper, an excellent pigment is Higgins' non-waterproof black India ink. The resulting tone on yellowish paper is a rich brown.

In order to obtain the best modeling and half-tones it has sometimes been found advisable to give the paper two separate coatings as follows: A sheet of paper is coated on the back with thick white shellac; when bone dry the front is given a light thin coating of sensitized gum and pigment; it is then given a full exposure under the negative and washed up, with special reference to the upper register of tones; when dry it is recoated with a heavier coat of the same color or some color that harmonizes with the first coat. This is exposed for a short time; the upper tones wash away and leave the lower tones and shadows their proper depth. One must make marks so that the print will register in the second printing, the shellac preventing shrinkage of the paper.

The Sensitizing Solution is a 10 per cent. or saturated solution of bichromate of ammonium or potassium. There are two methods of sensitizing, as follows:

First—Pour into a clean porcelain dish the bichromate to a depth of, say one inch. The sheet of paper is immersed in this for two minutes, care being taken to remove all air bubbles with a soft brush. The paper is then hung in a dark, dry place, and when bone dry it is stored under pressure or in a chloride of calcium tube until it is needed; paper thus sensitized and kept from heat and dampness will remain in good order for several weeks; deterioration will be noted by the change of color to a dirty greenish. This paper is coated with gum and color, and is about as sensitive as Platinotype. The second method is to coat the paper with the gum, color and bichromate at the same time. There is practically no difference in the resulting prints, but with this latter method the paper is slower than *P. O. P., and is a little more apt to show water color stain.

* P. O. P. is the popular way of designating printing-out silver paper of the "Aristo" type.

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The Brushes Used.—Each worker in gum seems to have adopted a style of his own in coating the sensitive mixture on the paper, and while the reader will be likely to do the same, I feel constrained to urge a trial of the following three brushes, which I find give the best coatings:

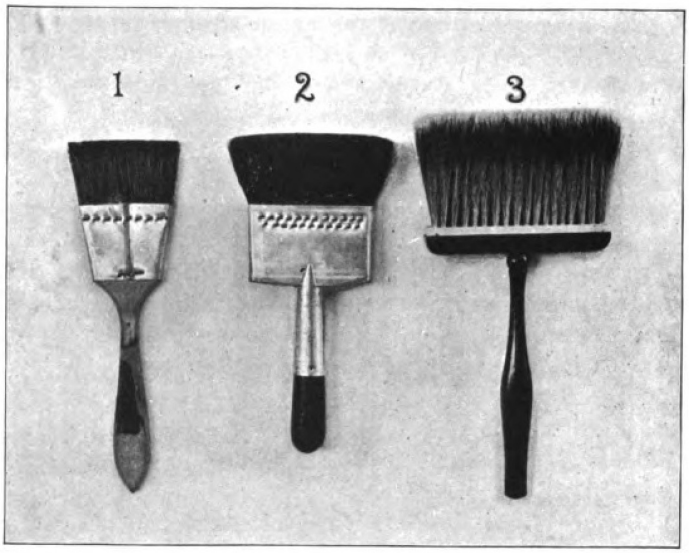
Fig. 1 is a thin, flat pigs' hair brush, 1½ inches or 2 inches wide, rather stiff, and such a one as does not separate into several bunches of hairs when wet. This is the coating brush.

Fig. 2 is a "Fitch" brush of goats' hair set in tin, 3½ inches wide and ¾ inch thick, having a flat and square cut end.

This is the smoothing brush.

Fig. 3 is a badger hair blender or softener, with three rows of hairs and about 4 inches wide.

To coat a sheet of sensitized paper, proceed as follows: The color is thoroughly mixed with, say ½ oz. of gum stock solution; to this is added ½ oz. of water, and the whole is strained through medium fine muslin into a clean saucer. On a fine drawing board of about 18 x 20 inches we place a clean piece of lintless blotter and on this we pin by the upper corners a piece of sensitized paper, having margins at least one and one half inches larger than the finished sheet will be.



Take up the spreading brush and dip into the mixture in the saucer, allowing only the lower portion of the brush to become soaked; then rapidly smear the paper with the mixture; if you have not enough in the brush dip up a little more, but do not use more than is necessary to smear the paper all over. Cross with the brush once, vertically and horizontally. Should any folds or ruts appear in the wet paper stretch them out as quickly as possible by moving the pins at the upper corners.

Now taking the smoothing brush, make several firm, strong strokes downwards, several lighter ones crosswise, and very much lighter ones obliquely, etc. This should, if the gum solution is of the proper consistency, thin down the coating and leave it nearly smooth, when a few very light and gentle sweeps with the badger hair softener will leave the surface perfectly smooth.

In using both the smoother and the blender the brush is held vertically with its flat end to the paper, and should not be dragged across it on its side.

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When the surface is once smooth do not again touch it with the brush. To work successfully the whole operation of smearing and smoothing should not occupy more than say, forty or fifty seconds for an 8 x 10 sheet.

The strokes of the smoothing brush have been described as a wrist motion, but I find it better to use the forearm from the elbow in making the sweeps brushing always in one direction, and shifting the position of the drawing board in my lap rather than change the direction of the stroke. The finished film should be so thin that the texture of the paper is seen under it, and it should be translucent by transmitted light. As I said, the coating must be done rapidly, for the mixture soon sets, after which the ridges cannot be smoothed. A good coating is largely dependent upon the spreading mixture being at the exact consistency. This will come to one with practice, and will be immediately recognized by the feeling of the mixture under the brush. If too thick, ridges will quickly form, which cannot be smoothed out, while if too thin, the mixture will flow in waves ahead of the brush.

The remedy in either case is obvious; add a little more water or gum, as the case may be. The tendency of the beginner is to use too much gum and color.

When coated, the paper is hung to dry in a dark, dry and cool place. When bone dry, it is cut up and stored in chloride of calcium tubes, where it will keep well for several days. The coating may be done in ordinary diffused daylight, but the drying should be done in the dark or very subdued light.

After coating several sheets, the hairs of the smoother will become clogged with gum; it should then be rinsed and dried before continuing; it is therefore well to have more than one "smoother," if one coats sheets in quantity. At all times the brushes should be dry and clean.

It is evident from the character of this process that, owing to the difference of the coloring power of the various pigments, etc., no hard and fast formulæ can be given. One prepares the paper with the strength of color best suited to the subject. As a guide for beginners, the following, recommended by Mr. Packham, are given.

To the ounce of *diluted* gum solution, add from 7 to 15 grs. of vegetable black, or 35 to 50 grs. of umber, sepia, or sienna. This refers to powdered pigment thoroughly ground into the gum.

When coating the paper with all the ingredients at once, proceed as follows:

Take ½ oz. of the 2 in 5 gum solution and grind into this the pigment, and add ½ oz. of the 10 per cent. solution of bichromate of potassium; mix well, and strain and apply to a bone dry sheet of paper. [When coating paper that has been previously sensitized, mix the pigment in ½ oz. of stock gum solution and dilute with ½ oz. of water.] The paper should be tested by cutting off a strip when dry, and soaking it in cold water. If properly coated it will dissolve evenly and leave clean white paper in fifteen minutes or so, or at least the lightest touch of a brush should clean off any remaining tint.

If on development the film breaks off in flakes, the coating is too thick.

A water color stain is a sign of having used too much pigment, or unsized paper.

If a dirty yellowish stain appears it shows that the bichromate used has been in excess of the gum.

The Negative.—Since the real object in employing this process is to take

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advantage of the great local control it allows one to exercise, it is folly to handicap one's self by the use of a negative not best suited to attain this end.

While the negative must in a measure depend upon the effect to be produced, it should as a rule be very fully timed and rather under-developed, *i. e.*, full of gradation of tones, and thin, and one which would produce a somewhat flat print on the ordinary silver P. O. P. papers.

If the negative has strong contrasts, or if the high lights are dense and shadows thin, it is evident that the shadows will become insoluble before the high lights and upper half-tones are stable enough to stand washing.

You cannot, as in carbon, allow for the class of negatives used, by the strength of the sensitizing solution. By bearing this in mind, one will be saved much trouble and many failures at the start.

EXPOSURE—The exposure of the paper under the negative should be made in good, bright light, but not in the direct rays of hot sunshine, for heat renders the film insoluble and printing in hot sunlight materially reduces the number of available tones, besides often causing spots to appear in the print.

One should be provided with a photometer, such as is used in carbon printing, to register the number of tints required, and while this is a very good guide for future prints, the tint number will not be always correct, since the thickness of the coating is not always the same, a thicker or thinner coating requiring more or less time; a difference in the pigment and paper also somewhat affects exposure.

Correct exposure is that which produces the desired effect in the finished print and will probably not be found except by making several trials.

Under-exposure means the washing away, and loss, of the half-tones.

Extreme over-exposure results in an almost insoluble film, poor half-tones and general flatness.

A beginner should stick to one or two suitable negatives and should print them for different lengths of time and on different papers. This will give one a good idea of the great variety of effects and textures possible from one and the same negative. It is better at the start to give full exposure, as this allows of more control.

As a guide, the paper that has been sensitized before coating is about as sensitive as a Platinotype; that one to which the whole mixture is applied at once is nearly twice as slow as P. O. P.

Development.—The sheet of exposed paper is gently immersed in a full tray of cold water and is then turned over and left floating face downwards for a few minutes, say five minutes or so, when as a rule the edges which were protected by the rebates of the frame will be light and the image appear faintly.

Should one wish a merely mechanical print, it may be left to develop itself, or it may be washed up by laving or allowing water to flow evenly over it, or by the use of a thin soup, made from artigue sawdust. Should it fail to wash up properly, warmer water may be used, but with great care, as gum is quickly affected by warm water.

But the object of the process is to make from the print what one had in mind when the negative was made.

Therefore, having made an ordinary print and, after study, deciding what changes are to be made in the tonal values, breaking up this or that shadow or

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subduing some scattered and annoying lights, this print is laid before one as a guide and the gum print taken from the tray and laid face up on an inclined sheet of glass. If the image is not sufficiently clear, water or thin sawdust soup may be carefully flowed over it, the fluid being poured on the glass above the print and not on the face of the print itself. If the subject is delicate and full of delicate half-tones, in which case the exposure has not been too full, the development had best be done by means of gentle streams of water directed to the right place by means of a small hose, a sponge held close to the surface of the print or squeezed into a funnel. The film is very delicate and must not be touched with a brush except in the shadows, and then only when the rest of the print is completed, as the film once broken up is easily washed away. The shadows may be attacked with warmer water, care being taken that it does not flow over more delicate portions.

For broad effects, when the exposure has been full, soft brushes of various shapes are used. I have seen some very fine prints made by a few strokes of a brush by one who knew just where to make his strokes.

These, and other means that strike one's fancy, may be employed to remove the film; a sharp pointed stick is useful for lifting small high lights. I am inclined to think it a good plan to make the highest light at the start and work down in tone. I also believe that the less soaking the print has, the fresher and brighter it is, and I do not think it a good plan to allow the print to soak in the tray during development.

The print should be flowed with fresh water every now and then, to carry off removed and surplus color; when finished it is laid face up on a flat blotter to dry, being careful that no ruts or folds appear where pools of water might collect. When thoroughly dry, the print is exposed to sunlight for fifteen minutes and then immersed for a few minutes in a 5 per cent. solution of alum or preferably in a weak solution of bisulphite of soda, which will remove the last traces of bichromate. Then a short washing and the print is hung up to dry. Such prints are as permanent as any, with the possible exception of Platinotype, and have the advantages over other processes in the power of local control, and in their ability to reproduce different textures, by choice of paper, pigment and the manner of development.

The harsher the development, the lower the number of tones..

I will close these notes with a few recipes.

If the prints are too dull in whole or in part, they may be varnished with 1 part Soehne's aquarelle varnish, 2 to 5 parts alcohol.

To size the paper, draw it through a 3 per cent. solution of gelatine, or apply to the surface of the paper with a brush, a 3 per cent. to 5 per cent. solution of starch.

W. E. CARLIN.

Photography.

Oh, wondrous gift, to fix at will
For coming years, a moment's smile;
The gleaming sunshine on a hill;
The face we knew—how short a while!—F.

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SCURRYING HOME

By Alfred Stieglitz

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Our Illustrations.

"The Little Princess," by Mr. J. Craig Annan, of Glasgow, Scotland, which forms the frontispiece of this number, shows this photographer at his best. The original of the production was exhibited about three or four years ago, in the London Salon, and immediately became very popular. Its naturalness, simplicity and breadth of treatment are certainly fascinating.

The photogravure was produced by Mr. Walter L. Colls, of London, England.

The second insert, "Spring," by Mr. Clarence H. White, of Newark, Ohio, is a reproduction of the picture which was considered one of the masterpieces shown at last year's Philadelphia Salon. As a rule it appeals principally to artists, the average photographer failing to grasp its beauties. We bring it as one of Mr. White's happiest efforts. The delicate reproduction, which has maintained all the quality of the original, was produced by the Photochrome Engraving Company, New York.

"Arabian Nobleman," by Mr. Joseph T. Keiley, New York, our third insert, is a reproduction of a brush-developed platinum print, a process which Mr. Keiley has greatly perfected and which he masters absolutely. The effects to be obtained with this printing method are remarkable. In a future number of CAMERA NOTES more will be said about this subject. As in the reproduction of Mr. White's picture, the Photochrome Engraving Company here again has been very successful in reproducing the character of the original print.

"Scurrying Home," by Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, New York, is here published by request. It is still this photographer's most popular picture. The edition of photogravures was produced by Walter L. Colls. It has a special interest, having been in the hold of the *Paris* for several weeks, when that somewhat unfortunate steamship had grounded off the Manacles last May. The prints do not seem to have been affected by their experience.

In the text, half-tone reproductions are printed from originals by Count Gloeden, of Italy; Messrs. Ferd. Stark, of New York; A. Horsley Hinton, London; F. H. Day, Boston; W. D. Murphy, New York; W. J. Cassard, New York; John Beeby, New York; Chas. I. Berg, New York; George Lorillard Ronalds, New York; R. Eickemeyer, Jr., New York; Mrs. Myra A. Wiggins, Salem, Oregon, and Miss E. A. Slade, New York.

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Money Talks.

An Unexpected Ad.

Scene: CAMERA NOTES Office.

VISITOR.—By the way, the last number of your magazine must have contained some particularly fine illustrations. If you have any copies left I wish you would reserve half a dozen for me.

EDITOR.—Yes, most of our illustrations were exceptionally fine, and the last number is in great demand on that account and is selling at a premium, as there are but few copies left—in fact, I cannot let you have half a dozen. But tell me why did you imagine that it was anything remarkable, not having seen it?

VISITOR.—Well, the truth is, that I chanced upon a copy of the *Tin-Tin-Abulus Echo* in a seaside tin-typer's, into whose place I had stepped to escape a sudden thunder-storm, and in glancing over it I noticed that its antiquated editor, old Dr. Greenback, declared that your paper did not contain a single artistic illustration. As the old man never was anything more than an *alloy* in matters of art, I concluded at once that the number of your magazine referred to must be exceptionally good.

J. T. K.

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The Stieglitz Exhibition.

(May 1—17.)

With the exhibition of pictures by Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, shown on the Club walls during the period included within the dates of May 1st and 17th of this year, closed the second season of the one-man exhibitions. That these exhibitions have been of great value as educators, has been amply demonstrated both within and without the Club. Within, by the marked influence they have exerted on the work of the members: evidenced by the high average of really fine photographs displayed at the members' exhibition; without, by the very apparent improvement in the taste of, and the increasing demand for, high-class work from professional photographers by the public, and the readiness to pay high prices in order to obtain it. Perhaps in no other city in the world does any club exercise the same influence on the taste of the general public through its exhibitions and its magazine; and never was that influence more pronounced than in the case of the present exhibition. The works of this exhibition have run the gauntlet of the critics the world over, from antipodean Calcutta to Toronto in the north, and have come out of the ordeal unscathed and with ever increasing reputation. On this account, and because such of them as had been reproduced had attracted so much attention wherever shown, it has been the desire of the Club ever since the inauguration of the above-mentioned exhibitions, that these pictures be displayed at home, not singly, but collectively, as a one-man exhibition. And, having undertaken to comply with the request of the Chairman of the print committee, Mr. Stieglitz, to my certain knowledge, spared no expense, and left nothing undone that would tend to make an exhibition *worthy of the Camera Club*, for in common with the majority of its members, he has the feeling that the fact that photographs have been shown on our walls should be sufficient to insure their admission into the most exclusive exhibitions in the world. Hence pictures that were thought good enough for Paris and London had to be reprinted and reframed for the Camera Club exhibition.

Each picture was most carefully and tastefully framed, and so hung as to preserve its individuality, without clashing with or detracting from any of its neighbors. The catalogue, which with the exception of its annotations and introductory note, was Mr. Stieglitz's own conception and work, and represents his idea of what a catalogue should be, is a refined and elegant example of the printer's art.* While speaking of the catalogue it should be observed in passing that its one blemish is to be found under Title 8, where the words "Commercial Dry Plate" were omitted after the word "orthochromatic." While the members of the Club are too well informed to be misled by this typographical omission, attention is here called to it for the benefit of those outside of our body, whose lack of information on this subject may cause them to fall into the error that Mr. Stieglitz was the first to use the orthochromatic plate, when, as a matter of fact, the orthochromatic wet plate was in use considerably before this time: or to consider him as claiming that to which he is not entitled, a thing of which he is incapable, and of which only a small, envious nature could distemper itself into believing him guilty. The orthochromatic dry plate was invented in the laboratory of Professor Vogel. Mr. Stieglitz was at the time associated with Dr. Vogel in this laboratory, and was at once struck by the great advantage to be derived from the use of the orthochromatic dry-plate in general pictorial work, and when Dr. Vogel made such use of the plate possible by selling the secret of the method of preparing it to a Munich firm of plate manufacturers (who placed the first orthochromatic dry plates on the market), Mr. Stieglitz was the first to use them, and for many years thereafter used them to the exclusion of all other plates. The picture in question was the first result of the use of these plates in pictorial photographic work.

Both Mr. Stieglitz and the Club have every reason to congratulate themselves on the results, and those who undertake high class exhibitions in the future would do well to conduct them along similar lines.

*If there be any of our readers who would care to possess a copy of this catalogue, they can obtain it by addressing the Secretary of the Camera Club on the subject. There are a few copies of this very artistic publication in hand, and these Mr. Stieglitz has very kindly placed at the disposal of the readers of CAMERA NOTES.

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The collection of pictures was the result of upwards of fifteen years of constant and serious labor in the field of pictorial photography.

The splendid vista that to-day opens up to the camera in this direction was, fifteen years ago, almost if not entirely veiled by the mists that ever obscure the hour of dawn, for pictorial photography was then in its orient. An offspring of science, it developed under the tutelage of the scientists, who, as a class, have never been remarkable for their artistic inspiration or aspirations. With several notable exceptions, these men were not broad enough to perceive its nobler possibilities and simply regarded the camera as a clever copyist. The idea that it could be used to give expression to one's individuality and taste they ridiculed unmercifully and opposed with bitterness; while public opinion—ever ready to condemn that about which it knows nothing—assailed it with that fierceness that is born of ignorance and prejudice. Yet despite all this, pictorial photography has won for itself in the world of art an important position, and has advanced with unswerving progression towards better things. To the student of pictorial photography, this collection presented an opportunity for the study of the manner and course of this development, as invaluable on the one hand as it was rare on the other, for it does not often happen that the professional career of one man is virtually co-extensive with the life of that art or calling to which he may have devoted himself, or that his work will reflect more than a fraction of the evolution that is going on in the world of which he forms a part.

When Mr. Stieglitz entered upon this work pictorial photography was in its infancy. From that time to the present moment he has labored on with untiring energy and a restless striving after greater perfection. In the art centres of America, England, Germany and France, examples of his work have invariably carried off high honors. A number of these medal pictures, if entered in a high-class exhibition to-day, would probably be passed over with simply a mention. Yet these pictures were considered the very best of their kind by competent judges at the time when they were awarded their medals.

This fact will illustrate how much higher the standard of photographic excellence is to-day in the different countries mentioned than it was a few years ago, a change which Mr. Stieglitz's own efforts have helped very materially to bring about. Each one of these pictures represents the average standard of excellence at the time when it received its award, and stands as a mile-post marking the way of progress. Few of them have stood the test of their maker's own severe judgment, and some of them show grave faults; and had he chosen to do so he could have excluded these and many of the other prints shown, and offered for exhibition only those pictures which have come to be regarded as the most perfect examples of his art. This, however, would not have been in harmony with the purpose of these one-man exhibitions, which are designed to exhibit a series of prints that will tell truthfully the story of his work from its beginning, recording not only his successes, but likewise his failures. The subjects were all well chosen, and treated seriously and with keen artistic feeling, while the entire absence of all clap-trap sentimentality was another evidence of the purely æsthetic quality of the work.

While too much importance cannot be attached to this collection, because it presented not only such splendid successes as "Mending Nets," "Winter, Fifth Avenue," and other epoch-marking pictures, but the failures, if they can be properly so called, upon which these were built—with the many lessons that they teach of what to strive for—I have, for obvious reasons, refrained from dwelling at length on this, to me, more than interesting subject, in a review written for CAMERA NOTES.

During the two weeks of the exhibition it was more than well attended. Among the visitors were many artists and art students, who viewed the pictures with evident pleasure, and it is the regret of all who saw it that the pictures of the exhibition could not be kept intact as a permanent collection.

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The Stieglitz Lantern Slide Exhibition.

(May 12.)

During the period of the Steiglitz exhibition, on the evening of May 12th, a lantern slide exhibition of one hundred and thirty-eight slides by Mr. Stieglitz, was given at the rooms of the Camera Club. The slides shown were remarkable, not only for the choice and treatment of subject, which, as with his prints, were artistic to a degree, but also for their technical perfection. The exhibition included examples of Mr. Stieglitz's experiments in local reduction of plates, double toning, and such other innovations and improvements as have been introduced by him, accounts of which, together with formulæ, have been recorded from time to time in CAMERA NOTES, and widely copied by the leading photographic magazines of the world. The audience which viewed the exhibition, and which crowded the exhibition room to its fullest capacity, was the most thoroughly representative of any that has ever been seen at any of our exhibitions. It was addressed by the President, Mr. Murphy, who had kindly volunteered his services, and whose discourse was designed to introduce and explain the different slides. Mr. Murphy's address, delivered in his inimitable manner, was both entertaining and diverting, and the audience departed at the end, delighted at what they had seen, and smiling at what they had heard.

J. T. K.

The Members' Exhibition of Prints.

(Exhibited May 22—Sept. 10.)

The second annual exhibition of prints by members of the Camera Club, shown in the rooms during the summer months, must have been very gratifying to all those interested in the photographic advancement of the Club.

The exhibition consisted of one hundred and sixty-nine frames, the work of fifty-seven members, and shows the liberal support accorded the Print Committee in this undertaking. As the latter accepted most of the frames submitted, taking at least one frame from every contributor, we see by the few really poor things which are shown that our members have begun to understand the term "discretion." This is perhaps the great feature of the exhibition, for it is the failing of most photographers to exhibit all their work, good or bad, generally considering it "good enough."

The exhibition certainly shows the remarkable influence that the winter exhibitions have had on the work of the members, and this too is a good omen, for it proves that the Club is beginning to observe and appreciate.

We see subjects of every class treated with feeling and refinement. The monotony of former exhibitions has disappeared, and we see pictures executed in the most advanced manners, including bichromate of gum, and the Keiley glycerine platinotype. Even the mounting and framing have received unusual attention, in short it has been realized that in pictorial photography the minutest detail has an influence on the whole. It is all these factors which permit us to look hopefully to a most promising future.

The exhibition contains but few masterpieces, although many of the pictures are of more than usual merit; it is the good average which we commend.

The Print Committee hung the pictures with most excellent taste and judgment and did not permit the few poor specimens to mar the generally refined appearance of the whole. On another page will be found a complete catalogue of the exhibition.

A. S.

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No. 139. Myra A. Wiggins.

Members' Exhibition of Prints.

May-June, 1899.

Herbert, Sydney.
1. Character Study.
2. Portrait Study.

Ronalds, Geo. Lorillard.
3. Portrait, Henry Guy Carleton.
4. " " " "
5. Snow Storm.

Bracklow, R. L.
6. Haying on the Salt Marshes.
7. Surf and Rocks, Marblehead.
8. Home of an Early Settler.

Waterman, F. N.
9. Indian Summer.
10. Monday Quiet.
11. Winter Brightness.
12. Twilight off the Battery.
13. Twilight Reverie.
14. An Evening Sky.

Wiswell, Edw. H.
15. Interested.
16. Cows in the Brook.

Palmer, S. S.
17. Portrait Study.

Slade, Miss Elizabeth Almy.
18. A Dutch Family.

Hadaway, Thomas.
19. Tom Hadaway.
20. Adele Ritchie.

Holzman, S. S.
21. Anna Held.
22. Portrait Study.
23. " "
24. " "
25. " "

Tompkins, Dr. B. V.
26. Jersey Lightning.
27. Chocolate Drops.
28. Street in Rotterdam.

Upton, Miss Florence K.
29. On the Island of Marken.

Kimbel, R. M.
30. Portrait Study.

No. 101. W. D. Murphy.

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No. 131. F. A. Stark.

31. Portrait Study.
32. " "
33. " "
34. " "

Young, Daniel K.
35. Rainy Night, Herald Square.
36. " " " "

Schweickert, A.
37. Autumn.
38. Portrait Study.
39. Pond in the Woods.
40. By the Lazy Stream.

Lawrence, Chester A.
41. The Minstrel.
42. Portrait of Catherine O.
43. Martha Washington.
44. George Washington.
45. Twilight in the Fens.

Bunker, Wm.
46. Figure Study.
47. " "
48. " "

Craigie, A. Walpole.
49. Modlan, a Milicete Indian.
50. " " "
51. Portrait Study.
52. " "
53. Indian Maiden.
54. Head Study.
55. Off the Battery.

Wilmerding, W. E.
56. Child Study.
57. " "

Agnew, Wm. P.
58. Old Roman Road.
59. Whitney.
60. Portrait.

Tanenbaum, Emanuel.
61. Ye Nymphs and Shepherds.
62. Portrait Study.
63. " "
64. " "
65. " "

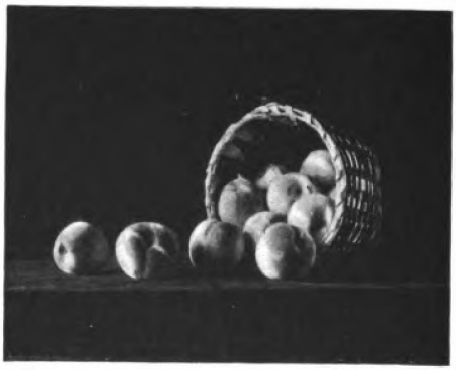
Bull, J. Edgar.
66. Old Mill, Easthampton.
67. *World* Building at Night.
155. Foggy Evening, "Old Trinity."
156. Rainy Morning on the Boulevard.

Post, W. B.
68. The Lodge Gate.
69. His Salon Picture.
70. October.
71. Ausable Lake.

Beeby, John.
72. Fifth Avenue.
73. Washington Square.
74. Wet Day on Fourteenth Street.
75. Wet, Foggy Day on Fourteenth Street.
76. Wet Day Snaps.

Jacobi, Mrs. P. O.
77. Child Study.
78. Portrait.
79. "

Latimer, H. A.
80. Schooner "Lasca."
81. The Coming Storm.
82. Early Morning off Cape Cod.
82. Winter in Public Garden, Boston, Mass.
84. Castle Rock, Marblehead, Mass.
85. Eventide.
86. Sunset, Nantasket, Mass.
87. Moonlight off Nahant, Mass.
88. Moonlight, Nantasket, Mass.



No. 151. W. J. Cassard.

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No. 74. J. Beeby.

Keiley, Jos. T.
89. Wheatfield.
90. An Autumn Landscape.
91. Indian Maiden.
92. Study of Head.

Newman, Samuel J.
93. Third Alarm Fire.
94. " " "

Hopkins, Clement.
95. Character Study from the Great Ruby.
96. " " " "
97. " " " "
98. " " " "

Murphy, Wm. D.
99. Surf Study.
100. American Falls, Niagara.
101. On the Beach.
102. A Country Lane.
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105. Twilight in the Alps.
106. Child Study.
107. Sunset on Riverside.
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109. On Riverside Drive.

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110. Little Student.
111. Madison Square at Night.
112. Camping on Beecher Lake.

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113. Oyster Boats.
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119. ——
120. Hermes.
121. Daphne.
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122. Edge of the Tenderloin.
123. The Plaza, "Waiting for a Fare."
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131. On the Wind.

No. 161. Chas. I Berg.

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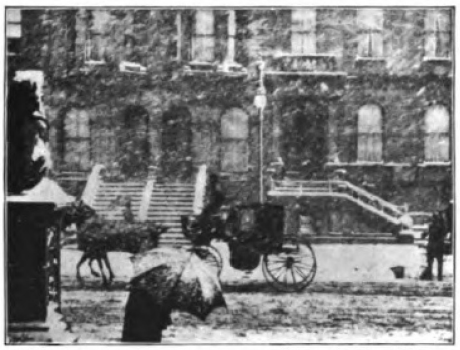

No 5. Geo L. Ronalds

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132. Seabright Fishermen.
Thorne, Mrs. Jonathan.
133. "Holy, Holy, Holy."
134. Guardian Angels.
135. A Roman Romance.
Keasbey, Fred. W.
136. Adirondack Camp.
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140. Three of a Kind.
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145. The Red Bridge.
146. The Cobbler.
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166. Borrowed Plumes.
Dwight, Theodore.
163. Snow Squall, Madison Square.
164. Sunset, Niagara River.
165. The Kid, My Nephew.
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167. Two of a Kind.
168. Two of Another Kind.
169. Portrait Study.

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Current Notes.

Ozotype.—Recent English photographic literature has given considerable attention to a new photographic printing process described by Mr. Thos. Manly before the Royal Photographic Society in March of this year. It is called the Ozotype process, and is a simple substitution for carbon printing. It may be briefly described as follows:

A well sized paper—such as the single transfer paper of the carbon process—is coated by brushing with a solution of potassium bichromate, seven parts; sulphate of manganese (manganous sulphate), fourteen parts; water, one hundred parts. After drying, this paper is exposed under a negative until all gradations are distinctly though faintly visible. It is then washed in several changes of water and dried. Under proper conditions this print has now the power of so acting upon pigmented carbon tissue as to produce a result almost identical with the ordinary carbon print. For this purpose the pigmented carbon tissue is soaked for about a minute in a solution of water, 1000 c.c.; glacial acetic acid, 3 c.c.; hydroquinone, 1 gramme. The chromium-manganese print is also immersed in this bath and the two squeegeed together as in the carbon single transfer process and then hung up to dry in contact. After drying, the double sheet is soaked in cold water for about half an hour and the further steps of the process are exactly the same as the carbon process with increasing degrees of warm water. Instead of hydroquinone, other reducing agents may be used, and by varying the composition of the acetic acid bath a certain amount of control may be obtained; an excess of acetic acid giving increased contrast and an excess of the reducing agent greater softness.

The advantages claimed for this method are that the print is distinctly visible at the time of printing, that double transfer is avoided, and that the entire process, while giving almost the same result, is much simpler than the carbon process.

Mariotype.—In connection with Ozotype it is interesting to recall a method produced by Mr. M. A. Marion in 1873, and called after him the Mariotype process. Single transfer tissue is sensitized in a 6 per cent. solution of bichromate of potassium, to which a little sulphuric acid has been added. After drying, a print is made, and the print is immersed with a sheet of unsensitized pigmented tissue in a 2 per cent. solution of bichromate of potassium. The two are squeegeed together and while moist are placed under pressure and left there for from eight to ten hours. The action of the light continues on the carbon tissue and it is then developed in the ordinary way.

Benham Process.—The *Deutscher Photographen Zeitung* gives a new and simple printing process producing sepia tones more or less warm, according to the composition of the sensitizing bath. The sensitizing solution is as follows:

Water	170 c c.
Bichromate of potassium	15 grm.
Sulphate of copper	8 "

A brownish precipitate is formed which is removed by filtering. This solution keeps well if not exposed to light. It is poured on the paper or thin card and dried quickly. To this point the process is conducted in the dark.

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The paper is exposed under a vigorous negative until a brown print with all the details is obtained. It is then washed in water containing a small amount of common salt and developed in a solution of pyrogallol 1 gramme to water 100 c.c., and then washed and dried. Warmer prints can be obtained with a smaller amount of sulphate of copper. Such prints greatly resemble photogravures.

Adurol.—The new developer Adurol, prepared by Schering & Co., and also Hauff, has proved to be a valuable addition to the list of photographic agents. It has several strong recommendations. It is less liable to oxidize in the air, either in the crystal or in solution, than other similar agents. It is soluble in water and extremely soluble in solutions of sulphite of soda or metabisulphate of potassium. Development is rapid and the negatives are vigorous, with good gradations and a black deposit. It does not discolor the gelatine or cause chemical fog.

The following solutions are recommended;

CONCENTRATED SOLUTION.

Water	400 parts.
Sulphite of sodium	75 "
Carbonate of potassium	150 "
Adurol	15 "

For use, dilute with five to seven parts of water.

TWO SOLUTION FORMULA.

A.	Water	500 parts.
	Sulphite of sodium	50 "
	Adurol	10 "
B.	Water	500 parts.
	Carbonate of potassium	60 "

Take equal parts of A and B, and add bromide as required.

Platinum Prints from Weak Negatives — Herr P. von Janko in *Das Atelier des Photographen* recommends a solution of potassium oxalate and ammonium persulphate to obtain strong, vigorous platinum prints from weak negatives. The formulæ are:

Potassium oxalate (1 to 3)	4 parts.
Water	7 "
Ammonium persulphate (1 to 20)	1 part

For still harder results:

Potassium oxalate (1 to 3)	4 parts.
Water	4 "
Ammonium persulphate (1 to 20)	4 "

Tinting Platinum Prints.—For certain subjects artistic effects can be produced by giving the paper of platinum prints a slight tint—thus resembling prints on India paper. Dr. E. Vogel in *Photographische Mittheilungen* gives the following simple method for obtaining a light gold brown tint: The print is immersed for a short time in a very weak solution of permanganate of potassium. The duration of immersion determines the depth of the tint and the resulting color is permanent. Others have recommended solutions of tea, coffee or tannin for similar effects.

In this connection it may be interesting to call attention to two reproductions in *Photographische Mittheilungen*, No. 11, 1899, entitled "Die Schmiede

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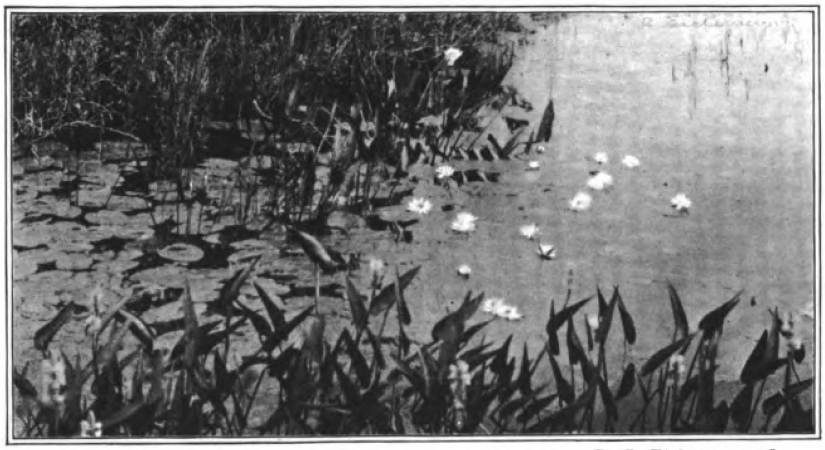
and "Der Raucher," by Drs. Biesalski and Krüger. They are from carbon prints made with warm black tissue transferred to red paper and the results are very striking and effective. One represents smiths at a furnace, and the fiery glow of the furnace given by the red ground tone is most realistic. The other shows a man lighting a cigar with the red reflection of the match on his face.

A New Photographic Agent —Herr M. Henderson, of Vienna, announces a new and curious photographic substance. Four hundred grammes of fresh pepper (white) are allowed to digest for several days in a litre of alcohol, and then filtered. This composition when dry is sensitive to light. Wherever the light acts the film remains intact. It is developed by exposure to the vapor of alcohol. A small amount of mastic varnish should be added to this fluid.

Carbon Enlargement. —H. Bellieni, of Lyons, in the *Bulletin du Photo-Club de Paris,* describes his method of making carbon enlargements from small negatives. A positive on glass is made either by contact or in the camera, and from this positive an enlargement on bromide paper is made—the glass positive being reversed to avoid double transfer in the later steps of the process. The development of the enlarged paper negative should be full and deep and judged only by transmitted light. After fixing, washing and drying in the ordinary manner, strips of black gummed paper are glued all around the edges of the negative. It is then placed film downwards on a glass plate and rubbed over the entire surface with a cloth soaked in petroleum oil. The negative can now be retouched with the greatest ease. The further steps are those of the ordinary single transfer process—printing being necessarily a little longer than with glass plates and precautions being taken to obtain strict opposition between the paper negative and the carbon tissue. M. Bellieni obtains the best results with a 1 to 1½ per cent. solution of bichromate of potassium. His claims for this method are, 1st, greater economy; 2nd, the negatives are not fragile; 3rd, more artistic effects may be obtained—greater atmosphere and more personality —owing to the ease of retouching. CHARLES W. STEVENS.



By R Eickemeyer, Jr.

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The Portfolio.

As announced in our last issue the Portfolio of American Pictorial Photography, *Series I,* was ready for distribution early in July. The Portfolio, which presents a very handsome appearance, contains eighteen photogravures that are so remarkably executed as to deceive the eye into the belief that they are original platinum and carbon prints and not merely reproductions therefrom. The engravers have every reason to feel proud of their work, which has attracted great attention wherever shown, and which deserves to be ranked with, if not as, the best work of the kind ever done in this country. The edition, which is a limited one—only one hundred and fifty portfolios having been printed—is enclosed within handsome green covers stamped in gold with the seal of the club; is prefaced by a title page printed in red and black on heavy japan paper, on the reverse of which page is printed the name of the subscriber and the number of his copy. Opposite this page is the table of contents, printed also in red and black on japan paper. Each copy is countersigned with the signature of the chairman of the Publication Committee. Following the table of contents are the following pictures, mounted on white or tinted mounts as the print required: *"Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty,"* by F. Holland Day; *Reflections—Venice,* by Alfred Stieglitz; *Pasadena Landscape,* by W. B. Post; *Florentine Boy,* by Gertrude Käsebier; *Weeping Magdalen,* by Chas. I. Berg; *Vesper Bells,* by Rud. Eickemeyer, Jr.; *A Sketch,* by Joseph T. Keiley; *Ebony and Ivory,* by F. Holland Day; *Early Morn,* by Alfred Stieglitz; *Portrait of a Boy,* by Gertrude Käsebier; *Wet Night, Columbus Circle, New York,* by Wm. A. Fraser; *Niagara Falls,* by Wm. D. Murphy; *Clarionet Player,* by John E. Dumont; *Beatrice,* by Mathilde Weil; *Gainsboro' Girl,* by Francis B. Johnston; *La Cigale,* by Emma J. Farnsworth; *"Odalesque,"* by Chas. I. Berg; *Spring,* by Clarence H. White.

While it is realized that in certain particulars the Portfolio is open to improvement, it is also felt that its merits are of the first order and leave little to be desired. The purpose of the Portfolio was to put within the reach of each member at nominal price (the original subscribers obtained their copies at less than actual cost of production), some of the most characteristic examples of the work of those Americans whose names are best known to the club or whose influence has been most pronounced on the development of pictorial photography in America. Owing to the fact that the financial resources at the committee's disposal are far from being unlimited, it is not possible to publish more than a limited number of pictures at a time. Should it be found feasible to issue from time to time additional series of pictures as designed, it is predicted that the complete series will be the most representative collection of pictures ever published, and should be in the hands of every serious student of pictorial photography, not alone as a record of representative American work, but because of the exceptional opportunity afforded by it of perfecting one's own work through the careful, conscientious study of that of others. As it is, the Portfolio has been warmly welcomed by the club, and the few extra copies in the committee's hands have been in great demand and the present indications are that the edition will soon be exhausted. Until it is exhausted copies can be obtained by addressing the secretary of the Camera Club.* J. T. K.

* The publication may be purchased by others than members of the Club.

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Exhibitions and Competitions.

The Philadelphia Salon.

The Philadelphia Salon, for which the entries are about to close, promises to be a great success. Europe will be adequately represented, for the Committee has sent invitations to all the members of the Linked Ring, whose works will be accepted and hung without being submitted to the Selecting Committee. This is following the precedent established by all the continental European exhibitions, which have adopted the lines of the famous Dudley Salon at London. Let Americans look to their laurels and be adequately represented!

✦ ✦ ✦

American Institute Salon.

The Photographical Section of "The American Institute" announces that a Photographic Salon will be held in New York, under its auspices, from November 27th to December 18th, 1899.

It is to be run much on the same lines as has been adopted by salons generally. We must say that it is rather unfortunate that this exhibition has been so arranged as to clash with that announced many months ago for Philadelphia. Both exhibitions will probably suffer somewhat in consequence. Entries close October 25th. For further particulars address J. W. Bartlett, M.D., 19 West 44th Street, New York City.

✦ ✦ ✦

One-Man Exhibitions at the Camera Club, New York.

The Chairman of the Print Committee, Mr. Chas. I. Berg, announces the following exhibitions:

October	Clarence H. White.
November	Frank Eugene.
December	F. H. Day.
January	Mathilde Weil.
February	Charles I. Berg.
March	Joseph T. Keiley.
April	Eva Lawrence Watson.

✦ ✦ ✦

A Communication.

THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE, CAMERA NOTES.

Gentlemen.—Permit me to correct an error which crept into a statement appearing in the last number of CAMERA NOTES relating to the Gold Medal in Champion Class, awarded me at the last Exhibition of the South London Photographic Society. The statement in question closes with these words, "the award was protested, and protest upheld." The fact is, that the South London Society honored the award of the judges notwithstanding the protest, the medal was sent to me, and has been safely received.

Yours very truly

July 17th, 1899. WM. A. FRASER.

[Note by Editors. We beg to apologize for having been misinformed, and congratulate Mr. Fraser upon the receipt of medal. According to the *literal* interpretation of the conditions of the Competition the protest should have been upheld; still, we are glad to see that the London Club has interpreted its own conditions *liberally*, for morally Mr. Fraser was certainly entitled to the medal. The precedent established is nevertheless a dangerous one.]

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Notes from the Secretary's Desk.

The following have been elected members of the Club since the last issue of CAMERA NOTES: Messrs. J. Ridgeway Moore, 20 East Seventeenth street, City; H. C. White, North Bennington, Vt.; K. M. Lindberg, 1133 Broadway, City; H. K. Bull, Great Barrington, Conn.; Frank C. Clarke, Knickerbocker Athletic Club, City.

Members will please remember that several important Club competitions close on October first. Full particulars have appeared in previous numbers of CAMERA NOTES.

✝ ✝ ✝

Reviews and Exchanges.

Naturalistic Photography. By Dr. P. H. Emerson. Special American edition, revised and enlarged. Published by Scovill & Adams, New York. Price, $3.50.

That "Naturalistic Photography" when published a little over ten years ago in England, created a whirlpool of comment is putting it mildly. In truth, the book was the talk of the photographic world for months and was the cause of many bitter controversies. Dr. Emerson had struck a blow which shattered idols without mercy; the lucid and forcible style could not be mistaken, and gradually this book exerted such an influence that now it is regarded as a "classic" in photographic literature. To it pictorial photography owes the stability which it now enjoys.

The present edition has been entirely revised, much enlarged, and rewritten in parts for the American photographer.

Pictorial photography having at last taken a serious hold on Americans, all those interested in the subject should set about to study this important work, if they have not done so already. It is part of the education of the pictorial photographer. A. S.

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Report of the Committee on Research.

The Committee of Scientific Research has considered two new articles of photographic apparatus worthy of mention. They are being put upon the market by Mr. Nehring, a member of the Club, who is in the photographic business on Forty-second street. One of these consists of a small lens, mounted in a cell which can be readily dropped into place immediately behind the diaphragm of the ordinary 4 x 5 camera. It thus becomes a part of the rear combination of the regular camera lens, and produces an equivalent focus of about two and three-quarter inches. With the lens well stopped down it is possible to copy prints, etc., full size, and with the long focus camera to obtain an enlargement of four diameters. It can also be used in photographing small objects full size, but only with very small lens opening. The Committee has not tested any of the lenses, but Mr. Nehring shows examples of work showing the results to be rectilinear. There is, of course, nothing new in adding a lens to the regular combination to effect the above results, but such a lens would be apt to distort the lines.

The second article is a small telephoto combination intended for use with a 4 x 5 or 5 x 7 camera. It consists of a tube about three inches long, upon the inner end of which is screwed a negative lens of two inch focus, and upon the other the regular camera lens mount, carrying the shutter, etc., into which is introduced an additional lens to shorten the focus. With the ordinary length of bellows, say 6½ inches, the whole combination produces an equivalent focus of about 19 inches, and it is claimed will work at about *f*/32 or *f*/45. The merit of this piece of apparatus is, that it is small and light and suited to the delicate folding cameras of the day, and that its cost is less than a quarter that of the older form of telephoto lenses. So far as the experience of the Committee goes, it is the only telephoto lens suitable for use with a small camera. JOHN ASPINWALL, *Chairman.*

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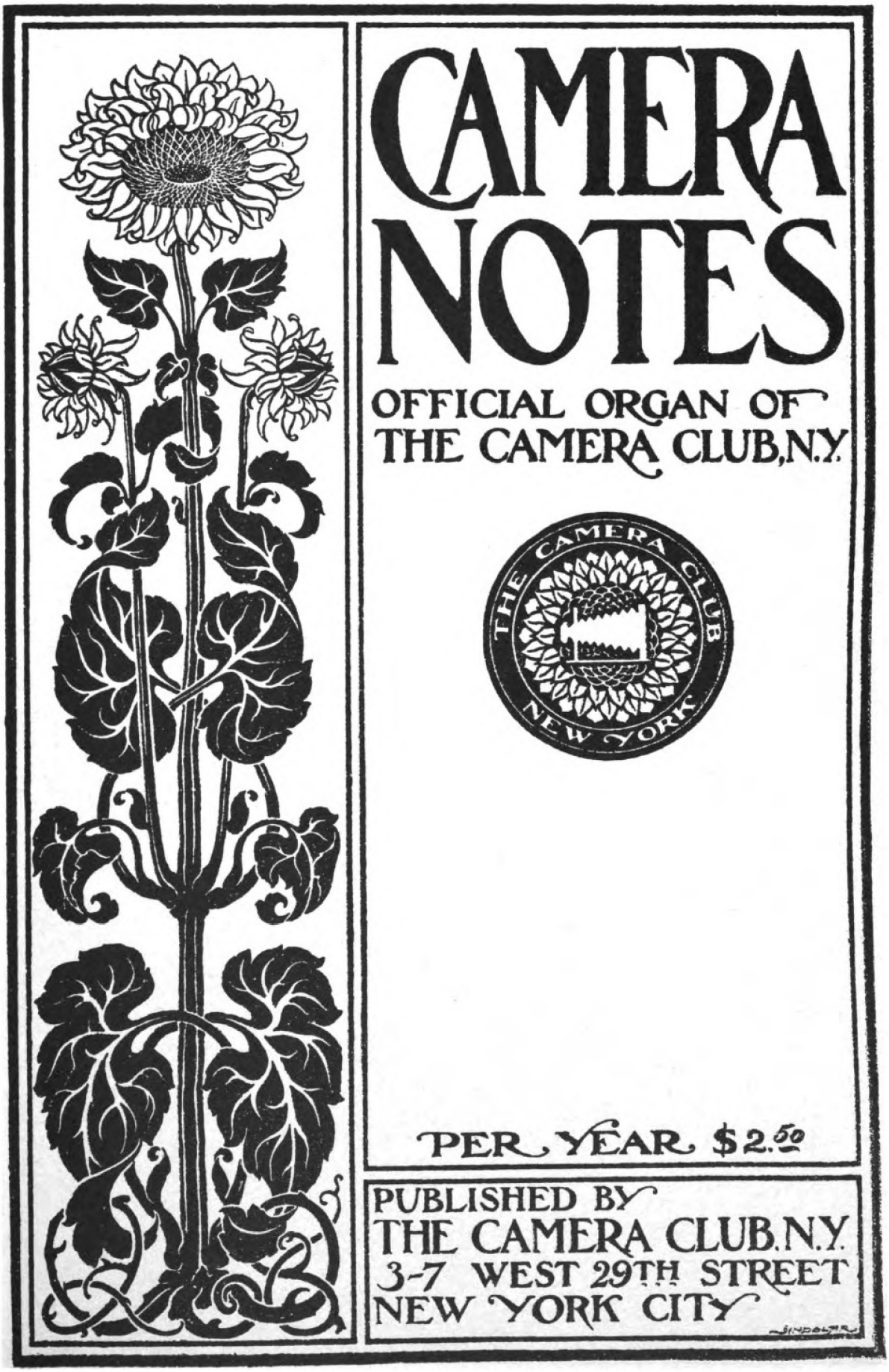

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Volume III, No. 3

Errata.

On page 116, in the dialogue "*Overheard in a Suburban Club*," omit the fifth marginal word, "Librarian," and the sixth, "Visitor."

On page 151, after the word "of" (fifth line) and before "genre" (sixth line) insert the word "its."

On page 165, in the critique of the "*Brushes of Comet's Hair*," substitute the word "pictorial" for "pastoral."

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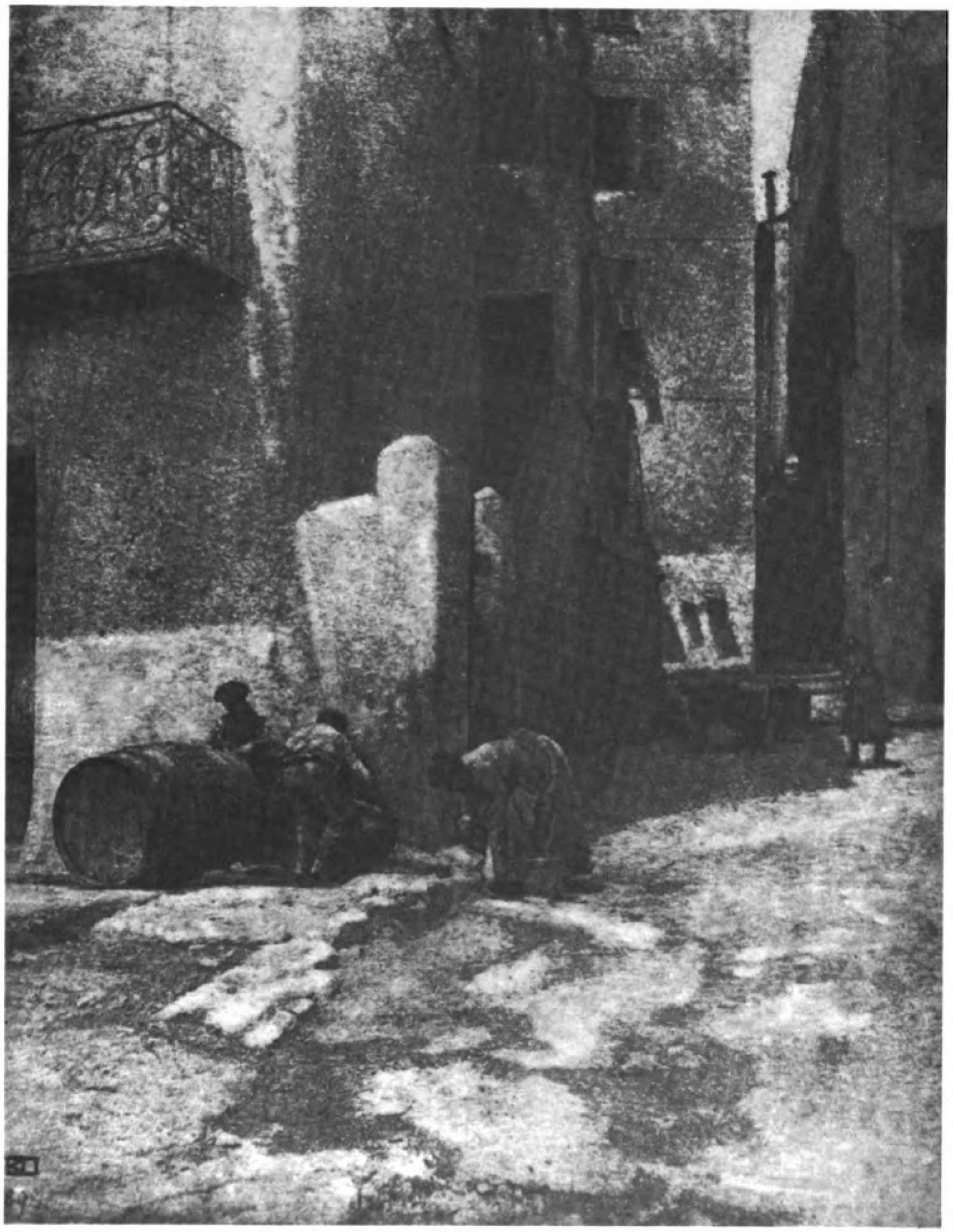

A STREET IN MENTONE

From a "Gum-Print"

By Robert Demachy

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Jos. T. Keiley.

Some Distinctions.

IMAGINE the sensations one would have who prepared a dainty dish, a bonbon to tickle the cultured palate, and saw a hungry crowd rush in and grumblingly reject it because it was not as satisfying as heavy meat. Such is the common experience of many who are earnestly striving to employ the none too adaptable photographic means to a purely æsthetic end.

The photographer who is devoted to the pictorial application of the process erstwhile called it "art photography," but in the face of intolerant criticism he has, with more show of diplomacy and judgment than of courage, contented himself with calling it Pictorial Photography. It is as though he desired to evade some hostility and doubted his ability to defend the claim of kinship with artists in acknowledged fields, which the use of the term Artistic might be thought to imply.

A like weakness in action and in policy has aforetime been the undoing of many a teacher and revolutionary. Such conciliatory compromise is in keeping with an age when concession and conference are judged to be wiser than a stubborn inflexibility born of conscious right, and so in our own sphere peace has been purchased in many quarters, at the cost of misconception.

Much has been written in explanation of and in defense of the aims of pictorial photography, and more yet will have to be said, ere all has been done,

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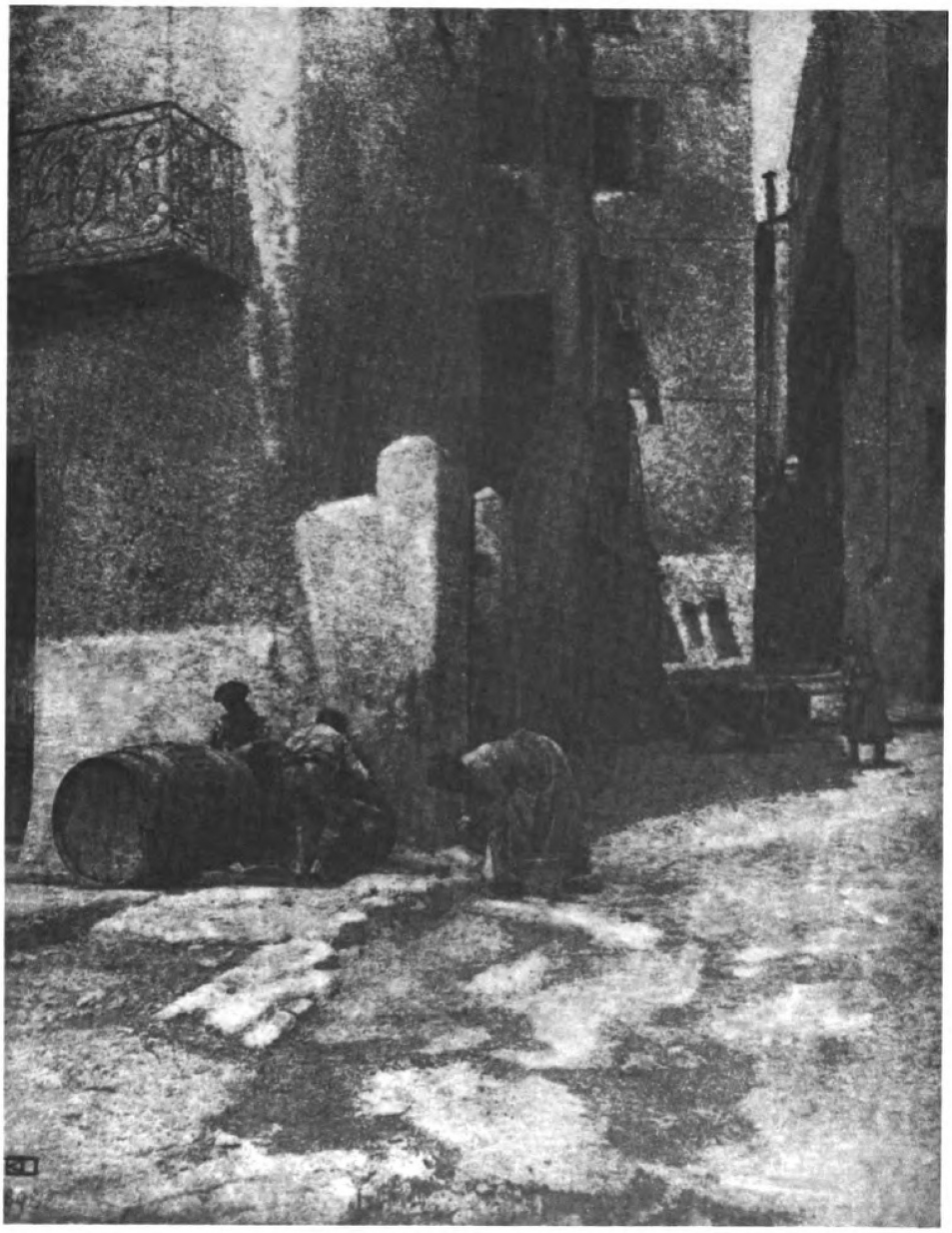

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merely to persuade the unsympathetic to observe the common law of "live and let live." And far more must be said to carry conviction to the minds of those who see nothing but scientific interest in photography.

However, none need desire to convert his fellows into active participation in his own pursuits. Those for whose enlightenment it is worth while to expend time and thought and such powers of interpretation as we may possess, are the many who regard as "Pictorial," and, therefore, as the aim and goal of the artistic worker, any representation of nature which for a time pleases those whose yearnings soar no higher than the pettiness of bric-a-brac, and which at the same time conforms to a certain literary formula called "Composition." There are many who glory in the profession of their proselyte state and acknowledge with enthusiasm the "artistic merit" of works in which the measure of art, from the popular standpoint, is determined by the people's ignorance of art. Converts are they to a faith the very principles of which they have never grasped. They know not how few among the productions which hang on the exhibition walls have any right to be in a "pictorial section." Most are there only because the judges are incompetent to sift the chaff from the wheat, or owing to the prevailing vogue of the hour, which has warped the selectors' judgment or blinded their better faculties.

Says the teacher often and again—"Well, if photography at its best be not art, what some men produce is so different from the ordinary in character and so æsthetically satisfying that we must admit it is at least pictorial." Have we not often heard this form of argument? Have not many of us adopted it while not sufficiently sure of our ground, not yet really convinced, yet trying to convince others? Thus many of us seek safety in a middle course, as though it were possible to sum up the points of difference between the "artistic" and the "merely pictorial"; and we experience self-congratulation if perchance we secure the acknowledgement of having won a petty victory, the contemptible gratification of having achieved mediocrity.

Art, whatever the means employed to express her inspirations, may have many phases, many moods. There may even seem many degrees of perfection, according to the power of him whom the gods have chosen to carry out the thought that began with them. But that which is produced is either artistic or it is not. There should be no middle stage called pictorial in which to rest content, because the object of the picture is to accomplish the artistic, and to stop short is to acknowledge incompetence and defeat.

Such a condition deludes us into smug self-satisfaction and misleads others, who are seeking knowledge, into accepting as refined gold what is merely counterfeit, an abortive offspring of incompetence and incredulity.

But probably my readers may think all this mere vain vaporing, or at least only ringing the changes on old and familiar expressions. Yet this theme seems to me well worthy of being kept ever to the front, because of the many who are almost daily added to the number of those who are beginning to take a more intelligent interest in photography. Otherwise these are in danger of forming an opinion of the highest and best by the average, and, therefore, condemning all and refusing to admit possibilities.

Then there are many practicing photography who have but partly under-

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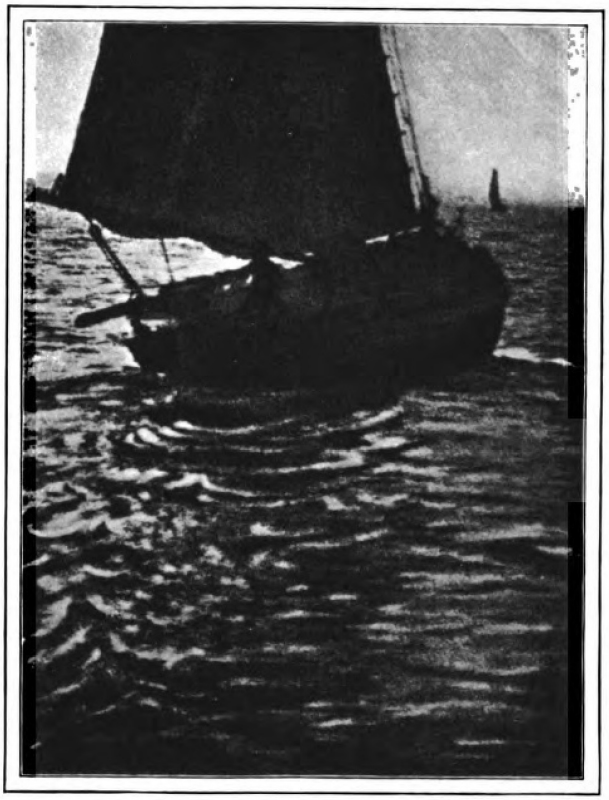

Heinrich Kühn

stood what is expected of them. Moreover, whenever I pause midst the rush of daily affairs to consider this question of artistic photography, the thing presents itself in a somewhat new light, which shows what a very live and real thing it is. This also suggests how much more there may be to learn, or else how very far most or all of us are from the right frame of mind and temper for understanding it all.

A letter came to me quite recently from an unknown correspondent in America in which the writer referred courteously enough to certain articles wherein I had attempted to justify the occasional resort within certain limits, to what is commonly called "faking," and why it is desirable to exercise some amount of control over the formation of the image. My correspondent suggests that with so much interference with the purely photographic process the result is no longer photography, and he adapts the well-known ejaculation of the French general, who exclaimed, *"C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre."* His main proposition, however, is this—that as nature does sometimes obligingly so compose and assume such guise as to make a view or subject perfectly satisfactory, our time would be better spent if we more diligently sought these rare, propitious moods, and then represented nature as it is, than by interfering with the virgin negative and portraying nature as we think it ought to appear. I believe this correspondent to be typical of a very large number, for whose help these remarks of mine are chiefly intended.

Now, in the first place, the degree of alteration which can be produced upon the camera-made original—or, as we may call it, the camera sketch—is very limited. This we shall consider more fully further on. Secondly, it will be noted that my correspondent shares the popular fallacy that a faithful copy of nature under propitious circumstances is as artistically fine as an equally skilfully produced adaptation of nature to the artist's imaginings. To this also we may revert presently.

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Whether control over the production of the mechanically produced photograph be sought by chemical or physical means during the development and after-treatment of negative or print, whether it be attempted during exposure of the plate or printing of the positive or else by such alien means as "retouching" negative or print, all modification is practically restricted within the narrow limits of detection. That is to say, any auxiliary to the total effect, the presence of which can be detected under the ordinary conditions of observation, is, by reason of its self-betrayal, outside the limits of justifiable modification. But the assistance to the purely photographic which is not discoverable, cannot be objected to, because the consciousness of its existence depends upon previous knowledge of the manner of the picture's making.

Let it, however, be fully understood that in seeking to justify such "faking" as cannot be detected, it is not intended for one moment to place a premium upon the mere cleverness of not being found out. The justification of the undiscoverable seems to be the necessary alternative to the condemnation of that "faking" which, either in consequence of its degree or the manner in which it has been done, is obtrusive and, therefore, offensive, because it disturbs appreciation of the picture as a whole.

If in a pen and ink sketch a wrong line be accidentally drawn, it is perfectly permissible to take it out, so long as it is done in such a way that the erasure does not let itself be seen and make one conscious of the error and of the shortcomings of the draughtsman.

Remember especially that we are only taking into consideration such photography as has a purely artistic or pictorial motive and in which no guarantee can be asked, or should be given, as to how the result is attained. If our photograph is offered as an example of the process, and its merit or value consist in its exemplifying what the photographic process can accomplish, then to impart any alien means whatsoever is just as much a fraudulent adulteration as to add water to milk or sand to sugar.

If at any time the question be raised as to whether or not it is justifiable to add anything to the photograph which is not photographically produced from nature, there must first be a clear understanding as to the motive or purpose of the work, and it may then be seen that the end justifies the means within the limits already suggested. It does so in two different ways. *The end in view*—that is, the intention of the photograph—may justify our having recourse to alien methods, because the pictorial motive releases us from the obligation to produce a good example of photography. *The end attained*—that is, the satisfactory nature of the result, when successful—will excuse any methods used to obtain that result or prevent any questioning as to how it was done; or, to put it differently, the end we have in view leads us deliberately to depart from the prescribed course of photographic procedure if in so doing we believe we shall the better attain our end. And when that end is attained and a successful result achieved the picture proclaims the accomplishment of our purpose and represses any curiosity or criticism as to execution, in proportion to its convincing and artistically satisfying character. Hence comes the necessity for any auxiliary or mixed methods not betraying their presence. We are all, perhaps, apt to look at a picture with too much curiosity and interest as to how it has been

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done; we are too much disposed to consider the craftsmanship and thus degrade any possible artistic merit by confusing art with artifice.

If, then, we admit the very wide distinction between the photograph, which, besides representing something in a clear and complete manner, is interesting as an example of the process and valuable because the *mise en scène* or the facts portrayed call up associated ideas; if we admit that this is widely different from the photograph of another kind in which photography has been employed to produce a harmonious combination of tones that originated in something borrowed from nature, but end in being a vehicle for conveying to others the sensations of æsthetical enjoyment that the producer himself experienced; then it may be worth while to consider the manner in which he employs his photography and what things he may and can do to supplement the purely photographic. What will first come to my reader's mind, and what is generally understood to be meant by "faking," is the direct working of a negative or print with pencil or brush, but I think it is perfectly logical to include everything which is outside the automatic behavior of instruments or materials. In other words, we impart something that is not purely photographic immediately we seek to influence or control the performance of lens or plate, from the moment when we exercise our own judgment in considering the image on the ground glass, to the final trimming and mounting of the print.

The photographer is not a part of the process, and so soon as he effectively exercises his judgment precisely the same alien influence is at work as though one were to take pencil or brush to alter the finished product. The only difference is in the instruments employed. From first to last we either sin against photography or the canons of the process.

Thus we perhaps select our group of trees or flowery foreground from a spot amongst ugly buildings, but we only include in our picture the beautiful view which pleases us. Yet by it the spectator will be led to believe that he is looking at a portion of some lovely countryside where nature smiles unsullied by the hideous scars of civilization. Such can hardly be said to be "the whole truth and nothing but the truth," if not one-half an inch beyond the margin of our print we cut out some ugly detail. We focus the view so as slightly to suppress some planes and emphasize others, as though some parts of nature were less exquisitely finished than others. The mere existence of focusing screen and a finder betrays the fact that personal influence is, even in the commonest cases,

Jos. T. Keiley.

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the unphotographic contribution to the whole. If this were not so we should be content to focus by measurement and scale, and never need to *see* how it would look. In like manner development carried on by calculation of time or by a meter is automatic and strictly photographic; and the character of the resulting negative, if we know our craft aright, can be accurately foretold. Given the correctly timed exposure and the properly measured development the scientifically perfect negative must result. That is pure photography. But exercise will and judgment and deliberately make the negative dense or thin with a definite purpose in view, and we at once introduce our personal preference, we at once violate pure photography and disregard nature. And so at every step it is the introduction of our own judgment with a definite motive which involves the principle as to whether it is permissible or not to control or "fake" the photographic image. The means employed to arrive at the desired end is a matter of secondary importance so long as they are not means which betray themselves.

I submit that it is arbitrary and unwarrantable to say that in producing, not a specimen of photography, but a picture by the application of photographic means, a man may employ lead pencil to "retouch" shadows, or he may increase density by chemical deposits on the film; but he may not use the black lead pencil or brush in any other way, nor increase density by using tracing paper or paint or anything else.

The end in view, namely, a picture, justifies any means being employed; *the end attained* confirms the justification after they have been used.

But if you allow me to persuade you that these things may be done, it is to a great extent a barren conversion, because of the limitations already indicated.

Suppose there were a law prohibiting shopkeepers from putting two quarts at one time in a one quart measure, you would probably easily consent to its repeal if desired, because you would say, "It really does not matter, for, legal or not, the thing cannot be done."

To a great extent it is the same with the matter we have under consideration. To add to the photograph, either during its making or after its completion, in such a way that the addition shall not unpleasantly make itself seen, is impracticable except to a limited degree, at least in the present state of knowledge. The accentuation of one part by suppression of detail in the others, local

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development or intensification, and "dodging" in the printing, find their limitation in their own unwieldiness or the clumsiness of the operator. The trick resorted to betrays itself as soon as it is carried sufficiently far to alter the mechanically formed image to any considerable extent. Similarly the use of brush or pencil on negative or print is detected as soon as its employment goes beyond the most insignificant amount, because of the difficulty of counterfeiting the photographically-produced tones and forms, and because the photographer is rarely so well acquainted with nature as to avoid violating some elementary fact in so palpable a manner as to betray and so render illegitimate and destructive the addition of his own incompetence.

You may say, "If it is so impracticable why be at such pains to secure an admission of its legitimacy?" For this reason: notice that in the foregoing it is the photographer's inability to use alien methods with sufficient dexterity so as not to perpetrate palpable falsehood, that will most often lead to betrayal of the means employed, and in this field therefore there is scope for progress and improvement. If, therefore, for pictorial or artistic purposes solely, you, as it were, legalize "faking," within the limits defined, you remove a moral barrier and strike from the photographer's wrists the manacles which have hitherto fettered him and impeded his progress.

This in due time should lead to finding new methods of controlling the image and to greater dexterity in their use, so as to simulate the character and texture of the sun-printed image, thus widening the limits imposed by the nature of the process. Then, too, it will necessitate increased knowledge of nature and the manner of interpreting nature's suggestions. Thus shall we extend the limits set up by the operator's incompetence.

But why interfere with the representation which the sciences of chemistry and optics have made it so easy to secure? Is not nature in some moods at least fair enough to render needless the additions and embellishments we are seeking to justify? Yes, nature is fair enough—incomparably fairer than we can ever portray it—but it is nature still, and this at length brings us to the second item in my correspondent's letter, which has formed the text of this article.

I can well understand that his proposition is one that thousands of others might quite naturally present; namely, that nature is sometimes so perfectly composed and so altogether suitable that it were better to spend time in searching for these rarer opportunities than in trying to alter the less favorable phases to what the photographer thinks they should be.

Désiré Declercq.

To begin with, an assertion is made that nature is at

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times perfectly suitable for the picture, and it is on this that the whole matter turns. There are two positions from which to meet this statement.

The first is that the condition of things that shall bring about the perfection of harmony worthy a picture is so rare and nature so seldom artistically right, that we may say that nature is usually wrong. Nor should this doctrine sound so heinous as it may at first seem, if we remember and keep clearly before us the fact that the function of the picture is not identical with that of a mirror. The latter is a reflection, and if the reflection were permanent it would be a copy and an *imitation,* whereas the picture is a *creation.* It is not merely a reconstruction, because the main thing in it is something created which had no real existence before. We speak of a pensive evening, whilst to other phases of nature we attach the attributes sad, jubilant or solemn, all of which sentiments are purely fictitious so far as nature itself is concerned. They are emotions which are awakened in us by certain physical circumstances, and if we so portray the particular scene as to convey the same emotion to others, we have created something which only existed in our own imagination. We have vitalized the dead, physical facts that we portray with a life which is a part of our own personality. To do this we add, or deduct, or borrow, according to our means and our skill in using them.

As a keyboard contains all notes, so nature contains all forms and all colors, and the artist picks and chooses and gathers together just as the musical composer selects and arranges his notes. There is no question of copying nature, for if such were the aim of art, then, amongst monochrome arts at least, the meanest photograph would far surpass the finest drawing or etching. Every human imagination must be founded on fact, and so every form drawn or painted is founded on some form borrowed from experience of nature. But within the narrow restrictions of photography perhaps the best we can do is to take the most suitable scene and suppress everything which interferes with the expression of the sentiment intended, and then modify the remainder towards the same end.

If such a picture be successful it will be truthful to nature to such a degree that the untruthfulness will not be perceived; and it will have been infused with the sentiments and ideas belonging to the producer. Thus it is that a picture possesses an individuality which no other producer could impart exactly to it, for the reason that every man's feelings vary slightly and are differently appealed to by the same scene.

Now if it were conceivable to find some scene in nature which contained exactly, neither more nor less, the elements which the artist required, the *facsimile* of this scene still would be nature and not art, because if one man could copy it so could another and it would no longer be the personal creation that every work of art must be. Again, were it conceivable to produce a *facsimile* of a natural scene which surpassed in composition, power and beauty any picture that ever came from a great master's hand, yet would it not be a fine picture artistically, because it would not have been a personal creation.

Now, in pure photography, be the process never so perfect and never so consummately handled, and be the original scene selected never so beautiful, the result—unless personal judgment have its influence and personal control and

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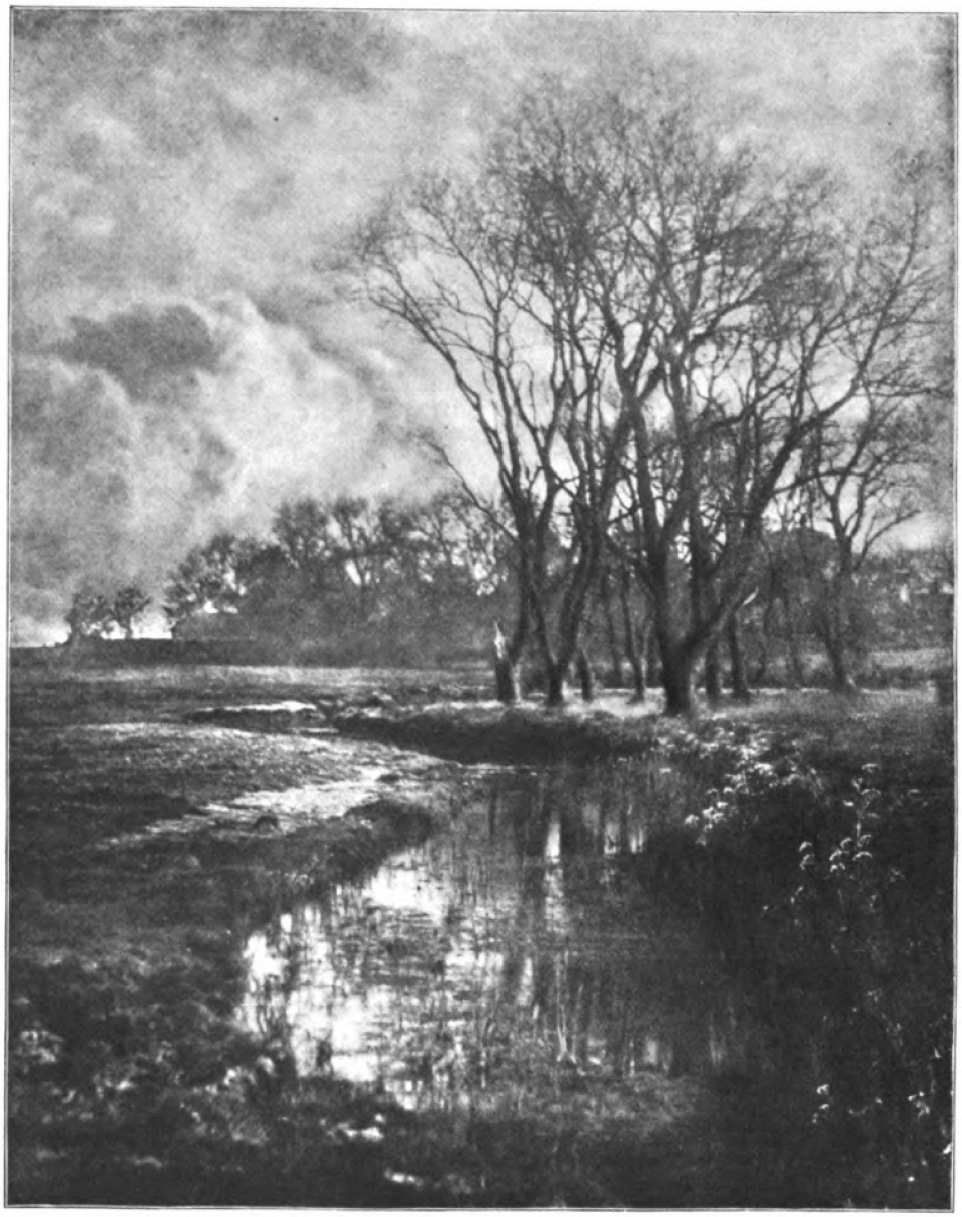

ON SUFFOLK MEADOWS

From a Platinotype

By A. Horsley Hinton

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modification be exercised—can be nothing more than nature *or* an imitation of it. Except that the picture better expresses the artist's ideas, art is not to be considered an *improvement* on nature, the two being distinct and different in purpose as well as in other respects. They can in no way be compared, nor can the excellence of the one be measured by its likeness to the other.

Were we indeed to spend our time, as was suggested at the outset, in seeking nature's most perfect scenes, instead of producing new ones according to our own judgment, by modifying and changing others as far as our powers and limitations admit of, we would not advance photography artistically one single step. Nor could we thus make progress in the possible field of pictorial application which may lie open. A moderately good picture is of greater artistic value than the most perfect copy of the transcendentally beautiful.

A. HORSLEY HINTON.

Jos. T. Keiley.

Random Thoughts on Criticism.

"The good critic is he who narrates the adventures of a soul among masterpieces."—ANATOLE FRANCE.

The poor photographers! They no longer work in sylvan quietude. Also their efforts are now exposed to the utterances of harsh criticism, in the same way that sensational books, music-hall artists and prize fights are.

I do not know whether the photographic profession considers this an advantage or a disadvantage. I believe they are, in this respect, very much like the painters; they like to be talked about, but they do not like adverse criticism.

They fail to see that we live in an age of advertisement and that no matter whether a notice is *pro or con,* it is of value. Of course the artistic photog-

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rapher does not desire the adulation of the mob, he is mostly an amateur, and not dependent on his art for a livelihood. But he would like to establish his name, to become well known to the profession and the art-loving public. And for that the press, unfortunately, is indispensable. Good work alone is not sufficient. If a man is but little known to a community like ours he is apt to be entirely forgotten; as it is, he has to make his reputation over again every five years. Naturally, if a man stands so high above common mortals that art is all to him, and that he entertains an utter and honest indifference to the public, he may also shrug his shoulders at criticism. I am certain that such a man would be amused by intelligent blackguarding. But too high an opinion of oneself bars every improvement.

The art critic is the agreeable means of intermediation and conciliation between the artists and the public. And the best criticism is, after all, nothing but an individual, carefully considered estimate of a man of taste, and in rare cases, when it is at its best, the concentrated opinion of a certain part of the public. Professional men should appreciate the difficult position of the art critic in a country which is as stagnant, commonplace and businesslike in art matters as America is in this year of grace 1899. And in Europe conditions are not much better. There the production of paintings has reached such alarming conditions that Emile Bergerat, the "Caliban" of the *Figaro*, exclaimed in despair, "I return from the Salon and am dumbfounded; painting is no longer an art—it is a vice." It is well nigh impossible for a critic to sift the hundred thousands of prints which artistic photography produces and do justice to others and to himself. For is it not the critic's duty to enter an artist's individuality, to discover his intentions—intentions of which the artist himself is perhaps unconscious—so as to judge how far he has realized them, and then to determine what place he occupies in contemporary art?

The trouble with photographic criticism at present is that it is maudlin and insignificant, without the slightest pretense to any educational or inspirational power.

The so-called criticisms that appear now and then in the professional magazines are written either by photographers who have a special view to defend; or worse, by amateurs who consider photography, as well as the writing of the article, merely a pastime, or by clerks of wholesale houses of photographic material. That such concoctions are not worth serious thought is quite natural. They are merely ordinary writers, without any knowledge or discrimination about art, who indulge either in cheap praise or unjustified fault-finding. Some merely enumerate and write biographical notes, while others fill pages without venturing a single straight-forward opinion. Apollo be merciful to them!

The only branch in which something has been accomplished is in general technical criticism. I, however, know of no work on photography which would compare in clearness of purpose and expression with Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "Etchers' Handbook." But an account of processes can hardly be termed criticism, and criticism of individual methods becomes too easily didactic to be of much use. We all like to know how a man does a thing, but it is futile to advise him how to do it. The critic is not necessarily a pedagogue, although the

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majority of them possess that philanthropic disposition. When they visit a photographic exhibition they equip themselves with a big bag of regulations, and woe to the poor photographer who dares to violate one of these. They pursue with indefatigable advice, pity and hostility all who are obstinate and endeavor to search for truth in roads different from those they consider right.

There is, in reality, only one kind of criticism which is just to all, and the man who practices it must be willing and able to understand and absorb the artist's idea and judge his work from the artist's point of view.

No matter whether a photographer depicts New York models as Weeping Magdalenes, or himself as Christ, scientific foreground studies or Fifth Avenues in Winter, Japanese ghosts or morose Old Masters; no matter how he exposes, retouches and paints; whether it is over or under exposure, whether he dodges or applies chemical baths, etches on the plate or lets it take care of itself; whether he prints light or dark, on platinum or on aristo—all that is of but little consequence. The question is simply whether the artist has something to express and expresses it well, and it is the critic's business to tell his own impression frankly, without personal subterfuge, to his readers.

Only in the highest order of criticism is didacticism permissible—that is, in the laying down of universal rules for one or another art, as Lessing has done for painting, sculpture and the drama, and Boileau for poetry. These critics do not bother with individuals and specimens of work unless they serve the purpose of proving one of their theories. Ruskin, who endeavored to establish rules for a certain school of painting, the Preraphealites, unnecessarily limited his field of labor, so that his theories now seem partial and already, in most cases, hopelessly out of date. They will be forgotten unless his style saves them.

Photography is still too young an art to command such a critic. The time has not yet arrived to write a history of artistic photography à la Taine. The material would not warrant it. The majority of photographers do not consider their profession an art. Even a Demachy and Stieglitz feel very sceptical about it. What, then, can be expected of the critic!

Looking over the list of the prominent art critics of to-day, I could not mention a single one who has occupied himself seriously with artistic photography, except in now and then launching an anathema against the mechanism of photography, which is received with great satisfaction in artistic circles, for the painters and illustrators, who do not disdain to use photography as a help, are very reluctant to give it a place amongst the fine arts.

And, sad to state, the general mass of production is quite unworthy of the critic's attention. The majority of amateurs seem to imagine that composition and chiaroscuro of a degree of badness which nobody would tolerate in a painting, somehow becomes allowable in photography; that because no clearly defined laws exist for the art of Daguerre, a photographer is at liberty to set at defiance all the known laws of nature and art; that the mere pressing of the rubber bulb implies in itself a cleverness, elevating the practitioner above the common canons of criticism.

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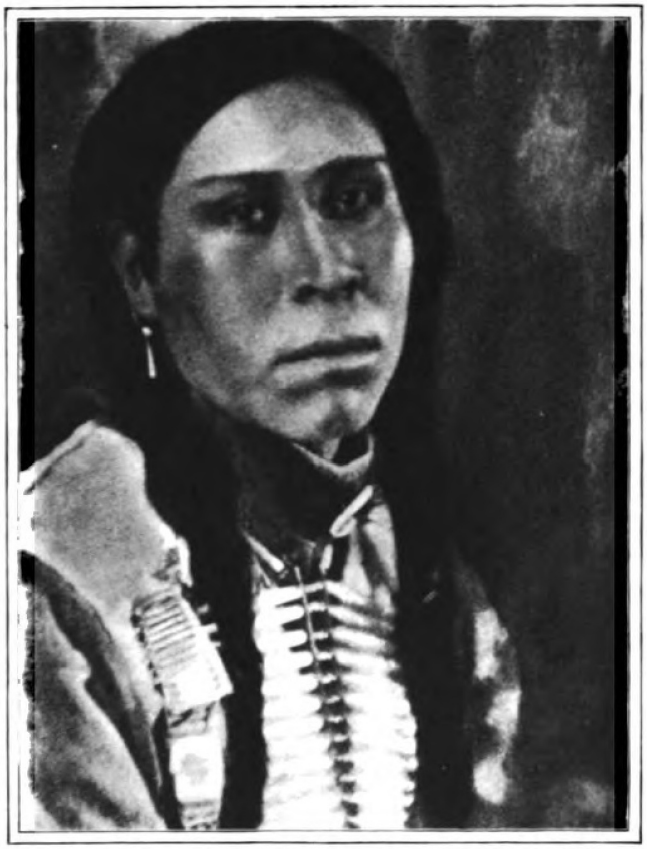

Jos. T. Keiley.

There are a few able artistic photographers, a very few, however, and, of the quantities of prints which are turned out every year, nine out of ten are not only valueless, but a nuisance, doing much harm by propagating and confirming those false conceptions of the art which are still generally prevalent.

Here is, indeed, room for criticism, but hardly for that which demands printer's ink and paper. Verbal criticism, such as is practiced at private lantern slide exhibitions in the clubs, is by far preferable. There is no use analyzing nonentities for the public. The critic can only give his attention to exhibitions of the work of men that command universal attention. Even then his scope will be very limited.

No, indeed, the critic of artistic photography has no easy task. Very few of the exhibitors have a striking individuality, which would be as easy to handle as that of some European celebrity in the world of art. The critic of artistic photography has to dispense with brilliancy of style and striking metaphor. Instead, he has lovingly to pick out those more modest qualities deserving praise, to strengthen feeble knees and encourage the flickering blaze, and at the same time continually to contend against prevalent prejudices.

However, one satisfaction is undoubtedly contained in it; that of having been a pathfinder and roadbuilder when the victory at last is won. And I can only state, for my part, that it would be one of the greatest satisfactions of my life to see artistic photography occupy its proper place in the world of art.

SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

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On Plagiarism and Imitation.

To be free is not to be independent of any form, it is to be master of many forms.—SIDNEY LANIER.

I have always endorsed Heine's defense of plagiarism, that it is permissible to steal entire columns and porticoes from a temple, providing the new edifice one erects with their aid is great enough to warrant such violent proceedings.

The history of art has proven this somewhat surprising statement to be true.

What is the Marguerite Gauthier of Dumas the younger but a modernized version of L'Abbé Prévost's "Manon Lescaut?" Did not Balzac in his Père Goriot," Turgéniev in his "King Lear of the Steppes," and Zola in "La Terre," make use of the same tragic theme as Shakespeare in "King Lear?" Is the story of the three rings in Lessing's "Nathan der Weise" not taken from Boccaccio's "Decameron," which has served more writers with plots than any other book in the world's literature? And did Boccaccio himself not gather this collection of a hundred stories from every available source, often merely embellishing an old legend with the concise beauty of his style? Has it not been proven that Milton copied a large part of his "Paradise Lost" from the Dutch poet von Vondel? And did not Shakespeare take whole passages from Plutarch, simply changing them into blank verse and inserting them, for instance, in his "Antony and Cleopatra?"

To transform history into art is surely not a sin. In all those cases mentioned, the artist has freely borrowed material from predecessors, but has at the same time understood how to imbue it with his own individuality and to lend it new vitality through the vibrations of his own soul.

That is re-creation, which is almost as admissible as originality, if the latter is possible, and not, as in most cases, merely a new combination of the work of previous generations. For no artist is so self-sufficient that he will shape his course unaffected by, and apart from, what has been done before. It is impossible to wipe one's mind entirely clear of what one has seen and read, and heard in intercourse with other beings. Every work of art must necessarily bear influences of previous accomplishments.

We are heirs of the ages, but the heritage bequeathed to us should merely be the basic soil for future growth, and reveal itself unconsciously. Otherwise it becomes mere copyism, a danger into which many a young artist, through an absorption of all that is best in the past and present, has fallen. It should widen, not narrow, our sympathies. Symonds has well phrased it when he said, we modern men are in the need "of self-tillage, the ploughing and harrowing of self by use of what the ages have transmitted to us from the work of gifted minds."

It is logical for a young American comedy writer to imitate the so-called "paper chase" invented by Sardou, in which the losing of an object is used to tangle up all the characters, and thereby produce most unexpected and funny situations. But it is also offensive to our code of ethics if he slavishly reconstructs each situation with slight changes in the characters, perhaps merely Americanizing them, and yet gives out the result as his original work. Burglaries of this kind are committed often, and furnish ghastly examples of intellectual impotence and degeneracy.

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But if a man remodels an original after a classic pattern, he may be accused of copyism, which, however, is no serious reproach. To copy intelligently shows good taste, and does not absolutely bar inspiration, invention and creative power.

If Mrs. Käsebier would only study the play of light and shade in the old masters, to give a deeper artistic value to her photographs, I would heartily endorse her methods. But when she attempts an exact reproduction of a Holbein drawing, I consider it the most futile kind of art plagiarism. The same objection holds good if Mr. Eugene puts a man in mediæval armor and lets him pose like one of the famous Innsbruck figures. What is the use of it? Every intelligent art lover would pronounce it at once an imitation and would surely rather possess an ordinary photograph of the original than a sort of reconstruction at second-hand.

Still more deplorable is the fact that so many photographers rely entirely on what they have seen of paintings and illustrations for the composition and arrangement of their subjects. They take a fancy to a picture, pose a model in the same or a similar way, photograph it, and think they have accomplished something wonderful. Of course, the photographer has to go somewhere for inspiration, and nothing is more natural than his turning to pictorial art in search of ideas. But what satisfaction can there be in repeating in a new medium what has been done so much better in another?

The commercial spirit prevalent in all matters seems to have set aside almost all scruples about plagiarism and imitation. A well-known sculptor told me one day, "The easiest way to make a good monument is to copy one of the masterpieces of European sculpture, only to make it a little better."

That is an absurdity, for a man who will descend to copying of that sort belongs hardly to that class of thinkers whose thought crystallizes into what is known as art.

Allow me to cite a few of the many cases of appropriation, or art plagiarism, that have come to my notice.

Dr. Norris.

In art circles, for instance, it is generally known that the figures of a certain artist's stained glass windows can easily be found in illustrated books on mediæval art, yet nobody accuses him of stealing, for the color of his windows is so wondrously beautiful that we forget all criticism. A pity only that he

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did not do it more cleverly, for the stealing of ideas that is not found out is no stealing, to the idea of the world, but merely a matter that the artist has to fight out with his own conscience.

Leonhard Misonne.

Yet there are cruder forms. If you are acquainted with Boldini's work you probably remember the portrait of a *mondaine,* who is seated in a nervous, almost grotesque, attitude, on the edge of a lounge. Now, I saw at one of the Philadelphia Academy exhibitions, a picture, by an American painter, given out as an original work, which represented the identical figure in the identical attitude, only the color scheme was changed. That was outright theft and should be legally punishable. ,,

A similar case I witnessed in a New York studio, when I saw a picture by a well-known English painter reproduced in every detail, only in a smaller size. The artist had the audacity to ask me if I did not consider the composition original. I was dumfounded and thought I might, after all, be mistaken. But no, there was the whole scene that I knew so well, as its simple composition had made a decided impression upon me.

In my wanderings through the studios I had opportunity to witness many queer proceedings, and I found the sculptors as guilty as the painters and illustrators. I pride myself on my knowledge of contemporary art, and the ability to trace adaptations and adeptations back to their original source, but from time to time I have come across cases of undeniable plagiarism which even puzzled me. Years ago I saw the painting of a Female Nude by a Frenchman, his name has escaped my memory, which immediately attracted my attention by the dignified and graceful recumbent pose. The same pose I saw later on, depicted by Clifford Grayson and by another American painter. Still greater was my astonishment when I saw a clay model by Sir Frederic Leighton, entitled "Iphigenia," of the very same subject. And to show that it has entered every branch of art, I may add that I recently saw it again in a photograph after the nude by Frank Eugene. Will anybody kindly tell me which of these gentlemen has the most claim to originating the pose? Is it mere coincidence, or did they all appropriate the Frenchman's idea? Or did they perhaps all use the same model, whose form was seen to the best advantage in this position, or is the pose in itself so beautiful and natural that one after the other discovered it?

Another incident I experienced with Mr. Blashfield's "Angel With the Fiery Sword," one of his most forceful pictures. Looking over a French illustrated

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magazine, I discovered an initial letter, the design of which contained the same figure which I had admired so much in the painting. Now did Mr. Blashfield elaborate the designer's idea, or did the designer copy Mr. Blashfield's figure? In the first case it would be justified adaptation, in the second, rank stealing.

In this case it would be difficult to make an accusation of borrowing, and it is a sad fact that very often accusations are made when there is no cause or evidence whatever.

Artistic photography offers such a case. Mr. Stieglitz exhibited his well-known "Net Mender" in Germany and was at once accused by several critics that he would never have thought of treating the subject if Liebermann had not painted it. Now Mr. Stieglitz states, that, although he is acquainted with Liebermann's work, he has never seen a painting resembling his "Net Mender" and that Liebermann's representation of Dutch fishing folk had never entered his mind. The critics consider it a foregone conclusion that if one of the two derived anything from the other it must necessarily have been the photographer. The general public is not yet sufficiently acquainted with artistic photography to know that it can rival other arts in originality and beauty. Much less do the artists realize this fact. They would unscrupulously make use of any photograph suitable to their line of work, and not for a moment consider it stealing, as to them photography is merely a helpmate, without any claim to artistic merit.

The similarity in this case is merely a matter of coincidence. Each in his respective medium has worked conscientiously to gain a certain effect, and both have accomplished it. But even if one of them were obliged for the idea to the other, it would be of no consequence. Both productions are works of art of a high type, and any indebtedness in this case would be owing to the creation of one masterpiece by the suggestion of another. And of that every artist is guilty.

Heine is right, borrow as much as you like. But be certain that you master the accumulations and accreted experiences of others to such an extent that they have become your own, only that you can rear on the understructure of precedent accomplishments still higher and more imposing monuments of beauty.

SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

"Royal Medals" Won by Americans.

Inasmuch as two of the eleven awards at this year's London exhibition were won by Americans, it will be of interest to our readers to know that in all only nine of these medals have thus far come across the ocean. This includes the two won this year. The list is as follows: Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, of New York, has won three; Messrs. R. Eickemeyer, Jr., of Yonkers; Dudley Hoyt, of Rochester; Dr. Leaming, of New York; W. A. Fraser, of New York, and the Misses Emma J. Fitz, of Boston, and Mathilde Weil, of Philadelphia, have each won one.

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BEATRICE

By Mathilde Weil

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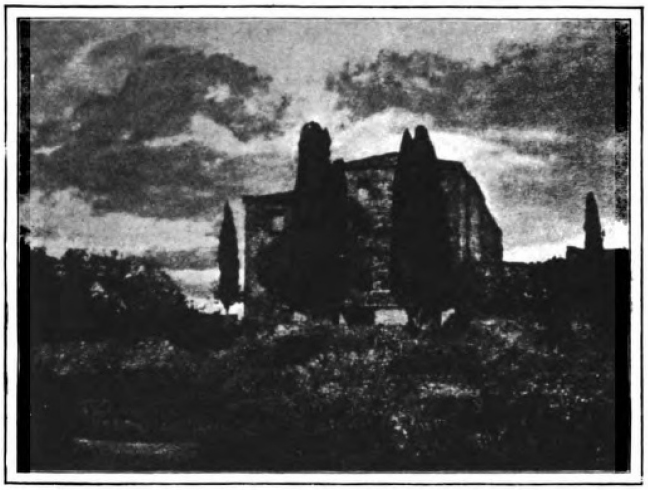
On Originality.

Now that so many photographers study art and the work of artists, the question often comes up: how far is it permissible to go in basing one's work on that of the past masters? What is admissible, what is weak imitation, what is clear stealing?

Undoubtedly even genius is usually imitative at first, and often derives life-long inspiration from the work of others, as Dante Rossetti did from Dante. Yet such strong personalities do not borrow, they are seldom at all imitative after the first few years of work, for the strong personalities in art, as in all other things, are in the world to give, not to receive. We know well that Shakespeare took all his plots from others; that while some of his plays are from stories he dramatized, others are simply older plays by other hands rewritten by him. There was no stealing about this; plays were not at that time regarded as the literary property of their authors, but were among the assets of the theatres and subject to alteration at will. But by Shakespeare the old plays were so rewritten, and the stories dramatized as to be transmuted by the magic touch of genius; and the adage was proved by these exceptions, for silk purses were created out of sows' ears. It is a trite dictum of art that anyone may take anything already done and do it over again, and make it his own, provided he can do it better than it has been done before. If he succeeds, he is justified; and the verdict of time, which confers the permanent laurel wreath, will uphold him. But if he fails, he is doomed to oblivion, if not to ridicule or even to obloquy. For he has dared to use the already minted gold of art, to deface the stamp upon it; yet has not given in place of this a sharper, clearer imprint. Nothing but this most difficult of all things, a decided bettering of the beauty already coined by art, can excuse any tampering with or borrowing from the creations of others. Anything less is mere imitation or downright theft.



Hugo Henneberg.

A dim perception of this fact has led many small men, and misled some greater ones, into efforts to attain originality by pursuing uniqueness past the bounds of all conventions, even into the domain of the bizarre and absurd. The one not tall enough to be distinguished among the crowd, tries to walk on stilts; he whose voice is not strong enough to be heard in the choir, shrieks; and the

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one who cannot make sane art-lovers enthusiastic, constructs pictures to shock the philistines. But going on stilts is not the normal way to walk, nor is shrieking singing, nor grotesqueness strength. The old world feels this, even when it is not wise enough to know it. And it does know that it is, itself, ever changing; and feels that somehow there are ever new aspects of itself and new points of view it is offering, which talent and genius can and will seize whenever there is talent or genius upon the earth to seize anything.

The strength of the masters of old lies in the fact that they were satisfied to be the product of their time, and to live therein. They wrought their art from the world about them, and to-day we hear it said that those were ages full of wonder and beauty; simply because there were men who had souls to see the wonder and beauty of their own times. Why, is not our own day, our better, happier world, as wonderful and beautiful, if only we have souls to see this? It is so, surely, for though men's perceptions must ever be such that they shall not recognize the full worth of the true prophets still living among them, now and then we do get glimpses at our world through the eyes of genius, and are deeply moved. We are the better and greater ourselves for each such glimpse through the eyes of another personality. As, for instance, no one, however long he may have lived among the hills of northern New Jersey or of Connecticut and observed their beauty, but will see more there after he has studied what Inness saw and loved so near us, and recorded so characteristically.

It is thus, from the material of humanity and nature, continually milled and disintegrated and rearranged, as in a kaleidoscope of time, that combinations are selected by the strong and beauty-loving personalities of the epochs and are wrought into what we call new creations of art. It is very tempting for us to imitate these creations; to try, as it were, to arrange our own facts in the combinations fixed by the masters, and thus as nearly as may be to see our experiences through the glorifying eyes of genius. To take a homely instance, if the youngest-born of our house goes out every day looking just like a Baby Stuart, why should we not photograph him so?

But it is not necessary to keep refurbishing the old creations. There is ever material and combinations for it at our hands without this, if we are good enough to do anything of worth. The hacks keep dinging it into us that there is, and can be, nothing new under the sun. But everything keeps changing continually, as we do ourselves every moment. And the new raw material of our day and our generation lies ever ready if we can see clearly enough to seize it, if we have the knowledge and love of beauty sufficient to fashion it to art, and the strength of personality wherewith to stamp it. The doing of this is called originality.

But all do not strive to reach this high plane of creative work. And if artistic people are content to do minor work, stamped obviously by the influence of this or that master, old or new, we should acknowledge it gratefully, unless they or their friends claim too much for it. Then we must beg to insist that after all, though pleasing work, it is not very original but only after (and way after) the original master, and that these are disciples—perhaps more or less belated—of his school. Much taste and talent, and even some degree of originality, may be shown thus. And frank and not too slavish imitation is more agreeable than in-

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artistic origination. Nor should we be hasty in accusations of borrowing, for again and again the history of art has shown conclusively that two or more independent workers have hit on very similar combinations of ideas, just as in science inventors have arrived at similar results while entirely ignorant of each other's labors.

It is wise, if we have a suspicion that a thing has been done before, to be sure we are not infringing on another's better rights. Otherwise we may have to regret laying ourselves open to sneers and ridicule. Hence it is well to know as much as we may of what has been accomplished already, that the knowledge not only may aid our inspiration and stimulate our endeavors to add a little to the glorious whole of man's attainments, but also may ward us from doing what has been done already. But when a fearless following out of one's own impulses, without imitation, leads to results somewhat similar to something done before, but under different conditions, we need have little doubt, nor fear any passing charge of appropriation.

DALLETT FUGUET.

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Uranium Toning on Bromide Papers.

It is rather strange that in the published accounts of toning bromide papers with uranium either nothing is said as to the permanency of the process, or the matter is treated so vaguely as to leave it entirely in doubt. What the exact limitation of the word permanent, as applied to a photographic print, is, or should be, is a decidedly open question, but in all processes except carbon and platinum the average amateur has a lingering suspicion that within a limited number of years his masterpiece of to-day will have ceased to be a thing of beauty—and if he is at all progressive and ambitious he will be glad of it when the time comes. However, within reasonable limits at least it is desirable that a print should retain its color, tone and brilliancy.

In the case of bromide prints toned with uranium, a little practical experience has demonstrated to me that an unprotected print will deteriorate within a few months to such an extent as to be entirely worthless; and the rich tones obtained on platinum paper by this salt also lose very greatly in quality within a year. These results do not seem attributable to light but entirely to the action of the atmosphere, so that the nature of the remedy suggests itself.

Whether the degradation of the print is caused by the oxidizing effects of the air itself, or by gases contained in it, or by chemical matters conveyed by moist air, the writer cannot state, and it seems a matter of little moment for our purpose as long as the results, whatever the particular cause may be, can be easily overcome.

The natural suggestion in a case like this is to protect the print from the air, and a method which I have found to be effective is to coat the surface with a solution of white wax in turpentine, as was suggested by me last year in CAMERA NOTES. I then stated that a moderately thin coating which would require from two to three days to dry thoroughly was about right, and subsequent observation has confirmed my original impression. I am inclined to think, however, that the coating should be renewed from time to time, and for this I would suggest that about once a year the print should be gone over lightly with a very dilute solution of the wax. If the print has been framed with glass, and care taken to make the covering air tight by a binding around the edge of the mount and the glass before placing in the frame, as should always be done with

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a valuable print, there seems no reason why the print should not last as long as the paper without any subsequent attention.

Some of our members have used very dilute aquarelle varnish on their prints, but more for the sake of increasing the brilliancy than as a protection from the atmosphere, but it is also supposed to serve the latter purpose as well. This I am inclined to doubt, especially in the dilute form in which it is used, as no spirit varnish will withstand the effects of the atmosphere for any length of time.

The glass usually placed over a framed print was originally intended to protect it from air and dust, but unless sealed to the print, as noted above, it fails in its principal object. A print properly coated with wax requires no glass over it, and in many cases, especially prints on rough paper, the effect is much improved by omitting the glass in framing. W. F. HAPGOOD.

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Our Illustrations.

"A Street in Mentone," by Mr. Robert Demachy, of Paris, which forms the frontispiece of this issue of CAMERA NOTES, shows this pictorial photographer at his best. The original from which the photogravure was made is a bichromate-of-gum print, the medium in which this artist exclusively works, and with which he is so intimately identified. In this particular picture, the breadth of treatment is truly painter-like.

"Beatrice," by Miss Mathilde Weil, of Philadelphia, the second of the photogravure inserts, is a representative example of this lady's clever productions. The gold medal was awarded this picture in the portrait class at last year's American Institute Exhibition.

"La Cigale," by Miss E. J. Farnsworth, of Albany, N. Y., the third of the series of photogravures in this issue, created much comment and was decidedly popular at the time of its production some six or seven years ago. With all its shortcomings, as viewed from to-day's much higher standards, it still retains a certain charm. It is unfortunate that Miss Farnsworth should devote so little time to photography, for it is but a few years ago that she unquestionably stood first among American women photographers, promising much for the future.

"Odalisque," by Mr. Chas. I. Berg, of New York, appeals to everyone. It is one of the most satisfactory pictures yet produced by the talented chairman of our Print Committee.

These four photogravures are productions of the Photochrome Engraving Company, of New York.

"The Mall," by Mr. Eustace Calland, of London, the last of the series of photogravures, was first shown at the London Salon in 1896. Mr. Calland's work has always a strong individuality and is full of unconventional characteristics. One might call him the *plein-airiste* amongst pictorial photographers.

The photogravure is the production of Walter Colls, London.

Two of the three half-tone inserts are reproductions of Mr. Horsley Hinton's charming "On Suffolk Meadows," and "Fleeting Shadows," the originals of which were hung at the Philadelphia Salon. The reproductions necessarily lose some of the charm of the large platinotypes.

"Lady With the Venus," by Mr. Clarence H. White, of Newark, Ohio, forms the third half-tone insert. Mr. White's work is fully reviewed on another page.

The text contains reproductions of pictures by Messrs. Hugo Henneberg, of Vienna; Heinrich Kühn, of Vienna; Désiré Declercq, of Brussels; Leonhard Misonne, of France; Jos. T. Keiley, of New York; Rudolph Eickemeyer, Jr., of New York; Sidney Herbert, of New York; J. Henry Quinn, of Troy; Miss Eva L. Watson, of Philadelphia; George W. Norris, of Philadelphia; P. Dubreuil, of France.

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An Improved Method of Developing Platinotypes.

The method of print development here described, simple as it appears, is nevertheless the outcome of years of thought and study, many experiments and countless failures. And but for the overmastering desire, on the one hand to discover means of emancipating photographic picture-making from the almost mechanical tyranny that held it enthralled, and a conviction on the other that photography was destined to be used as a medium for expressing the individual feeling for the beautiful, the disheartening failures met with would have resulted long ago in the entire abandonment of all further experiment.

The starting point of these experiments was a suggestion made in the circulars that some years back accompanied packages of platinum paper, to the effect that glycerine used in the developing solution would produce clear whites and brilliant high-lights in the picture. This, upon being tested, was found to be true; but it was also discovered that these brilliant effects were obtained at the expense of the delicate half-tones of the upper register, namely, those ascending from a pale gray to a gray white, which are highly composite in their nature and wonderfully soft and charming. These the glycerine invariably destroyed. In the lower register, on the other hand, that is, in the case of those tones descending from a dark gray to a bronze black, a greater harmony seemed to result from its action. Therefore when the glycerine was permitted to act evenly over the surface of a print it invariably destroyed some of its most charming qualities. (This is probably the reason for the omission of all reference to the use of glycerine in the circulars that have accompanied the packages of platinum paper of late years).

These experiments suggested the idea that this peculiar property of the glycerine might be used to advantage if its action could be localized by applying with a brush to certain parts of the print, as otherwise it was quite worthless except in the case of prints whose most brilliant tone did not ascend higher than a dark gray, and even then its action was uneven enough to be frequently very false in the tonality of the results obtained. Experiments on this line resulted in unpleasantly stained and dauby prints, owing to the impossibility of harmoniously blending the different tonal values and of retarding or completely stopping the action of the developer at will—and at any particular point. To overcome the first part of this difficulty the entire surface of the print was brushed over with pure glycerine, but it was found that while this prevented the ugly and clearly defined staining, it interfered with nice line or sectional development, owing to the fact that the brush carrying the developer would, in working through the liquid glycerine coating that covered the print, distribute developer over portions of the print not intended to be acted upon. It was clear from this that after the print had been evenly coated it would be necessary to remove all superfluous glycerine. For this purpose prepared blotting paper was finally used. This use of the blotting paper was naturally followed by its use for the purpose of removing the developer from the print wherever it was thought desirable to retard or stop its action, and this, together with a preparation of developing baths of various strengths, put into the hands of the writer, who, in turn, now that he has perfected his system, presents it to the photographic world, the means of controlling absolutely the development of his prints and imparting to his pictures any character that he wills.

These experiments were followed by others, made at the suggestion of and in collaboration with Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, that have for their object the utilization of this facility for local control in the direction of the chemical color development of different parts of a picture. The most satisfactory of these experiments has been that of the use of mercury for the production of flesh-tones.

From the present outlook it is believed that these latter experiments will

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result in placing at the command of photographic workers a fair range of color-developers. It should be said in closing, for the benefit of experimenters, that the platinum paper used in these experiments was the ordinary stock paper; that the developer was always used cold, or, properly, at normal temperature, and that sepia and flesh tones were obtained by adding mercury to the developing solution.

In a recent article Robert Demachy states that what the photographic world wants is a reproducing medium "giving transparent shadows, great depth in the strongest blacks, and allowing of easy local development"; and it is the conviction of the writer that Mr. Demachy will find that platinum paper submitted to this treatment more than meets all of these demands.*

JOSEPH T. KEILEY.

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Overheard in a Suburban Club.

LIBRARIAN (to visitor.)—This is the *Library*.

VISITOR.—The library. Ah! yes. Charming little room, bright and comfortable. Good magazine rack that; solid cases, and—(goes from case to case examining books)—but surely you must have more books than these—fifty percentum are technical and not the best either—and most of the rest trash that it's a waste of good money to bind—and as for good substantial art works, there are not three in the whole collection.

LIBRARIAN.—Yes, this is our entire library—the best reprints of the photographic *ephemerides* bound so as to catch the eye. See that red, for example, you can distinguish it from the opposite windows—it just matches the costumes of two fairies who danced and sang at the last smoker—'twas then that I saw that color first. And as for the technical works, they must be the best, for the publishers told me so. And art works; what on earth does a Camera Club want with art works?

VISITOR.—But where is Ganot's work on physics, and Maxwell's work on the theory of light, and Roscoe & Schorlemmer's work on chemistry, surely you must have these?

LIBRARIAN.—Ah! pardon me. I did not wish to be so discourteous as to contradict you, but, you see, I was educated at the Hopkins University, and I have never quite gotten over the idea that the authors studied there were the greatest authorities. Purely a local prejudice, I assure you. And as for this red, yes, it is pronounced and singularly appropriate for a library, too, where it is desirable that all books should be re(a)d.

VISITOR.—But where are the works of Da Vinci, Lessing, Reynolds, Hamerton and Symonds—not to mention a host of others?

LIBRARIAN.—Da Vinci, Lessing, Reynolds, Hamerton, Symonds! They must be new men. I never heard of them in the photographic world before.

VISITOR.—They were artists and art critics.

LIBRARIAN.—Oh! you mean those art cranks? Well, we'd like to please everyone, and if I had a large enough appropriation I would buy a few. They are of no particular importance and so can wait. You see, I have to have a lot of these annuals and reprints bound yet.

J. T. K.

*NOTE.—In the immediate future the results of the many experiments made by Messrs. Keiley and Stieglitz will be revealed to the club in a comprehensive demonstration—of which a full report will be published in these pages.—EDITORS.

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Exhibitions and Competitions.

The London Salon.

As in the past, the London Salon this year lived up to its reputation as the pictorial photographic exhibition of the year, and attracted photographers interested in the production of pictures by means of the camera from all parts of the world. As heretofore, the number of rejected frames far outnumbered those hung.

To Americans this year's exhibition was of unusual interest, as quite a contingent had sent pictures over the pond, and were fortunate enough to have the big majority accepted. According to the English press this exhibit was the *pièce de résistance* of this year's Salon. (See page 118.)

This is a gratifying omen for the future of American work, and CAMERA NOTES takes a pardonable pride in feeling that it is doing its share in aiding those Americans who are taking pictorial photography seriously.

The London Salon consisted of two hundred and fifty-six pictures, the work of one hundred and six exhibitors. Of these, fifty-nine were by nineteen Americans.

The following is a list of the Americans who contributed and the number of pictures each had accepted and hung:

Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier, of New York, seven; Messrs. Alfred Stieglitz, of New York; Joseph T. Keiley, of Brooklyn; Francis Watts Lee, of Boston; Miss E. Lawrence Watson, of Philadelphia; Miss Mary Devens, of Cambridge, Mass., each five; Mr. F. Holland Day, of Boston, four; Mrs. E. Cabot, of Boston, and Messrs. Clarence H. White, of Newark, Ohio, and Frank Eugene, of New York, each three; Miss Zaïda Ben Yusuf, of New York, and Messrs. Frank W. Birchall, of Boston; John G. Bullock, of Philadelphia; Wm. E. Carlin, of New York; Herbert Hess, of Northampton, Mass., each two; Miss Mathilde Weil, of Philadelphia, Mrs. Margaret Russell, of Boston, and Messrs. Sidney Herbert, of New York, and R. Eickemeyer, Jr., of New York, each one.

As is well known, the only honor to be won at this exhibition is to have one's pictures accepted and hung.

The "Royal."

The forty-fourth annual exhibition held by the Royal Photographic Society, London, is reported to have been of a superior average and quality, and not much below the standard of the Salon, which, by the way, has had an immense influence on these annual exhibitions. The United States, although not numerically strongly represented, nevertheless was fortunate enough to carry off two of the coveted "Royal Medals," Mr. Alfred Stieglitz receiving one for his "Vignette in Platinum," in two colors, produced by a method of platinum printing introduced by Mr. Jos. T. Keiley and himself last winter; and Mr. Dudley Hoyt, of Rochester, receiving the other for a "Portrait."

The following Americans were represented:

Messrs. Alfred Stieglitz, with six pictures; Miss Mathilde Weil and Mr. W. A. Fraser, each four; Mr. John Beeby, three; Mr. R. Eickemeyer, Jr., two, and Mr. Dudley Hoyt, one; in all five exhibitors with twenty pictures.

The exhibition consisted of four hundred and eighteen numbers, contributed by one hundred and eighty-one exhibitors.

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Mr. George Davison on the American Works at the Salon.

The principle of "the open door," such an essential feature in British policy, is a cherished tradition with the organizers of the Photographic Salon, and there can be no doubt but that English pictorial photography profits nearly as much by the opportunity afforded by the Salon for comparing and studying Continental and American work as foreign countries have benefited from the influence of this country, and this year the French and Viennese work is perhaps only less a distinctive feature than heretofore because of the marked advance and the large increase of pictorial work from America, and that our contemporary photographers across the Atlantic have been induced to send so representative a lot of work is probably largely due to the enterprise and influence of Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, who never begrudges time or trouble where the furtherance of photography's best interests is at stake.

On the subject of the American work we have received the following appropriate notes from Mr. George Davison, whose useful criticisms of exhibitions have been greatly missed since he practically relinquished the pen.

Mr. Davison says:

"I am greatly surprised not to have come upon criticisms of the Photographic Salon in which the remarkable development among American exhibitors is commented on. It seems to me that is the most striking general feature of the show this year. When acting on the Selecting Committee I felt that every writer upon the exhibition would make it the first point in his review, but I do not remember to have seen this opinion given any prominence or even put forward at all. Honor and encouragement where it is due! Possibly the delicacy and small size of much of the work causes it to escape attention, but the originality and technical skill shown, and the striking effects secured in portraiture and figure subjects impressed me considerably. It is not only the quality of the skill, but the greatly increased number of exhibitors from the States who seem to have suddenly jumped into excellence!

"The rapid spread of interest in pictorial photography which took place among Vienna workers after their first invitation exhibition there will be well remembered, as also more recently the adoption and mastery of the art among our friends in Paris, and now a similar quick step seems to have been taken in the States. I have no time to inquire into the influences at work, but whatever the causes may be, the effect must be very welcome to everyone interested in these movements, and it would be a pity to let the circumstances pass unnoticed if there is any accuracy in the observation.

"Altogether the exhibition this year strikes me as very satisfactory, and I feel quite with your contributor last week, Mr. Ward Muir, that very many of the exhibits come as surprises upon one, and are capable of giving keen pleasure as pictures. There is still a predominance of attention given to fine or sensational effects of light and interest of subject planned without awkwardness, but there is also some appearance of that complete decorative quality which to me seems more in evidence in the little photographs by Mr. Calland than anywhere else in the exhibition.

"One other word. Is it too much to hope that the critics will cease repeating the statement that photographs are done in reprehensible imitation of some other style of graphic representation? I do not think it possible that anyone who

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ODALISQUE

By Charles I. Berg

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has genuinely given himself to making photographic pictures, even as a casual hobby, could ever write or think such a comment. It betrays the albumenized silver paper champion, and is reminiscent of the early persecution of Sir William Newton. It were no great wonder if two workers, one with brush and the other in photography, both aiming at making landscape pictures in black and white, should show similar characteristics in their finished results! The truth is that the photographer seeks an effect pleasing to himself. Whether he is printing or enlarging on bromide paper, double or treble printing on platinotype, or developing gum-bichromate photographs, he makes use of and pays attention to the particular characteristics of the process, and selects and exhibits those results which give him something of the pleasurable feeling which is his test of success. Each of the processes has specific qualities, and the critic who fails to see any advantage at all in any particular one of them either has a policy to misguide him or is not qualified to deliver any judgment. Personally, I have tested and tasted the pleasure of working in all the chief processes, and would strongly recommend all those who essay to be critics to make themselves acquainted with the technicalities of each process, and give a little honest work to picture-making, instead of writing ahead of experience and trying to create an untrue and foul current of opinion among those subject to their influence. By all means let there be keen criticism, but let it be above newspaper and personal policy, and let it show internal evidence of knowledge of the subject dealt with."—*The Amateur Photographer, London.*

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To Whom It May Concern.

Having more than once been asked by individuals whose work had been thrown out by the jury of selection for the Philadelphia Photographic Salon, 1899, the reasons thereof, I quote from some notes made during the judging of the photographs, with no idea to make those already wise wiser, but, wishing to bring workers far away from the large centers of our cities and societies more in touch with the photographic standards prevailing in those places, and hoping to encourage many whose work was full of promise and still refused, to try again. I find in my note book such memoranda as these of the rejected work:

"Good material, badly handled, hard, microscopic."

"Center of interest evenly divided."

Meaning that the subject could neither be termed a figure with landscape or a landscape with a figure, the importance of each being equal and therefore the composition faulty.

"Lack of repose."

"Uninteresting to a general public."

"Bulls-eye."

Which refers to a large class of compositions with lines—trees, roads, buildings—converging to a common center and buttoning as it were, with a large dark object such as a wagon, a boat, etc.

Picturesque material, too black and white, would be greatly benefited by Platinotype and Glycerine process.

"Too much like last year's exhibit."

Maker strikes but one note.

"Forced, hackneyed pose."

Arms thrown up, hands clasped behind the head.

"Name in white letters too conspicuous on frame."

"Bad spacing."

A little more courage or knowledge of trimming would have helped many to pass the test.

"Old school."

Sharply focused, retouched without judgment, purely mechanical effort.

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"*Too theatrical.* Cheap tragedy."

"No definite motive or knowledge expressed *beyond a certain technical facility.*"

"*Commonplace.*"

One charming face in shadow *faulty through light spot* on the nose."

Too many made upon a paper giving too much contrast, thereby *sacrificing tone and atmosphere, etc., etc.*

Many classed as doubtful were reviewed for a third time and died hard. My advice is, think more. Make half the number of negatives and come again next year. If your heart is in your work you cannot stop.

GERTRUDE KASEBIER.

The American Institute International Salon.

We take pleasure in recording the success of the recent American Institute International Salon. This exhibition was the sequel of last year's National Photographic Exhibition, held under the auspices of the Institute, which was fully reviewed in CAMERA NOTES, Vol. II., No. 3, by Messrs. Hartmann and Murray. As a representative Salon, as the more progressive understand that term, this year's exhibition is a failure; as a photographic exhibition it is much above the average, and it is as such that we record it as an unqualified success.

Much of the work was of high merit, although the average was considerably below that of Philadelphia. The large majority of the most prominent Americans, whose work created such interest in this year's London Salon were not represented, while with but few exceptions, the foreign exhibit was not up to date, although of more or less general interest.

The whole credit of the exhibition belongs to Dr. Bartlett, the secretary of the Photographic Section of the Institute. The Trojan work connected with it he did with love of purpose and to the best of his ability. Space and the late date of opening forbid us to go into a detailed review of the exhibition.

The Jury of Selection was composed of Messrs. E. Lee Ferguson, R. Eickemeyer, Jr., Hinsdale Smith, Pirie MacDonald, Granville Smith, Alex. Black, Francis C. Jones, and E. Wood Perry.

J. H. Quinn.

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Exhibition of the Pictures of Clarence H. White, of Newark, Ohio.

(Oct. 10 to 31, 1899.)

This collection of pictures embraced one hundred and twenty-one catalogued and some half-a-dozen uncatalogued prints, and represented the labor of four years; the serious, purposeful labor of the best hours of four years of a man's life; the offspring—to speak figuratively—of his heart and brain. Yet there were more than a few of those who saw it who spoke of it flippantly and derisively as the chance work of an idle hour, and of badly exposed plates; and who were confident that they could do as well and better—we are all masters till we try—and one prominent gentleman was moved to say, after having seen the pictures for the first time, that it was "an outrage and an imposition" to have hung such a collection of prints.

Indeed, so many interesting fragments of healthy abuse were launched at the print committee, that if that body had been sensitive it would promptly have made its little act of contrition; resigned its commission into the hands of the honorable president, and gone into exile. Instead of doing this, however, its members continued to devote many hours of their time to arranging for new exhibitions. And there is little room for doubt that so long as it continues in existence this autocratic council of three will continue to the best of its ability to carry out its original purpose—that of placing before the club comprehensive exhibitions showing in its various stages the work of such as have won distinction in the world of photography and art—that such members as are seriously interested may themselves have the opportunity to see this work, themselves judge of its merit or demerit at first hand and themselves profit by the study of pictures that have found favor with capable and eminent judges—if they be desirous of so doing. From the very high average of the work shown at the last members' exhibition, it is certain that many of our members are both seriously desirous and entirely capable of profiting by what they see and of putting their knowledge to excellent use; and should they continue as they have begun there is every reason for believing that the Camera Club, New York, will eventually contain some of the foremost workers in the photographic world.

But to return to the exhibition—the evident disappointment and distaste that it at first excited in the minds of some was quite counterbalanced by the frank surprise and keen delight that it aroused among others, especially among the artists who visited it. And in order to properly understand the real nature and character of Mr. White's work it will be necessary to discover if possible the precise reasons for its condemnation on the one hand and its approval on the other, and an analysis of the situation based upon careful personal observation has led to the conviction that those who condemned it did so from some one of the following reasons: Some did not like it—could see nothing in it because they did not like the model. This was a prejudice akin to that of the individual who could never see any beauty in the Venus of Melos because he did not happen to fancy its face. Others found the use of the same model throughout tiresome. This from a typical New Yorker who has become accustomed to live on new experiences—new excitements—new tastes—who to a great extent has become blase and detests repetition and demands the new—is the most natural objection in the world. Lombroso would find in it an evidence of degeneration on the part of those who raised it. As nearly every great artist in the age of great art made repeated use of the same model, Mr. White is not entirely without precedent. Apropos of this, one of the gentlemen of the club very wittily remarked that Mr. White's was a one-man and at the same time a one-woman exhibition. The marvel of the thing is that with one model he has been able to do so much.

Others again objected to Mr. White's style—his fondness for working in subdued and minor tones. Here again we have an objection founded on habits and associations and it is only natural that one whose taste has been formed in a city like New York—with its palatial piles of stone and iron—its brilliant pageants and spectacles—its dash—its glare—its color, its extremes in everything, should not take kindly to the subdued,

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"Too theatrical. Cheap tragedy."

"No definite motive or knowledge expressed *beyond a certain technical facility."*

"Commonplace."

One charming face in shadow *faulty through light spot* on the nose."

Too many made upon a paper giving too much contrast, thereby *sacrificing tone and atmosphere, etc., etc.*

Many classed as doubtful were reviewed for a third time and died hard. My advice is, think more. Make half the number of negatives and come again next year. If your heart is in your work you cannot stop.

GERTRUDE KASEBIER.

The American Institute International Salon.

We take pleasure in recording the success of the recent American Institute International Salon. This exhibition was the sequel of last year's National Photographic Exhibition, held under the auspices of the Institute, which was fully reviewed in CAMERA NOTES, Vol. II., No. 3, by Messrs. Hartmann and Murray. As a representative Salon, as the more progressive understand that term, this year's exhibition is a failure; as a photographic exhibition it is much above the average, and it is as such that we record it as an unqualified success.

Much of the work was of high merit, although the average was considerably below that of Philadelphia. The large majority of the most prominent Americans, whose work created such interest in this year's London Salon were not represented, while with but few exceptions, the foreign exhibit was not up to date, although of more or less general interest.

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[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

"My world I share. Nor need nor fruit have I
But spring at once is nearly a perfect round.
Now new joy gain new change in me is found—
A consciousness of death-conquest in life.

[illegible]

It follows therefore from [illegible] that has been said that Mr White is an artist of the first rank and that his work bears the stamp of originality, sincerity and genius. There is a unity of purpose and treatment about it that gives to it a distinctly individual character and inspires in it a marked style. This is a dangerous quality, as it often imperceptibly tends on to self-repetition and from being a means to an end becomes the end itself. More than one artist of great promise in having acquired a reputation for a good style, has become the slave of his own creation, and sacrificed to it his originality and genius. Not all of the pictures of this exhibition were pleasing—some were hard of line, rough in tone and faulty in composition. But as these one man exhibitions are designed to show a man's faulty work as well as his best, the only excuse for dwelling at length upon such matters is that of calling them to the attention of the exhibitor that he may correct them; and as an examination of Mr White's former work showed very clearly that he had himself discovered and corrected nearly all of these it will not be necessary to dwell longer on the subject. While some of the pictures fail to excite more than a momentary interest, all of them challenge the respect due to serious and thoughtful work. And finally it may be said about Mr White's work that though critics may rave about it, it will never appeal to or be popular with the general public—it is too refined—too delicate and too purely artistic and spiritual—it appeals only to people of the nicest taste and feeling, to poets, artists, and those of the most liberal education in art. Without wishing to invite comparison it may be added for the purpose of making the meaning of the above statement entirely clear, that the characteristics described are the same that prevented Shelley's poems from ever becoming generally popular, and which won for him at the same time the rank of being the poet's poet. It should be said in closing that at the termination of Mr White's exhibition his pictures had no more outspoken admirer than the gentleman who thought their hanging an imposition.

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Proceedings.

The regular monthly meeting for June was held on the 13th, President Murphy presiding. The treasurer reported a balance on hand of $2,929.40.

The only other business transacted was the passing of a motion to refer to the Lantern Slide Committee the question whether the Club should contribute to the Lantern Slide Interchange this season.

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President Murphy called attention to the various club competitions, and urged members to participate and to begin the work of preparation at once.

No other business being presented the meeting then adjourned.

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Mr. Beach announced that the entries for the Lantern Slide Interchange would close in a few days, and he moved that the Lantern Slide Committee be requested to endeavor to collect a set of slides from members to represent the club in the Interchange for the ensuing year. The motion was carried.

Mr. Champney moved that the Lantern Slide Committee be requested to secure or note all desirable slides offered for test in the future, with a view to the selection of future Interchange sets. The motion was carried.

After a brief discussion of the desirability of having some official and recognized criticism of slides and prints, Mr. Strauss offered the following resolution, which was seconded by Mr. Champney, and carried:

Resolved, That the trustees be requested to appoint a committee of competent critics, some one of whom shall, at such times as the trustees shall direct, be prepared to criticise as to art and technique, such slides and prints as may be submitted to him by members with a request for criticism.

Mr. J. Wells Champney called attention to the exhibition of the work of Mr. Frank Eugene, whose exhibition on the walls of the club hall was opened that evening, and paid a most complimentary tribute to the work, both for its fine artistic and original technical qualities. He moved that a minute be made of our appreciation of the exhibition as a demonstration of the artistic possibilities of photography.

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Last winter Mr. L. M. McCormick, a member of the Camera Club, spent several months in the Philippine Islands engaged in collecting arms, utensils and other objects illustrative of the life and pursuits of the inhabitants, and while there he made many photographs of places and incidents which he saw.

On Tuesday, October 24th, he gave the Club an interesting talk on his journeyings and experiences, illustrating it by slides from a number of his negatives. The audience gained considerable information in relation to our new possessions, and the illustrated descriptions conveyed clearer impressions than are readily secured from newspaper accounts or books on the subject.

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contemplative tone of these pictures—conceived and executed in entirely different surroundings and in an altogether different atmosphere.

The admirers of Mr. White's work on the other hand found it always interesting and sometimes masterful in composition; refined in treatment; charming in notan; poetic in feeling; and at times singularly beautiful. Furthermore, they see in it the distinct evidence of thought and design. The "Lady with the Venus" for example was clearly suggested by the lines of the statuette, and is an attempt to present a decorative portrait treated in a firm, forceful, simple manner; the "Readers," to tell a story with special attention to the composition of the picture; the "Bubble," to suggest a story rather than tell one, the idea behind this picture being one of the most truly poetic of all of those presented by Mr. White. It is the picture of a young girl calmly, almost questioningly contemplating a beautiful bubble which she has just blown. It is a well-nigh perfect piece of composition (the unmounted, uncatalogued print is referred to), whose subject with subtle poetry leaves much to and stimulates the imagination of the observer—while to those familiar with them it calls to mind Tabb's beautiful lines on the same theme:—

"Why should I stay? Nor seed, nor fruit have I.
But sprung at once to beauty's perfect round,
Nor loss, nor gain, nor change in me is found—
A life-complete in death-complete to die.

"Study of Hands, of Girl with Harp" tells its own story without the aid of the catalogue—a certain test of the artist's mastery of his subject. The picture has but one fault—the face is rather too highly lighted for the absolute harmony of the picture, as it distracts the attention from the hands, which resting upon a lap-harp are the centre of interest, telling as they do the picture's story. They are refined, expressive hands with long sensitive fingers that are in the act of sounding some chord upon the strings, and their poise, the beautiful flowing curves of the full sleeves that fall from the shoulders to the wrists—the oval, spiritual face whose downcast eyes direct attention to the hands possess a rythmic beauty that immediately suggests the idea of music and harmony; while in "Fear" and the "Old Chest Studies" the purely dramatic has been attempted with no small degree of success.

It follows therefore from all that has been said, that Mr. White is an artist of the first rank, and that his work bears the stamp of originality, sincerity and genius. There is a unity of purpose and treatment about it that gives to it a distinctly individual character and imparts to it a marked style. This is a dangerous quality, as it often imperceptibly lures on to self-repetition and from being a means to an end becomes the end itself. More than one artist of great promise, having acquired a reputation for a good style, has become the slave of his own creation and sacrificed to it his originality and genius. Not all of the pictures of this collection were pleasing—some were hard of line, rough in tone and faulty in composition—but as these one-man exhibitions are designed to show a man's faulty work as well as his best, the only excuse for dwelling at length upon such matters is that of calling them to the attention of the exhibitor that he may correct them; and as an examination of Mr. White's finished work showed very clearly that he had himself discovered and corrected nearly all of these it will not be necessary to dwell longer on the subject. While some of the pictures fail to excite more than a momentary interest, all of them challenge the respect due to serious and thoughtful work. And finally it may be said about Mr. White's work that though critics may rave about it, it will never appeal to or be popular with the general public—it is too refined—too delicate and too purely artistic and spirituelle; it appeals only to people of the nicest taste and feeling, to poets, artists, and those of the most liberal education in art. Without wishing to invite comparison it may be added for the purpose of making the meaning of the above statement entirely clear, that the characteristics described are the same that prevented Shelley's poems from ever becoming generally popular, and which won for him at the same time the rank of being the poet's poet. It should be said in closing that at the termination of Mr. White's exhibition his pictures had no more outspoken admirer than the gentleman who thought their hanging an imposition.

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Notes from the Secretary's Desk.

The following have been elected members of the Club since the last issue of CAMERA NOTES: Messrs. Schuyler E. Day, 31 Nassau street, City; Henry H. Kingston, Jr., 26 Cortlandt street, City; Louis C. Whiton, 149 Broadway, City; Alfred Tuckerman, 342 West Fifty-seventh street, City; Henry K. Bull, Great Barrington, Mass.; J. C. Vail, Morristown, N. J.; Fred. D. Storey, 111 Fifth avenue, City; Lloyd T. Williams, 186 Second avenue, City; Joseph Schneible, 30 East One Hundred and Nineteenth street, City; Maj. Frank C. Grugan, 10 East Fifty-third street, City; Albert E. Schaaf, 7 West One Hundred and First street, City; James Douglas, 99 John street, City; J. Wesley Allison, Philadelphia, Pa.; John W. Barber, Newton Mass.; William Hoge, Buffalo, N. Y.; Edward N. Gretton, 34 Nassau street, City; Harold Hart, 103 West Eighty-eight street, City; Edward Heim, 33 Wall street, City; Henry Galoupean, 243 East Seventy-second street, City; Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier, 273 Fifth avenue, City, and Miss Virginia Prall, Washington, D. C.

The Club is indebted to Messrs. W. E. Wilmerding, W. A. Fraser, and Franklin Harper for donations and gifts for the improvement of the photographic plant.

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Honors Won in Foreign Lands by Camera Club Members.

Mr. Alfred Stieglitz was awarded the "Royal Medal" at the forty-fourth annual exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, London.

Mr. R. Eickemeyer, Jr., was fortunate enough to secure three prizes at the Bootle Society Exhibition, England; a gold, a silver, and a bronze medal in various classes.

Mr. John Beeby received the silver medal for lantern slides in the same exhibition.

✦ ✦ ✦

Detroit Salon.

At the recent Detroit Exhibition, W. D. Murphy received the Grand Prize in the Salon Section for his Lutschinenthal, Switzerland.

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Chicago Salon.

The Chicago Society of Amateur Photographers proposes holding an International Photo-Salon in Chicago, sometime in the early spring of 1900. The exhibition will be held in galleries placed at the disposal of the Society by the Art Institute of Chicago, and will be conducted on substantially the same lines as the Philadelphia.

The Jury of Selection will be composed of Messrs. Alfred Stieglitz, Joseph T. Keiley and Clarence White, Miss Eva Lawrence Watson and Mr. Ralph Clarkson, who is one of the jury of selection of pictures for the American exhibit in the Paris Exposition of 1900.

The Committee in charge of the Chicago Salon consists of Messrs. Frederick K. Lawrence, William B. Dyer, Edward L. Bourke and Marshall Wait.

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Camera Club Competitions.

Lantern Slide Championship Cup.

JUDGE'S REPORT.

It is sincerely to be regretted that the members of the Club have again shown so little interest in this competition. There is but one entry. Still, the undersigned thinks the same of sufficient merit to warrant the award of the cup. Mr. Wm. D. Murphy thus becomes the holder of the cup for the coming year.

(Signed) ALFRED STIEGLITZ,
Judge.

Messrs. Fraser, Berg and Murphy have each won the cup once. In order to become the owner of it, it must be won three times by one and the same competitor.

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Presidential Print Prize Competition.

Messrs. J. Wells Champney, Jos. T. Keiley and R. Eickemeyer, Jr., awarded this prize to Mr. Alfred Stieglitz for his entry, which as in the above competition was the sole one.

Mr. Stieglitz has now won the cup twice, and only needs to score once more to win it outright.

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Current Notes.

Polychrome Process for Projection.—M. Leon Vidal, in the *Bulletin du Photo-Club de Paris,* describes an interesting and simple method of producing polychrome projection slides. For obtaining the three negatives giving the radiations of the primary colors the reader is referred to the extensive literature on this subject. To produce the projection slides thin film, such as the Kodak film of the Eastman Co., is used. This is cut in pieces of the desired size and sensitized in a 0.75 per cent. solution of bichromate of ammonia by immersion for two minutes and then pinned on a board to dry. This is done in a dim light, not necessarily red or yellow, and the drying in the dark. The films are exposed in sunlight under the negative—film side *away* from the negative—exposure varying from fifteen seconds to one or two minutes. A photometer is here a valuable aid. They are then developed, by artificial light, in water at a temperature of 40° to 50° C. After development the remaining bromide of silver is removed in a 15 per cent. solution of hyposulphite of soda. They are then washed and dried. It is well to mark them previously with the letters B, R and Y, corresponding to the negatives for blue, red and yellow, in order to avoid error in the further manipulation.

The films are now tinted in solutions of methyl green (which in reality gives a blue color) for the blue, erythrome for the red and a mixture of naphthol yellow and eosine yellow for the yellow. They are floated for a short time on these solutions and dried without washing. Then they are superimposed and properly registered—the blue being placed on the yellow and the red on the blue. If exposures and tinting have been correct the result will be good. If it is not so the fault will generally be in the red or blue film and can be corrected by replacing by a new film the one which is too strong or too weak. The whole is mounted between two cover glasses, matted and bound and is then ready for the lantern.

Grained Prints.—M. Vidal in the *Moniteur de la Photographie* suggests the use of a grained glass screen to obtain prints resembling engravings or water-color drawings. A positive is made from the original negative and then a second negative through a grained glass screen. From this last negative prints in gum, carbon, or any other process may be made resembling crayon drawings on rough paper.

Varnished Bromide Prints—Dr. E. Vogel in *Photographische Mitteilungen* states that bromide prints frequently lose brilliancy in the shadows after drying. This can be remedied by the use of a varnish which will give the same effect as when they are wet. He gives the following formula for a varnish.

Borax	40 gm.
Coarse powdered white shellac	100 gm.
Water	500 ccm.

Solution is hastened by warming and the addition of 50 to 100 ccm. of alcohol makes the solution clearer. This bath is filtered and the prints floated upon it. Prints toned with uranium or ferricyanide of potassium should not be treated in this way, as the borax destroys the tone.

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Photography on Wood.—This process, invented and published in 1857 by Lalleman, a French engraver, has recently been revived. It is as follows:

The wood is first polished with fine sandpaper and then soaked in a solution of alum and dried. To it is then applied the following solution:

Water	450 ccm.
White soap	10 gm.
Alum	5 gm.
Gelatine	15 to 20 gm.

Before the application of this solution the wood is slightly warmed and afterwards the solution is wiped off and then fresh solution reapplied and allowed to dry. When thoroughly dry it is soaked for one or two minutes in a solution of chloride of ammonia 3 to 1000 and dried, then sensitized in a solution of nitrate of silver 1 to 8 and dried in the dark. It is printed and fixed in the regular way and afterwards washed for five minutes only. Very beautiful results are thus obtained.

Reducing and Reversing Negatives.—Prof. Namias in *Photography* gives the result of some of his experimental research in this line and finds that solutions of permanganate of potash and sulphuric acid will yield results closely resembling those of ammonium persulphate without the necessity of subsequent treatment with sulphite. The reducing formula is as follows:

Potassium permanganate	0.50 gm.
Commercial sulphuric acid	1 ccm.
Water	1000 ccm.

The solution keeps well. It is poured on the negative and the dish rocked during immersion. If the negative assumes a brown color this can be removed by dipping for a few moments in a 0.50 to 1 per cent. solution of oxalic acid.

For reversing the plate should be by preference not very rapid and should be fully exposed. It is developed as far as possible without giving rise to fog with a hydroquinone developer containing at least 7 grammes of potassium bromide to the litre. The plate is then rinsed in water and placed in the acidified permanganate solution, which ought to be twice as strong as that used for reduction. In this bath the silver forming the image rapidly dissolves and the plate takes a brownish tinge which can be removed as before by treatment with oxalic acid. The operations subsequent to development can be performed in daylight. The positive image should now be blackened and a solution of metol with caustic alkali is recommended.

Metol	10 gm.
Sodium sulphite	20 gm.
Potassium hydrate	10 gm.
Water	1000 ccm.

Development takes place rapidly and if necessary a little formalin may be added to prevent frilling.

Intensification of Platinotypes.—Underprinted platinotypes may often be saved by the following method—that of Hübl:

SOLUTION A.

Formate of soda	3 gm.
Water	30 ccm.

SOLUTION B.

Perchloride of platinum	6.5 gm.
Water	30 ccm.

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LA CIGALE

By Emma J. Farnsworth

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Take 1 ccm. of each solution (A and B), water 30 ccm., and immerse the prints (which should have been previously well washed) therein. Density gradually increases and as soon as this is sufficient they should be well washed and dried.

Agfa.—The new intensifying agent Agfa, prepared by the Actien-Gesellschaft für Anilin Fabrikation zu Berlin has been found most satisfactory by those who have employed it. The results obtained are far superior to those of the old process and are nearly if not quite equal to those obtained with platinum intensification, with the advantage of being much less expensive.

Sulphide Toning.—*The Photographic News* for Sept. 8th, '99, gives a new method of toning silver prints without the use of gold, giving results of great permanence.

The prints should first be thoroughly washed in water, then in salt and water and again in water to get rid of all soluble salts of silver and also any preservative acids that may be in the paper. They are then fixed thoroughly in a fresh hypo solution. After fixing give a rapid wash in several changes of water and again immerse in a fresh solution of hypo for a few minutes. The prints should then be washed in several changes of water at first and then in running water. Much of the success depends on the efficiency of the washing.

To tone the prints all that is necessary is to convert the silver into the mono-sulphide, Ag_2S. To do this take a solution of ammonium sulphide—an evil-smelling liquid—which should be used in extremely dilute condition. An exact formula cannot be given, as the strength of the ammonium sulphide solution varies so much, but three to four drops to a pint of water is ample. The amount is readily estimated by the smell, which should be scarcely perceptible. The slower the toning the better the result and fifteen minutes at least should be allowed for this. If carefully done the prints will slowly and gradually darken through all the stages of sepia browns to rich purple or purple brown and the whites remain perfectly pure. Black or blue-black cannot be obtained by this method.

Celluloid Films in Printing.—Thin films of celluloid placed between the negative and sensitive paper in printing will produce most pleasing and artistic effects. In this way all essential details of the negatives are retained, without giving the effect of out of focus negatives and the result is simply that the lines of the print are softened. The effect may be varied by using thin or thick celluloid or a varying number of layers of thin celluloid.

Development of Orthochromatic Plates.—To those who find difficulty in developing orthochromatic plates in a very dark room or with the developing tray covered with some dark screen the following method will be found of advantage:

The tray containing the plate is covered over with a sheet of red glass and the full light of the dark-room turned on. To the operator in the dark-room the red glass appears white and the full process of development can be watched without detriment to the plate.

X Ray Prints.—Those interested in X ray work will find the formulæ given in the last number of CAMERA NOTES under the heading *Platinum Prints from Weak Negatives* of great value in obtaining prints from negatives where

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the contrast between bone and tissue is not marked. The writer has adopted this method in preference to all others and finds the results superior to those which can be obtained from any of the silver papers, both in contrast and brilliancy of definition.

Kachin.—Much has been written of late in regard to simultaneous development and fixing. The new agent Kachin can be used with hypo to develop and fix at the same time and has the additional advantages of being rapidly dissolved and not discoloring either fingers or film. A great latitude of exposure is also admissible. The formula is as follows:

SOLUTION A.

Sulphite of soda crystals	30 gm.
Water	75 ccm
Pure caustic soda	7 gm.
Kachin	7 gm.

For use take

Solution A	12 ccm.
Hyposulphite of soda	20 gm.
Water	30 ccm.

The plate is left in the solution until entirely fixed but can be examined by ordinary gas light before development is complete.

Panak and Birassol.—These terms are applied to preparations recently introduced which may be used to sensitize postal cards, letter heads, etc., and which require no gold bath for development or fixing. Prof. Valenta has analyzed these products and gives the following formulæ, which will give identical results:

1.	**Ferric ammonium citrate**	2.5	gr.
	Water	25	ccm.
2.	**Nitrate of silver**	3.5	gr.
	Water	15.20	ccm.

Ammonia is added to the second solution until the brown precipitate is redissolved and then a few drops of sulphuric acid, so that the solution still has an acid reaction but no longer an ammoniacal odor. The two solutions are then mixed and preserved in the dark. A little gelatine increases the brilliancy. The paper is brushed over with this liquid and printed when dry. It is fixed in a solution of hypo. 3.5 to 100 grammes of water, to which is added 1.3 grammes of sulphite of soda.

CHARLES W. STEVENS.

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A Hint in Platinum.

Instead of trimming your rough platinum prints accurately and painfully sharp and straight all around, try *tearing* the paper to the required size and shape. This gives soft "hand made" edges, and various degrees of roughness may be easily secured.

By placing the paper face down and tearing in one sweep along the edge of a rule, a comparatively straight edge results. If the paper is torn a little at a time, a fresh hold being taken at frequent intervals, the result is rougher. If the paper is placed face up these processes give the same results, but with more or less white edges. Another good method is to fold the paper, but without rubbing down the fold, and then to cut it with a comparatively blunt paper cutter. Try it!

W. F. H.

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A Study of Studies.

Photographers do not confine themselves to the strict uses of certain art terms, and especially is the name study twisted and strained till its significance is gone. A study, in artists' definition, is a drawing of some particular detail, worked out to obtain correct delineation. On the other hand, a sketch is a rapid drawing, in broad style, to retain for future use the form or tone of whatever it was that pleased the artist's eye. Neither a study nor a sketch is considered a finished picture, intended for exhibition; they are for the artist's private use, in the making of pictures.

Now, how far may the use of these terms be logically and legitimately extended? We may have what is virtually a picture or illustration of some simple subject, which we may call a study. Such we see exhibited, as studies of still life. On the other hand, we might have a picture bold and broad enough in treatment and simple enough in construction, to allow us to call it a sketch. This second term photographers have seldom dared meddle with; but frequently we see that when a photographic venture is not pretentious enough or successful enough to warrant its having a distinctive meaning and title as a picture, it is exhibited as a "study." *

A fallacious distinction is thus attempted, by a title which is expected to cover a multitude of sins, and to deprecate any strict, critical judgment.

If these are really studies, let the photographer keep them to himself and make the pictures for which he has thus studied. But if they are ultimate attainments which he expects to exhibit and have admired, let him give them names that do not imply something he has no right to claim. Let them answer to their names, as effects, glimpses, impressions. "The Shadows of a Face" would often be a truly descriptive designation, and "The Outline of Miss Y" might be more luminous than the photograph. "Won by a Neck From the Powers of Darkness" would be a frank and appropriate title for many of those "studies" which we might classify concisely as in the "Necks to Nothing" style. It is such attempts that usually call forth this wrong title. Apparently, the art photographers need a consistent and expressive term to describe those results which are more serious than impressions and effects, and yet do not aspire to

P. Dubreuil.

*Since writing the above article, I have seen and note here, what A. C. R. Carter says in reviewing the Royal exhibition in *Photograms of '99:* "Why is it that when 'gravelled for lack of matter' in the way of a title, a man so often calls his work a study? It is generally understood that a 'study' is a considered work, quickly executed it may

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the name of portraits. They should not force the word sketch to their use, and good etymological compounds with it are very awkward and cumbersome, and yet they need a word like it. Why not try once more an old, and now sufficiently redeemed and dignified name, which just fills the want, and call these creations photographs. Are the art photographers afraid to?

To return to our main line of thought: The photographer has no right virtually to ask our consideration and admiration of a thing as pictorial, and yet try to shield himself from serious criticism in any way, and especially not by a misuse of and a juggling with terms. Art products must be judged by immutable laws and universal standards. Particular and personal considerations may influence our judgment of the man and lead us to praise him for doing so well, or having such high ideals, but they should not affect our judgment of his performances as art, when he offers them to us as such. Photographers in art matters are ordinarily more amateurish and complacent than was little Tommy Tucker, and over very small plums. And they demand "criticism" more appreciative, lenient and constructive than that for lack of which Browning's Waring slipped off to hide in Van Dieman's Land. But our photographers do not disappear in the night, although some of their "studies" mostly do.

In comic opera Gilbert gave us a woman whose fascination lay in a beautiful shoulder-blade. Photographers apparently would also give us Katishas, or else they expect us to imagine—to reconstruct—a woman from a glint of light on a rounded shoulder. This is often all the more disappointing because the little we can see is so very charming. But all the rest is little but muddy blacks on muddier blacks, for photographic shadows unfortunately are seldom luminous, or the blacks deep and full of quality. M. Demachy has told us but the mournful truth in this matter.

A recent exhibitor, in explaining a large print that showed the exquisite outline of a cheek and arm in a very intense light, but elsewhere revealed nothing but blackness, save for the corner of a window, said that he liked the thing because it gave him the feeling that the rest of the figure was there, in the dark. But really that is not as logical an art reason as if he had said a certain door was ugly because its edge, in as great darkness, had given him the feeling of being there also. It is no part of the critic's duty to go back of what is shown in the art product, to discover things that are not there. As far as he can follow the artist through his work, as deep as he can go therein and get meaning, he may go. But when he begins to give meaning to mere cloudiness, he is past the limits of criticism. Nowadays we have many—too many—appreciations that mask under the title of criticisms.

Nature does not show such extreme contrasts as most of these very black and white photographs represent. That is no reason why art should not make extremes meet, if we thus improve on nature artistically—that is, in the production of a certain effect. But the graphic arts must make their appeal to us through our eyes, and most of us can not see a great deal in the dark. However, it is but fair to ourselves and others to see all we truthfully can in every honest effort towards art.

DALLETT FUGUET.

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be, and intended as an exercise to give familiarity and certainty of treatment when afterwards dealing with such study as part of a completed work. Thus, before commencing on a figure composition, a painter may make many studies for the leading lines, the massing of light and shade, the drapery, the hands, pose of the head, etc. Of each of these he makes many versions, improving, selecting, discarding—they are truly 'studies.' In photography, too often, the 'study' betrays no evidence of thought, is in no sense an exercise, and can have no beneficial effect upon any subsequently-to-be-finished picture, except as an example of what to avoid. Wherefore, why not be content to call a spade a spade, and a sheep a sheep, or be content with a simple catalogue number and no title if the subject will not warrant one?"

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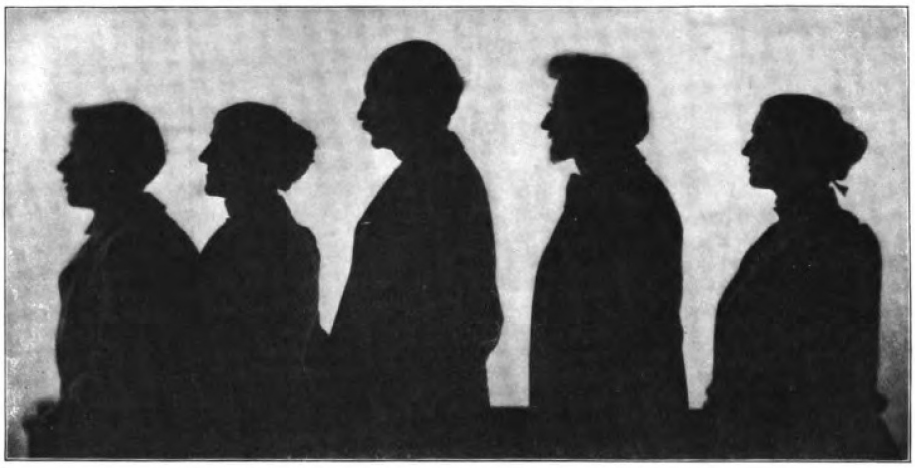
Clarence H. White. Gertrude Käsebier. Henry Troth. F. Holland Day. Frances B. Johnston.



Eva L. Watson.

The Salon.

(Philadelphia, Oct. 21-Nov. 18)

Its Purpose, Character and Lesson.

ITS PURPOSE.

"The purpose of the Salon is to exhibit that class of work only in which there is distinct evidence of individual artistic feeling and execution."

Thus briefly and clearly does its catalogue in a foreword define the purpose of this exhibition.

ITS CHARACTER.

I.

The Salon was conducted under the joint management of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and the Photographic Society of Philadelphia, the Academy being represented by its president, Mr. Edward H. Coates, and its secretary, Mr. Harrison S. Morris, and the Society by Messrs. Robert S. Redfield, George Vaux, Jr., and John G. Bullock.

Gertrude Käsebier, of New York; Frances B. Johnston, of Washington, D. C.; F. Holland Day, of Boston; Clarence H. White, of Newark, O., and Henry Troth, of Philadelphia, acted as the jury of selection; Mrs. Käsebier and Mr. White representing the Academy of Fine Arts, Miss Johnston, Mr. Troth and Mr. Day, the Photographic Society.

To this jury 962 frames were submitted, of which number 780 were rejected. In addition to the 182 pictures thus accepted there were 168 invitation exhibits, the members of the Linked Ring and of the Jury of Selection having been invited to show their pictures without submitting them to the jury.

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II.

The Salon of 1899 is now numbered among the events of the past.

It opened on the evening of October the twenty-first, when the gallery of the academy in which the pictures were displayed was uncomfortably crowded by the brilliant throng that had gathered in honor of the event: and from that time till the period of its close it was well attended by visitors from all over the country. It was my privilege to be present at the opening and to note the impression created by the exhibition on those who then saw it, which was very evidently one of incredulous surprise in most instances, for frequently during the evening I heard one remark to another: "That picture there can only be the copy of some painting": and thereafter I remained for a week's time in Philadelphia studying the pictures from my own point of view and from that of many others with whom I came in contact in the gallery during that time in order that I might be in a position to prepare as comprehensive a review of this exhibition as it is possible for any one person swayed by preconceived tastes and prejudices to write. And I shall now endeavor to present such a critical review of the exhibition as will convey an accurate notion of its main characteristics and shortcomings and which will be representative not of my own views alone, but those of many others from different parts of the country with whom it was my good fortune to discuss these pictures.

When, preparatory to beginning work upon this article, I looked over the catalogue of the pictures of the Salon I found that a number of these were already quite forgotten. Let such be consigned to kind oblivion, for when a picture after very careful study fails to leave an impression on the memory that will last beyond the period of a few days it is not apt to possess any of those qualities that demand serious, thoughtful criticism.

Serious, thoughtful criticism! One would be led to infer from most of the photographic reviews and criticisms that have so far appeared that to criticise photographs seriously or to attribute to their makers any degree of purpose were a deadly crime. Indeed the two chief inducements, apparently, that tempt the critics to write about photographs at all seem to be first, the chance to say something smart at the picture's expense entirely regardless of whether the picture may merit ridicule or not, and second, the opportunity to realize an honest (?) penny by filling space about them with the merest verbiage.

The "critic's" vocabulary seemingly must consist of a varied assortment of sugared, non-committal, space-filling words, such for instance as sweet, lovely, clever and the like, which may be qualified by adjectives superlative or modified by such saving words as if, almost, or perhaps. The rules of criticism seem to be: first, never by any chance say anything positive or definite; second, never to lose the opportunity of saying something smart or clever if the victim happens to be unknown; third, and above all never to presume to regard a photograph as an example of work evidencing individual artistic conception or feeling.

This, of course, though not universally true, is the rule rather than the exception, and whenever protest is entered the critics in question pause in their labors long enough to attack him who undertakes to take them to task, and to

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insinuate that he is either an abnormally sensitive person, a blind enthusiast or a gibbering idiot. "You have quite mistaken our attitude, but you are simply blind to the limitations of photography, which is but a craft at best," practically declares the art critic who wrote the greatest number of reviews of this year's Salon.

The trouble is that most art critics, however learned they may be in other departments of art, are not well informed on matters photographic nor upon the aims of the photographer; and hence being obliged to say something when in writing up photographic exhibitions which they have been sent to review, they meet with a photograph which appears to possess merit above that which they are in the habit of associating with the ordinary photograph, of their own taking perhaps, they promptly call it either an illegitimate production or a "clever imitation" of that process which it calls most readily to their minds.

Let me say in beginning my review, therefore, that it is not a fact that I am an enthusiast upon this subject to the extent of allowing my judgment to be blinded. None could be more opposed than myself to the foisting upon the public of wretched photographs as pictures worthy of admiration. I am quite as opposed to this as I am to the taste-degenerating habit of many of our modern art societies of annually exhibiting rafts of the most wretched water-color productions imaginable. But I realize the possibilities of photography and feel that those who are doing good work are entitled to serious, honest criticism, and I shall therefore state with entire frankness my impressions of the Salon as a whole and of its pictures individually wherever they left with me a lasting impression. I shall not, however, permit *mere* judgment of technical treatment to be the dominating influence in my criticism, for as Heine observes: "It is not fitting that the first voice to be heard estimating works of art should be that of cold judgment, any more than the same judgment should play the chief part in their conception. The general idea of a work of art has birth in the soul, and the soul draws upon the imagination for the power of realization. Phantasy then throws all her flowers in and around the idea; and instead vitalizing it would almost smother it, did not judgment limp along and push aside the superfluous flowers, or prune them with naked garden shears. Judgment maintains order merely; and, so to speak, acts as police in the realm of art. In life judgment is usually an impassive calculator which reckons up our follies. Alas, it is too often merely the auditor of a broken heart and sums up the deficit with deliberate calm."

Therefore I shall not pass from picture to picture dwelling merely upon whether this one was well printed, that properly exposed or the negative of another under-developed or that the one beyond is not legitimate because developed with a brush, but I shall endeavor to discover whether it possessed any positive beauty, sensuous or intellectual, and if so wherein lies its chief charm and whether it was the result of a preconceived idea or inspiration, and if so whether in my judgment it was feelingly rendered or worthy of perpetuation. Incidentally I shall point out what appeared to me to be a picture's gravest faults, and where it appears to me that any picture is out of place and unworthy I shall state that fact, for if it should happen that I was in error, which is quite possible, and the picture possessed positive artistic merit, nothing that I can say

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will materially injure it, and I, rather than the picture, will be the one most apt to suffer.

The exhibition as a whole impressed me most favorably. This was due to the fact that there was a pleasing variety of style, color and form in the individual exhibitions and to the circumstance that the pictures were exceptionally well hung and presented to the eye a harmonious unity and delightful variety that was singularly satisfactory; so that even the Sears pictures with their broad, light mounts did not jar upon the sight as much as otherwise they certainly would have done.

The pictures thus referred to, those by Mrs. Sarah C. Sears, received a larger share of my attention than any other pictures in the entire collection. This was due to the circumstance that my first impression of them had been anything but favorable; and to the conviction that in view of the existing circumstances of their having been accepted by a jury whose opinions I respect, given what is popularly considered the place of honor on the walls (it would have been impossible to have hung them elsewhere, however, without doing mortal injury to their neighbors because of the great areas of white about them); and referred to by nearly all of the reviewers as one of the features of the exhibition—that that first impression must necessarily have been an erroneous one.

Hence, whenever I entered the gallery I visited Mrs. Sears' pictures, examined them with the greatest care, discussed them with their most ardent admirers, and did my best to convince myself that they were entirely worthy of all that had been said and written of them. Yet despite all this my first opinion grew stronger instead of disappearing. The pictures showed absolutely no imagination; they were entirely lacking in the purely sensuous charm of notan or line. They were not even technically perfect. Let it not be thought from this last observation that I discount technique. Such is not the case, for the more one knows about technique in photography, or anything else, the better is he equipped for the execution of his ideas, and the less he knows the more is he handicapped; I simply referred to technique because there are times when a very commonplace picture is extremely interesting and possessed of certain merit because of its perfect technical treatment, and the pictures in question had not even that to condone their existence. Their chief merit lay in a certain force, which is very marked in several of the pictures, which, if they had been spaced more happily, would have saved them to some extent. There was also shown an appreciation for textural values, which in fairness should be noted. They appeared crude in other respects, and hardly deserved a place in such an exhibition as this, and their presence in it lowered the tone of the entire collection.

I have seen pictures far worse than these at some of our water-color exhibitions, and I could name one or two of our painters whose productions have met with some degree of favor, whose work is much inferior, but that is no reason for their having been permitted to mar a first-class photographic salon—a distinction, by the way, of which they by no means enjoyed the monopoly, as there were other pictures shown that even outclassed them.

Immediately adjoining and to the left of this exhibit as I faced it, was that of Miss Mathilde Weil, one of the best known and most accomplished of Philadelphia's professional photographers. This exhibit, while much in advance of

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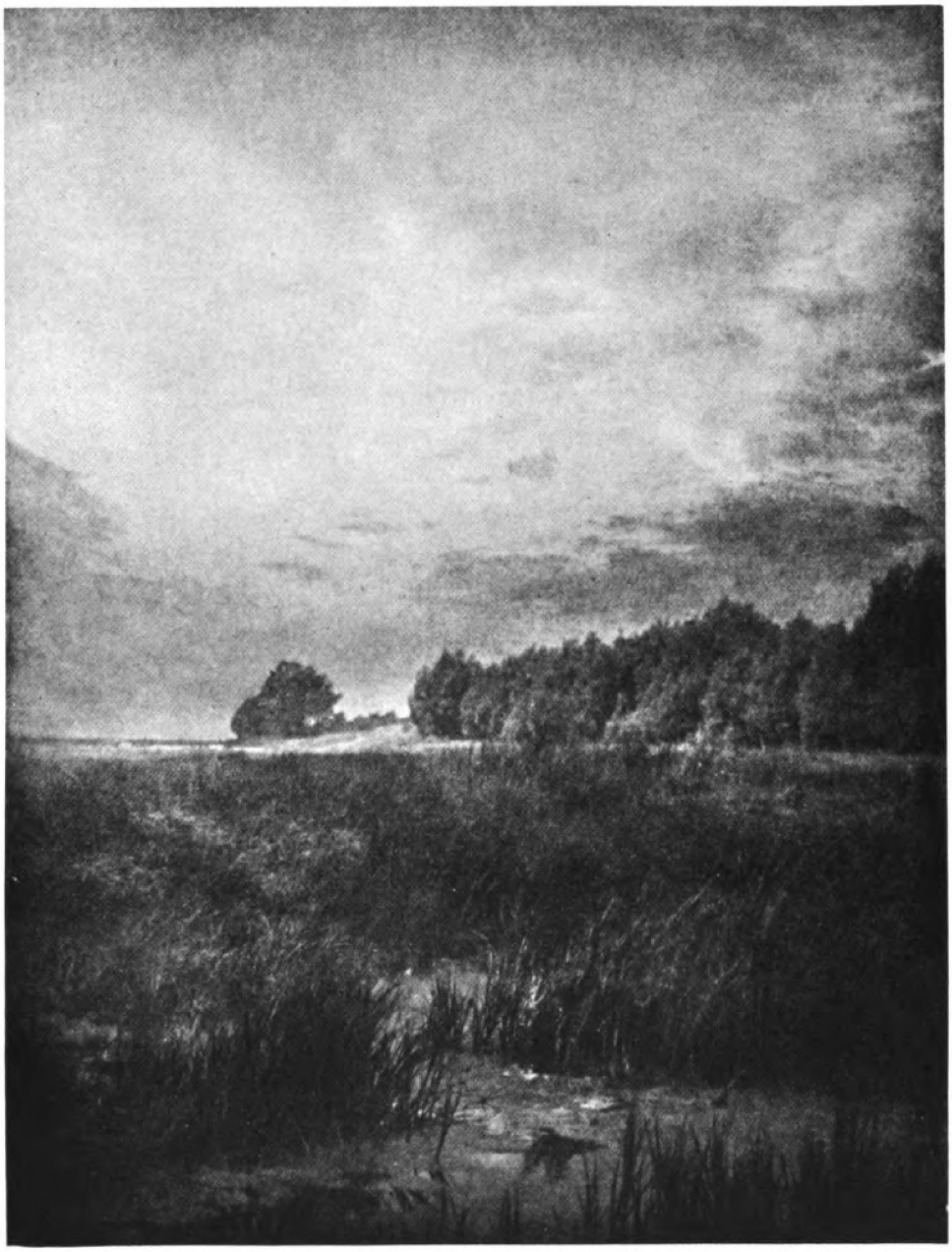

FLEETING SHADOWS

From a Platinotype

By A. Horsley Hinton

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its neighbor, was not by any means of the first order. *Song of the Meadow Lark*, No. 334, which was reproduced in the catalogue, was evidently the most popular of Miss Weil's pictures. Yet as I stood before it there came over me strong doubts as to its sincerity. By that I mean that it had the appearance of inconsistency. Each of the handsome girls in the picture had her skirt carefully folded back upon itself and fastened about the waist, that its outer surface might not be disfigured by burrs or defaced by briars, and one of them carried in her beautiful hands a small sickle, as if to put into the observer's mind the suggestion that they were peasant girls, while the small ricks of hay or grain that showed in the distance were evidently intended to carry out the suggestion by making it appear that the girls had been working in the field, and had either paused in or just finished their labors, and were listening to the song of the lark. But where women work in the fields they do not wear skirts that are lined with crash or horsehair stiffening material, and in these days they would not undertake to mow down so large a field with so small an instrument, whose chief use is either that of lopping off the tops of plants or trimming corners or other places inaccessible to the scythe or mower—and if they did by any chance undertake the task, the use of such an instrument would play sad havoc with the beautiful hands that grasped it. Neither do the countenances of country lassies show such traces of urbane refinement and culture as marked these fair faces so distinctively. The costumes, too, were too chic for peasants' costumes, and I found myself speculating as I looked at the picture, if each one of these beautiful girls did not find special charm in some delicate perfume, after the dainty French fashion, and whether I should not see them later in the season in some one of the fashionable boxes at the Horse Show or opera. In a word, they did not seem to belong to the landscape, which, by the way, was rather well rendered, and the picture impressed me as being the result rather of aspiration than a creation of inspiration.

Of the pictures shown by Miss Weil that entitled *Portrait: Miss M.*, No. 331, pleased me most. It is a refined piece of portrait work, simple and in good taste. *Lady With Muff*, No. 332, was also quite attractive, and in some respects a more vigorous picture than the others. But the entire exhibition gave me the impression that while Miss Weil brought into her photographic work distinct evidence of good taste, judgment and literary accomplishments, she failed to impart to it the stamp of a still more important characteristic, that of loving to do it for its own sake: and, in a word, that it is with her rather a clever accomplishment than an absorbing passion. The literary influence, by the way, was shown in the selection of the title of No. 334, for *song* of any kind fits better to a poem than to a picture.

Turning from Miss Weil's pictures I came upon those of Mr. Francis Watts Lee. Certain of his portraits remind me somewhat of some of Mrs. Käsebier's work. I do not wish to be understood to say that they are copies in any sense of the word, for Mr. Lee's own individuality is too pronounced and his honesty too sterling to make even the suggestion of such a thing possible. What I would convey is that certain qualities in her work had suggested certain ideas to him, which he has proceeded to work out in his own way. The portraits in question were fine examples of honest portraiture, dignified in style and evi-

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dencing a nice appreciation of the characteristics of the subjects—and admirable as such rather than as works of art. But the central piece of his exhibition, No. 216, I think it was, the head of a woman of middle age shown in profile, is really an exquisite piece of work, treated with a simple elegance that is almost classic. Of its kind it was the most perfect thing that I have ever seen, and the frame was in such entire harmony with the picture that picture and frame formed an inseparable unity. Mr. Lee was not so happy in the framing of several other pictures of his exhibit, whose subtle delicacy of outline was altogether lost to the eye through the inharmonious massiveness of their frames. One of these latter was especially attractive—it was entitled the *Vision,* and was the portrait of a woman so delicately rendered that it faded away almost imperceptibly into the white background. The face was of a spirituelle type, full of delicate refinement and feeling, and the wide-open eyes, which looked squarely out at the observer, were so soft with some strange, sacred sadness, that they haunted me long after and made me feel that there are depths in the heart of a woman that man can never know.

The five pictures shown by Miss Mary Devens were far in advance of those exhibited by her last year. Her gum-bichromate work, while wanting the vivacity and facility of Demachy prints, is strong and shows nice taste and discrimination. Her *Portrait: Aunt Howe,* which was not unlike a Holbein drawing in style, was a very attractive piece of work, full of strength and character; but it was *The Country Road* that I liked most, although her *Willows,* No. 115, reproduced in the catalogue, was by far the more popular picture. It was one of the marked pictures of the Salon, partly because of its own individuality and partly because it was reminiscent of certain immortal canvases of painters long since dead, and on comparing it with one of them, a Corot of a somewhat similar subject, I find that the light in the sky of the painting has not the riband effect of the photograph, but is much more subtly and pleasingly diffused, melting imperceptibly into its darker portions. It is in this respect chiefly that I find the photograph at fault, most of the darker sky-parts massing too solidly, thus losing the atmospheric quality, like certain old English paintings that, owing to the inferior quality of the pigment used, have quite lost their original character and grown "blocky" in their skies. The tree in the distance is well rendered, except for the dark note in its upper left corner, (I speak of the left side of the picture, not mine as I face it), which was quite as dark as some of the darker portions of the trees in the foreground, which would hardly be true of so distant an object; but the massing foliage at the left and the foreground of the picture have been handled with singular power and feeling and are full of charm. In *A Misty Morning,* No. 117, Miss Devens exhibited one of her very interesting fog pictures, which would be much truer, it strikes me, if rendered in a grayer tone. In this picture was presented the same subject virtually that Mrs. Russell displayed in another aspect. Mrs. Russell likewise exhibited five pictures, of which the picture just referred to, *The Inner Harbor,* No. 259, was one of the most attractive, and which greatly resembled a delightful bit of Delft. Her *Wingaer Sheik,* No. 257, was a much stronger picture, if not quite so decorative, while her *Spring Time,* No. 256, was a very interesting child study.

In *Alfred,* No. 60, (Mr. John G. Bullock), was shown another child study,

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quaint and full of feeling. This picture was lighted from the side in a rather interesting manner. *Road with Cattle,* No. 61, also by Mr. Bullock, was a quiet little country scene that was both restful and pleasing.

The Eye of Day, No. 203, Nellie M. C. Knappen, was a rather pleasing bit of landscape, with a ghostly doe or cow grazing in the foreground, a circumstance that caused me no little speculation. What had the Eye of Day to do with the wandering shades of darkness?

Mr. Fraser's *Moonlight on the Plaza,* No. 134, was by no means as fine a piece of work as his Columbus Circle of last year. The picture was more interesting from a local and technical point of view than from an artistic one. Its values, too, are wanting to some extent in verity.

In *The Day's End,* No. 133, G. D. Firmin, the horizon line is rather hard and the distance not well managed, but the group of figures in the foreground is exceptionally well rendered, and in this respect Mr. Firmin has succeeded in making a picture out of one of the most unpicturesque subjects imaginable—a party of men in modern costume just returned from a long day's fishing. The average man when he goes off for a day of sea-fishing, if he really means to fish, dons the most disreputable suit of clothing that his wardrobe can furnish, and arrayed therein is anything but pleasing to the artistic eye. I know of one object only that is less so, and that is the same man on his return. The group in this picture was composed of a party of just such men beaching their fishing boat at the hour of dusk. They look tired and disappointed and go quietly about their work of landing, showing none of the evidences of a successful day. Their attitudes are easy and picturesque as they move forward through the surf dragging their boat after them—dim in the dusk of approaching night. It is hard to imagine this subject having been more ably or satisfactorily presented; and in it Mr. Firmin has scored a distinct success.

Lidia, No. 81, and *The Century,* No. 80, two posters by Allan Drew Cook, attracted much attention and suggested new fields for photographic workers, but it was in his portrait work that Mr. Cook was at his best, and the two examples, *Herbert,* No. 82, and *Mrs. O.,* No. 83, show him to be a man of quick perception and nice artistic feeling. The portrait, *Mrs. O.,* is a splendid picture of an exceptionally handsome woman. It is well spaced and shows well rendered flesh texture. But it is with children that he seems to be at his best. He evidently studies and understands their natures and wins their confidence to the point of being able to interpret them in the light of their chief characteristics truly and sympathetically. Yet as I looked at this work—pleasing as it was, I could not banish the notion that it showed certain traces of restraint, as if its maker were being held back by some influence from doing the best that he is capable of, and that only when he succeeds in absolutely asserting his individuality will he accomplish his greatest and most lasting work.

In the Refectory, No. 76, (S. Hudson Chapman), was a technically fine piece of work which I should call interesting rather than artistic; that is, it was not a picture calculated to impart æsthetic pleasure.

There was a homely charm about W. S. Clow's two pictures, *Where Trouble Ends,* No. 77, and *Who Can Tell What a Baby Thinks,* No. 78, that went to the hearts of those that loved and understood child life with all of its strange

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little incidents and woes. The manner in which the third figure was introduced into No. 78 was original, effective and daring.

Hewett A. Beasley's small picture, *The New Arrivals,* No. 40, illustrated how very much can be done towards making a pleasing picture with the simplest of material if one is blessed with the artist's instincts and knowledge enough of technique to put it into execution. I have never seen a subject of this kind so well handled in photography before. The tonal values of the picture leave little to be desired, and its composition is admirable. In its own way the picture was a little gem.

Miss Alice Austin's *Portrait,* No. 21, was a simple, refined, unostentatious example of modern portraiture.

Highland Pasture, No. 52, J. C. Brenan, was to a great extent a masterpiece. It showed a number of sheep in search of pasturage moving lazily along a mountain side that sloped gradually from right to left. They were spread out almost in line and outlined in profile against a gray sky, presenting a series of the most beautiful undulating curves that I have ever seen. They were the curves of motion and were positively rhythmical. Owing to the indifferent framing of the picture and a certain crudeness of finish it escaped my eye more than once, but upon examination I had to confess that it was one of the most attractive sheep pictures that I had ever seen.

Anson Bidwell McVay's *A Misty Morning,* No. 224, might have been an interesting picture but for the little black dog in the distance. This dog stood some way up the road, in advance of the girl in the left foreground, but the animal was so badly placed and so very black that it proved the point of power, or center of gravitation of the picture, and brought the girl and road flat against one another, and itself directly under the girl's arm—all of which, of course, was fatal to the pictorial possibilities of the picture.

Memories, No. 204, George F. Kunz, and *Spirits of Spring,* No. 226, H. W. Minns, were two very pleasing landscape pictures, done in rich silver grays. I thought at first that they were the work of the same person, so alike were they in style. They were slightly suggestive of some of Puyo's landscape work.

Early Morning, November, No. 202, E. Kingsland, was a vague, misty thing, full of poetic charm; while *Into the Treasuries of the Snow,* No. 250, William H. Roberts, which was rather a study for a picture than anything else—for it takes long familiarity with and careful study of the subject to be able to produce a snow picture that will be any way true or harmonious in the relative tonal values of its lights, shades and shadows—displayed much taste and feeling and seemed to promise more finished and better results from Mr. Roberts in the future, as it argued his ability to do more advanced work.

Evening Landscape, No. 22, F. C. Baker, Ohio. This was a very beautiful bit of landscape, well composed, rich in its suggestions of color, and brilliant in its sky, and though entirely simple, absolutely unconventional.

Not so its near neighbor, *Portrait,* No. 245, H. G. Reading, which was a very conventional picture of a man with a pipe. Technically, and as a portrait, I have no doubt that this picture was quite faultless, though it was not sufficiently attractive to call for close examination, but it seemed to me that it should have possessed other qualities to have won it admission to the Salon.

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Though all of the pictures exhibited by Miss Emma Spencer, of Ohio, were attractive, I found *Melody*, No. 270, the most interesting. It was a happy conception, that of presenting *Melody* in the shape of a fresh, sweet, earnest, childish voice, for real melody is always young and pure and unaffected. The two figures in the picture were excellently managed, and remarkably well rendered.

Hinsdale Smith exhibited three landscapes, two of which should have been excluded, as they were very faulty in composition, and appeared to have been experimental studies for *Landscape*, No. 269, which is a finished picture, pleasing in composition, and attractive as a landscape harmoniously handled.

Of Edward S. Steichens' three pictures, two call for remark, *Portrait Study*, No. 273, which was an original and effective treatment of a portrait study, though somewhat suggestive of certain of the Chap-Book portraits of some time back, and *The Lady in the Doorway*, No. 275, which was also original, if not artistic or serious. I am inclined to think that Mr. Steichen himself rather regarded it as a puzzle picture, for he on more than one occasion, I am told, set it on end and asked his friends to guess what it was. There were those who termed it *ultra impressionistic;* to me is seemed ridiculously freakish.

I stood some time before *My Lady of Visions*, No. 45, by Frank W. Birchall, trying to discover something in the picture that would give me a clue to the reason for so naming it; but my efforts met with signal failure, and in the end I felt that my time had been quite wasted, for the picture had nothing else to recommend it to the attention. To anyone who knew the person photographed it might have proved interesting—to the general observer it did not.

John Dolman's *Sun Glint on the Sea*, No. 120, was almost impressionistic—I use this word in its broadest and best, and not in its narrow and freakish sense—in its treatment, and while faulty in many respects, showed certain nice feeling in its selection and rendering.

All of Mr. Troth's pictures were interesting and possessed of some excellent pictorial qualities; but certain of them were much less strong than others, and in some of them there was a monotony that almost sapped their life. This is a characteristic that men of Mr. Troth's fine temperament have constantly to combat. In their devotion to that which is refined and delicate and quiet they often permit themselves to fall into a style which, while it means much to them because their own sympathetic natures are quickly responsive to its delicacy, too often means little or nothing to the average observer because it lacks the vigor to make him understand and appreciate its charms. *Cloisters, San Juan Capistrano*, No. 309, impressed me as being Mr. Troth's best picture of the set shown. The rendering of the sunlight in the court of the cloister and against the light hued monastic walls was exceptionally true and expressive, and as I looked at the picture I could almost feel the heat of the glaring western sun and the parching of the dry atmosphere and the profound silence of the place; and there came back to me out of the past the memory of just such a scene as this that was full of the poetry of realities that have melted into dreams. In another of Mr. Troth's pictures—a group of stately trees upon a solitary shore—the characteristic sadness of certain portions of the California coast was well depicted. There was a feeling of loneliness about the group of trees that stood guard upon the edge of the ocean-lashed coast, almost within reach of the advancing and reced-

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ing waves. Like the few old Spaniards who still linger in the land which once they ruled, they maintain an air of dignified hauteur and suppressed sadness. Perhaps the ocean will one day deprive them also of their dominion; but thus will they remain till the end. It seemed to me that the shadows of this picture called for a much stronger feeling of sunlight than Mr. Troth has imparted to it.

If Miss Van Buren used the name Madonna in picture No. 315 in the ordinary sense of the Italian word and not in the religious sense, I have simply to say that the picture was in many respects excellent, and that its chief faults lay in twined drapery or veil that hung from the left hand of the mother, which was not only disturbing, but even grotesque; and the light lines in background which seemed a little crude and too pronounced. The child's expression, too, was somewhat unpleasant. If the title was intended in the religious sense of the word I should say that the picture had not been well named, for it is not devotional, and that Miss Van Buren had fallen into the error of many of the modern painters—some few among the French and most of the English and American artists—who undertake such subjects, namely, that of thinking that in order to make a picture of the *Madonna, i. e.*, the mother of Christ—it is necessary only to present a young and pretty woman draped in a certain way holding a semi-nude infant on her lap or in her arms. One has but to study the old masters to see how false this theory is. Where the belief in any subject is absent the picture cannot have a soul.

No. 316, *A Rainy Day,* was a picture of no little interest and rendered with artistic cleverness.

Miss Virginia Prall's *From Old Virginia,* No. 244, one of the pictures reproduced in the catalogue, was in many respects a really excellent portrait study —marred, however, by the unpleasant merging into the background of the right side of the man's hat and head—the immediate result of which was the apparent distortion of that side of the sitter's head. The picture was well posed and spaced. The expression of the subject was complex, it was kindly and good humored, yet there was a something about the picture that hinted at vindictiveness.

The three pictures shown by Mr. C. Yarnall Abbott I found extremely interesting. They were all gum-bichromate prints, that apparently being Mr. Abbott's favorite medium.

The Alphabet, No. 2, a woman seated in a chair, book in hand, was well conceived and had decidedly the effect of a poster or book cover design. The one fatal defect of the picture was a patch of light on the lower corner of the lady's gown. This was most unfortunate, as it threw the rest of the picture out of balance by having two centers of light.

In *Herodias,* No. 1, Mr. Abbott had evidently striven to convey the idea of physical force and power. In this he succeeded to a great extent, the portions of the body visible showing evidence of great muscular strength and massiveness. Had the light been concentrated upon the face instead of upon the breast the effect would have been far more pleasing and artistic. The manner in which the print had been manipulated gave to it a somewhat wooden appearance. Perhaps Mr. Abbott better than anyone else realized this fact, for while in Phila-

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delphia I saw another print from this same negative in which these defects had been corrected and the picture greatly improved. *Study of a Head*, No. 3, while false and rather crudely handled in respect to the relative value of its parts—a crudeness all the more apparent because of the propinquity of M. Demachy's pictures—was the strongest and best of Mr. Abbott's pictures. The print in certain respects resembled an old Italian cartoon. The idea of this picture was well conceived and the picture itself something more than merely interesting; and had it not been for the unfortunate flatness of treatment of the hair, the harsh sharpness of the outline of the top of the head, and clogginess of the heavy shadows and masses, the picture would have proved a decided success. Mr. Abbott displayed enough force and originality in these three pictures to warrant the expectation of greater and lasting work from him in the future.

Taken as a whole, Miss Johnston's exhibition was disappointing. It was by no means representative of her best work, which seems to lie in entirely different lines—I refer to her really remarkable pictures showing classes of school-children at their different studies or engaged in different exercises—and of the seven pictures shown two alone left anything like a lasting impression. The first of these, *The Critic*, No. 173, was by far the most interesting, and though its composition was somewhat faulty the picture possessed a distinct charm. I particularly liked the manner in which the light tones (the picture was almost in a key of white), were rendered, and it did not seem to me that the picture's idea was forced, as some complained. The picture *The Geisha*, No. 174, was simply a dainty study in a Japanese costume, whose charm was materially added to by the manner in which it had been framed.

Two of Miss Ben-Yusuf's four pictures were especially striking, and no matter in what part of the room a visitor might be standing, did he chance to turn his face their way they compelled his attention. These were *Colinette*, No. 41, and *The Odor of Pomegranates*, No. 43. Like all pictures designed to illustrate an incident in book or play, No. 41 is somewhat meaningless to those not familiar with the play *Colinette*. It is too vigorous and forceful a piece of work to be passed over on that account, however, and everyone who saw the picture found it attractive; those familiar with the play because of the very clever manner in which it illustrated the conflict of love and fear and doubt raging within the mind of *Colinette*—those unfamiliar with it by reason of its tonal charm and because it excited their great curiosity as to its story.

The Odor of Pomegranates—misprinted in the catalogue so that it read the *Order*, etc., was by far the most forceful of Miss Ben-Yusuf's pictures. It represented a tall, magnificent girl simply draped in a luxurious piece of India drapery, that fell in long, flowing and voluptuously rhythmical lines to the bottom of the picture. Her left hand rested upon her perfectly rounded bosom in such a manner as to show the firm, graceful contour of the arm from elbow to wrist, while with her right she held poised in air a luscious pomegranate. Luxuriant masses of hair, into which a string of pearls had been interwoven, were coiled about the head, so as almost to conceal the face, which was presented in profile. Indeed scarcely more than the graceful lines of the neck, the firm chin and full lips were visible. The figure was posed against a darker piece of heavy oriental drapery, figured with curving lines that resembled writhing serpents, and into

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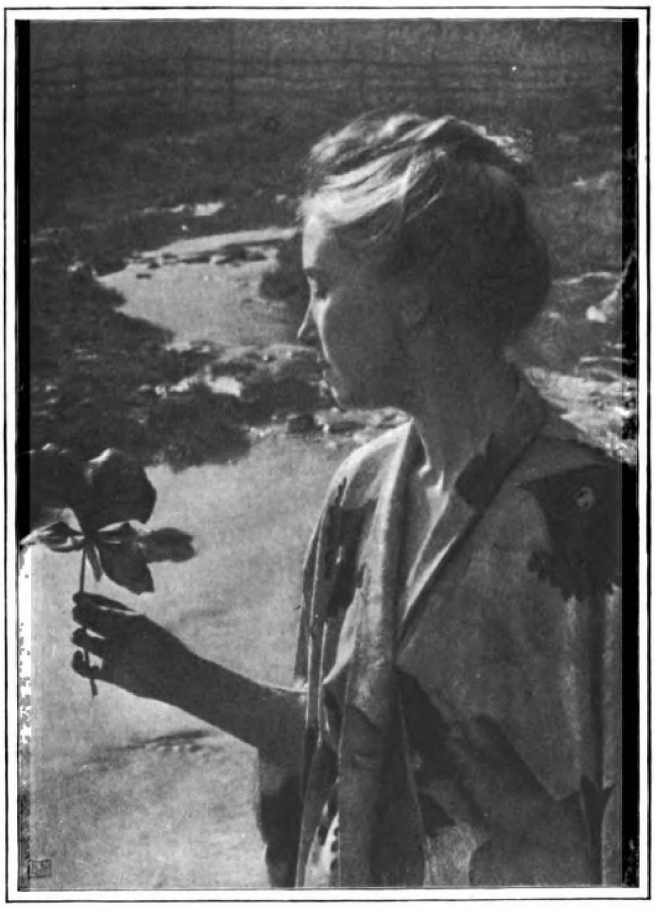
which the draped figure almost melted. There was nothing spirituelle about this picture. It was sensuous to a degree, and essentially oriental in its conception. I think that the figure would have been more stately had the hair been more clearly defined against the background, instead of melting into it, thus losing in effect the full roundness of its lines, which was really essential to the proper balance of the picture.

Miss Ben-Yusuf's *Portrait of Admiral Sampson,* No. 42, was that of a nervous little man with pinched features and sharp eyes rather near together, arched over by somewhat heavy brows. I was assured by those who knew him that it was an excellent likeness. The light spot in the lower corner of the picture, resulting from the reflecting properties of the arm of the leather-covered chair, in which the Admiral was seated, was very disturbing, while the *Portrait of Miss Elsie Lester as Lydia Languish,* No. 44, was a very clever character study.

A Winter Night, No. 6, Prescott Adamson; *Home Port,* No. 136, Daniel Francis Gay, a thoroughly decorative sea-port picture; *Peace,* No. 135, F. E. Gaither; *Rosalie,* No. 139, F. W. Geisse, a delicate study of a girl's head; *Portrait: Miss H.,* No. 164, A. Holden; *Holly Beach Fishermen,* No. 241, Mary Smyth Perkins, an interesting portrayal of Swedish fishermen, though not up to Miss Perkins' best standard; *Karl Schachner,* No. 242, Ryland Phillips; *Guardians of the Doges' Palace,* No. 249, Garrett L. Reilly, an exceptionally strong picture, full of character and fairly dazzling with sunlight; E. P. Swasey's three studies, which, besides possessing certain pictorial qualities, are striking examples of perfect technical work and tasteful framing; *Entreaty,* No. 259, J. Stogdell Stokes;



Eva L. Watson.

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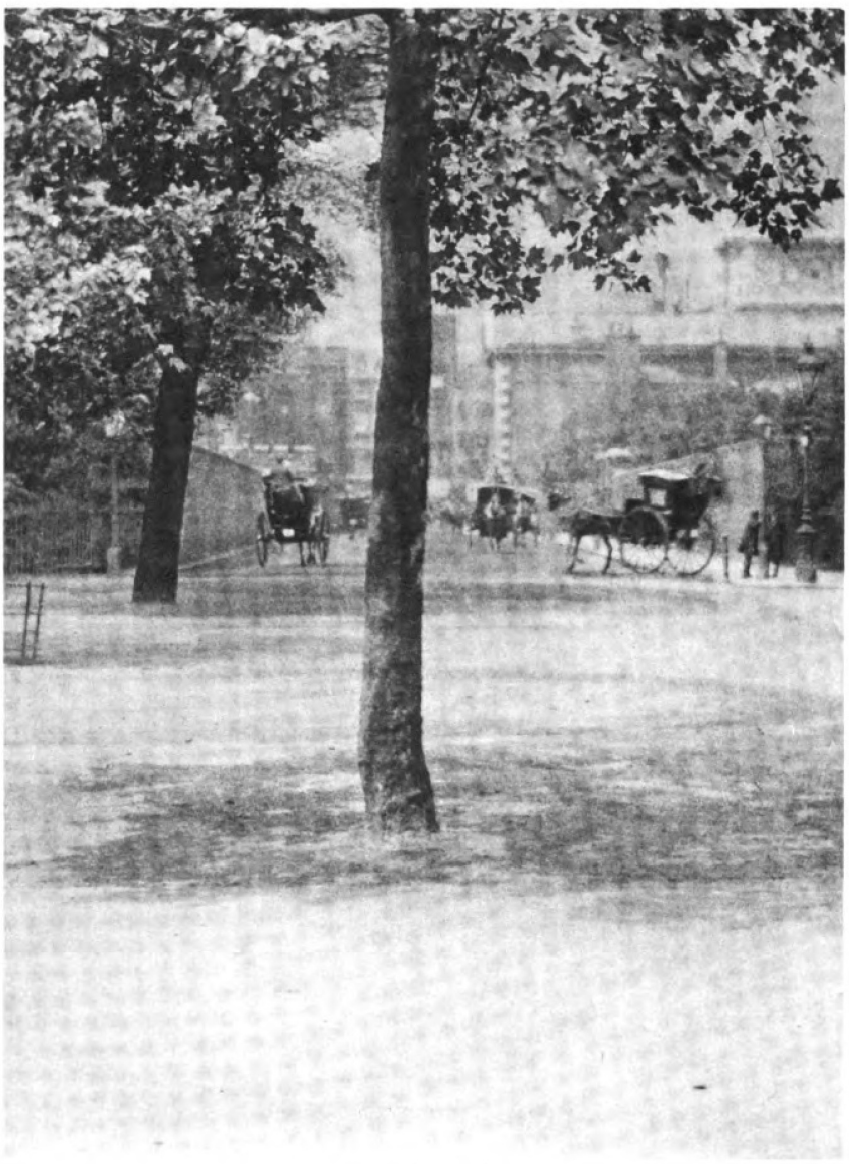

THE MALL

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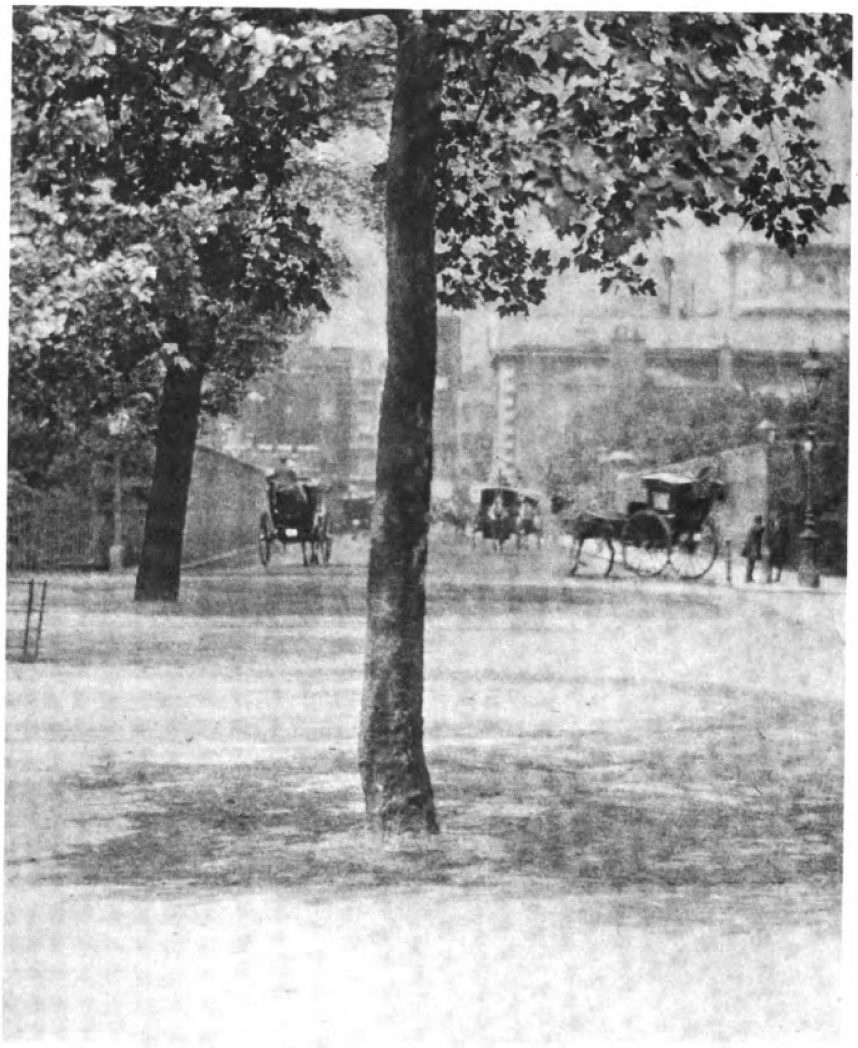

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I think that on the whole its composition was good and that it had the merit of being a successful, a pleasing picture, if not a great one. In *Gather Ye Roses While Ye May; Old Time is Still a-Flying,* No. 192, Mr. Keighley also displayed much poetic feeling. His other pictures, No. 189, a railroad photograph; No. 190, a picture of rays of light that skip dark places, and No. 191, are a different class of work, and only passably interesting.

As a member of the bar I could not fail to entertain a certain professional admiration for Mr. Crooke's pictures of *Lord Kinnear,* No. 86, *Alexander Carle, Esq.,* No. 87, and *Sheriff Comrie Thompson, Q. C.,* No. 88, they so entirely resembled modern reproductions of the old time-stained prints of Barristers, Solicitors, Queen's Counselors and Lords Chief Justice that we lawyers are so fond of ripping out of old books, framing in the stiffest manner possible for dignity's sake and hanging in our offices for the purpose of spurring us on to perpetuate ourselves in like manner, and incidentally to excite a proper sense of awe and respect in the breasts of our clients by impressing them with the fact that we attorneys belong to a superior and gifted class of the community—its intellectual and linguistic aristocracy, so to speak. Those pictures were full of that professional dignity and superiority that the lawyer so loves—and if there be any among my readers who, having seen Mr. Crooke's photographs, are inclined to question the truthfulness of their portrayal of those characteristics, let them call to mind if they know him, and if not let them seek out our own esteemed fellow citizen and international celebrity, for I understand that he has of late purchased a castle and estate in Ireland, the Honorable Barrister Nolan, of the New York bar, when all doubt will vanish into thin air. But we all have it in greater or less degree, we lawyers, down to the merest little popinjay of a shyster, whose knowledge of law would scarcely fill a thimble. Indeed, I have long since come to believe that it is this divine characteristic of personal and intellectual superiority (in judging of this we of course act as our own judge and jury), which inclines us to the study of the law. To medicine, of course, we could never take, for eminently respectable as it is to-day, we cannot forget that in its pristine simplicity its profession was part of the repertoire of that loquacious and menial member of the community, the barber, and that originally the medico's coat-of-arms consisted of three pills rampant on a soup-plate pendant with a semicircular fragment chipped out of its upper edge. Mr. Crooke's pictures were, from a technical point of view, beautiful pieces of work. The background consisted in most cases of a heavily draped window—and the view out of the window was cleverly varied in the different pictures by the use in the aperture of the window of a series of out door views that just filled with precision the space to be covered.

Mr. Job's picture, *Snow and Sunshine,* No. 170, was disturbing because of its sky, whose clouds were unpleasantly like puffs of cigar smoke.

Farmstead, No. 19, (W. S. Aston), was spoiled by too much foreground. Otherwise the picture was well spaced and its general effect pleasing.

The Quay Side, No. 169, (Job), is a subject very similar to a picture by Mrs. Russell shown in the same exhiibtion. The latter picture was handled with a delightful appreciation of the picturesque possibilities of the subject, and while by no means a masterpiece, was certainly a very decorative bit, full of refinement

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and feeling. Such was not the case, however, with print No. 169, which was neither vague enough to excite the imagination—hard enough to shock—or picturesque enough to attract—in a word it was simply a good photograph.

Of Mr. Mummery's two pictures, that entitled *Unveiled Her Peerless Light, and o'er the Dark Her Silver Mantle Threw,* No. 231, alone seemed to call for special notice. It was so framed and matted that its really great charm almost escaped me. Executed in soft blacks and luminous grays that had all the quality of charcoal, this little night scene is truly nocturnal in its feeling, and it certainly stood in a class by itself. Some who looked at it objected to the brightness of the rising moon. For my own part I found nothing to object to in this or in anything else in the picture except the artist's printed name on the lower corner of the print, which, besides not being in the best of taste, was most injurious to the picture because of the rigidity and heaviness of the letters.

In *Afternoon,* No. 217, (Vicount Maitland), *On the Way,* No. 218, (Maitland), and *Suffolk Lowlands,* No. 227, (L. Morgan), *An Outcast on the Essex Saltings,* No. 228, (L. Morgan), the sky portions of the pictures seemed to clash with their other parts, and this is a fatal defect, as harmony of parts is one of the essential elements of a perfect picture. This clashing was especially noticeable in No. 218. When we behold such a sky as this in nature the foreground with all of the details is taken in by the eye only as an incident, and appears as a massing of shadowy lines and forms against the sky beyond. In this picture, however, the foreground has been rendered with painful exactness. The resulting effect is extremely disturbing and unpicturesque. No. 228 hardly tells its own story.

Of the seven pictures shown by A. Horsley Hinton, *Sylvan Solitude,* No. 162, appealed to me the most strongly. Indeed it has left a more permanent impression than any other picture by him that I have yet seen, and has caused me to regret that I am but indifferently familiar with his work. If I am not greatly mistaken it is a picture that one could live with and grow fonder of with more intimate knowledge of it, which, after all, is the crucial test of the depth of a picture—and which cannot be said of the majority of the few pictures of Mr. Hinton which I know. The picture presents to us a forest hillside well wooded with ancient trees that outline their majestic forms against a sky that hints of advancing night or coming storm. The sloping hillside is carpeted with soft gray moss that has all the appearance of never having been disturbed by the foot of man. One cannot look upon this picture without feeling the peace of such solitudes as this, where no sound is heard save, perhaps, the snapping of a dry twig under foot—the song of some forest warbler—or the music of plashing brook, where far removed from the hardening influence of the tumultuous passions and ceaseless strife of inhabited places, man communes again with Mother Earth—and through the refreshing and inspiring influence of her sublime beauty feels the nobility of his manhood within his soul and awakens to the paltry meanness of most of the ambitions of the world.

Of the other pictures shown by Mr. Hinton, *The Headland,* No. 158, was perhaps the most striking—yet neither this nor the remaining pictures gave me more than a passing pleasure. They lack something that is essential to a picture's immortality. Whether it be that they are false in their renderings I am

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not prepared to say—for while I am familiar with English landscape—I am not sufficiently familiar with it to pass critical judgment upon it, and I have no desire to fall into the error of certain European critics, who, being ignorant of landscape and sky effect in America, have undertaken to demonstrate the falseness of certain of Mr. Stieglitz's snow scenes, than which I have never seen anything more perfect, and which I know were the result of years of very careful study of winter effects, and to ridicule the tone of the sky portion of one of Mr. Eickemeyer's recent pictures. Let me say in passing that the picture whose sky was so generally ridiculed by the English critics was one of the most poetic things that Mr. Eickemeyer ever created—but the yellow sky, because unnatural to them, seemed to blind all the English critics to its every other charm. Ary Scheffer's enemies declared that he painted exclusively with snuff and green soap—yet Heine did not allow either of these to get into his eyes to the extent of blinding him to the merits of Scheffer's work.

There were certain qualities in Italian, French and English paintings that I never understood till I had visited those countries, though, I doubt not, that previously I had more than once presumed to comment upon them; and since then, realizing how very silly some of my early comments must have been, I have made it a rule never to pass judgment upon that concerning which I am indifferently informed. It is to be hoped that in time certain English and American critics will learn the same lesson.

After the Storm, No. 206, George Lamley, was a satisfactory marine bit, very suggestive of Harrison's paintings of the sea.

J. A. Sinclair's picture, No. 266, entitled *Twilight,* raised a doubt in my mind as to whether my own conception of twilight was the correct one.

Paul Martin's two pictures, *A Frosty Night,* No. 219, and *A Winter's Night on the Embankment,* No. 220, were most interesting, not only from a picturesque, but from an historical point of view, as Mr. Martin was one of the first Englishmen to undertake night photography, making his experiments in England at the same time that Mr. Stieglitz was making the initial experiments in this country—each working without any knowledge that the other was laboring along the same lines. Mr. Martin's pictures seemed to me somewhat hard and unatmospheric, otherwise they were quite perfect in their way.

During the time that I spent at the Salon I never stood before No. 46, *Iris,* without marvelling how the picture came to be hung—for the picture was badly spaced and brutally hard, and conveyed nothing of the delicacy of the flower. It is difficult, of course, to render in a picture the exquisite delicacy and grace of a flower; but that it can be done I know, for I have before me as I write a picture of this same subject by Miss Eva L. Watson, that portrays the flower with all of its delicate grace and beauty: yet I do not exaggerate when I say that the stem of the flower shown in picture No. 46 looked as though it might be used for a heavy club. As a chart for the use of the student, to enable him to study with care the flower's different parts, it might have served admirably; but as a piece of pictorial work it was, in my judgment, the saddest kind of a failure.

My Nephew, No. 79, Archibald Cochrane, while not as large as his picture of last year, was well worthy of study.

None the less interesting because of its small size, was F. A. Bolton's

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Shades of Evening, No. 98. It was a narrow river or canal scene, the stream flowing outwards, so that both banks were visible, and was well treated, and showed much imagination and feeling—its pictorial value being pronounced.

Mr. J. P. Croft sent one of his delightfully poetic pictures entitled *On the Hillside,* No. 84, that was full of a vague dreaminess that appealed to the imagination. Like most of Mr. Croft's pictures, it possessed a quiet charm and refined originality that was truly admirable.

Of the two pictures shown by W. F. Greatbatch, No. 142, *Sunshine and Shadow,* a woodland bit that displayed no little appreciation of the charm of leaf-filtered light, was by far the best.

J. C. Warburg's *At the Spring,* No. 322, cannot be passed over unnoticed, for it certainly possessed a distinct charm and fascination. Its studied irregularity, its vagueness, its odd side strip, all challenged attention. Most of those who saw it denounced it at first, but I noticed that later on they went back to it, and that the oftener that they saw it, the milder was their condemnation.

A Greek Girl, No. 207, A. B. Langfield, was a quiet study of the nude in the open air. It was in no way offensive, and quite in advance, in many respects, of the work shown by Mr. Langfield at the last Salon. I saw nothing distinctly Greek about the model, and presume that the picture was so named to blunt the edge of any feeling that might arise against it, on the score of its nudeness; for education and habit have accustomed us to associate the idea of nudeness with Greek art. There is unquestionably a strong feeling against the making of pictures of the nude by means of the camera. This prejudice, while to a great extent justified, is frequently carried to the extreme of narrowness. Within proper limitations, the study of the nude in photography is desirable; beyond such limitations, it is to be condemned, for it is apt to be abused, quite as much as it has been by a large number of modern painters, who yearly flood the continental exhibitions of Europe with countless numbers of pictures of the nude, neither elevating nor refining, and executed, to all appearances, solely for the purpose of showing upon canvas in public that which in real life the code of decency, both of the ancient and modern world, would unqualifiedly condemn as subversion of the morals of the community.

Of Robert Demachy's work I had seen a sufficient number of original examples and reproductions, and had heard enough to cause me to look forward with interest to the opportunity of seeing ten carefully selected examples of his art, for it is reasonable to suppose that when one is invited to exhibit pictures at a first-class exhibition, he will, if he be possessed of a proper sense of propriety, send either his best work or decline to participate; especially when that exhibition is to be held in a foreign country. And M. Demachy did send ten very characteristic examples, three of which were the strongest of his pictures that I had ever seen. This set of pictures confirmed me in the opinion that, while he can do strong work, strength is not one of his chief characteristics, and that as a rule his work is dainty and decorative, rather than big in conception. He handles his gum-bichromate medium with great dexterity, and his technique is almost faultless, but in his choice of subjects he seems to incline more to things that are *chic,* than to those that are forceful: at least, by such work is he best known, and upon it is most of his reputation based. Yet three of the pictures

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shown by him at Philadelphia were essentially powerful pictures. *Stormy Weather,* No. 111, for example, was the picture of a majestic headland jutting out into a threatening sea. There was an angry snap about the lights and atmosphere of the picture that boded no good to the mariner, while fierce clouds hustled along through the sky, as if determined to blot out the few lingering traces of the light of day. Some few of the touches of daylight that fell upon the parts of the picture that were in shadow seemed themselves to emanate from darkness, but I hesitate to state this as a positive fact, as I had some doubt in my own mind, concerning this point, even after examining the picture. They simply seemed to me untrue.

As an excellent reproduction of another of the three pictures referred to, *Mentone: Noon,* No. 112, will be found elsewhere in this number of CAMERA NOTES, I will say but a word concerning it. It is a splendid piece of work, full of local color and atmosphere, and almost faultless as to its composition and values. To really appreciate how fine this picture is one must have visited Mentone, and have come to know it familiarly.

The third picture, *Thistles,* No. 105, was not a favorite, yet for me it had a distinct charm. The picture was taken from such a view point that the hedges of thistles were outlined against the distant sky, with nothing to intervene, nothing to contrast. As we are accustomed to see trees, rather than thistles, so outlined, the natural result was that to the humble weed was given an unfamiliar prominence, and a seemingly Gulliverian hugeness. To this fact, probably, was due its want of popularity, for in homely subjects, such as this, most observers look for the natural, as they know it, and failing to find it, they are all too frequently moved to condemn the picture, without further examination. The picture was most suggestive of strength and very decorative.

Children, No. 107, the picture reproduced as the frontispiece of the catalogue, I had seen rendered as a design for a fan, and found that treatment and spacing much more pleasing. The spotting, as some call it, was rather good, but in its general effect the arrangement was very disturbing. The boy's hands should have been in entire repose, or had their occupation clearly explained, so that it would not have been possible for them to suggest the ludicrous idea that they evoked in the mind of nearly every observer. I could not but wonder, as I looked at the *Student,* No. 113, whether the spacing of this picture had any significance, and if Demachy intended to suggest that his student had progressed far—so very much space did he leave behind him on the picture. Of his remaining pictures I have but to add that they were decorative in some degree, and had a certain finish—a characteristic of much of the French work. Their subjects, however, did not appeal to me, and their notanistic charm was not sufficiently marked to render them pleasing from a purely sensuous point of view.

A Head, No. 106, was decorative; *Primavera,* No. 108, *Medallion,* No. 109, *Study in Red,* No. 110, were somewhat pretty; *Study of Reflected Light,* No. 114, was quiet.

Maurice Brémard's pictures, *Study,* No. 49, *Profile,* No. 50, *Study of Light,* No. 51, were all strong, but impressed one as being rather unfinished, and studies for rather than finished pictures; No. 49 alone having anything like a finished appearance.

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Sidney Herbert.

The Team, No. 94, L. Dardonville, possessed certain admirable qualities of tone and action, but it seemed to me that its rendering of movement was false, as is frequently the case with pictures taken instantaneously: a fault noticeable also in Stieglitz's well known *Wet Day on the Boulevard.*

The Open Sea, No. 57, Maurice Bucquet, did not in any way convey to me the feeling of an open sea. His *Labor,* No. 53, and *The Charcoal Burner's Hut,* No. 59, I found quite interesting, the former especially so; while his *Group of Cattle,* No. 56, was very well worth study.

The Promenade, No. 208, René Le Begue, found many admirers. It was the picture of two graceful women, dressed in Greek costume, strolling through a picturesque wood, by which a river ran. It assuredly possessed a picturesque charm, and was in the spirit of certain recent French fresco painting, but it impressed me as being somewhat incongruous—perhaps because the landscape seemed too modern for the costumes. Yet, thought I scarcely liked this picture, it left upon my mind a lasting impression.

In the Cloister, No. 329, Margaret Watson, was not devoid of interest. Indeed, it presented rather well a bit of Italian local color, though it might have been made a much stronger picture, for I know those scenes, and can well appreciate their great pictorial possibilities.

Head of a Girl, No. 252, by R. W. Robinson, has certain pleasing qualities of light and line, but unhappily for the picture it is sufficiently like in general effect to a well known picture of the fascinating Lady Hamilton of Nelson fame to invite comparison to the injury of the photograph. The lower portion of the arm is treated in such a way as to spoil its symmetry and to give to it an unpleasant heaviness.

On the Hither Side of Night, No. 253, (R. W. Robinson), impressed me as hard—badly handled and scarcely interesting—and certainly not in keeping with Mr. Robinson's reputation, while *Becalmed,* No. 251, and *The Golden Close of Evening,* No. 254, impressed me as being simply conventional.

Mr. Calland's *Barley Mowers,* No. 74, had in it the making of a very fine picture of country life, but owing to certain defects of composition the picture was very badly out of balance. But *In the Row: London,* No. 75, can scarcely

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be improved upon. The subject is not one that appeals to my personal liking, but for what it is, it is the best thing of the kind that I know. It is full of character and action and is treated in a masterly manner that places Mr. Calland in the front rank of serious photographic workers.

Rose Trail, No. 69, and *Vine Leaves,* No. 70, by Carine Cadby, were interesting as delicate color studies of trailing leaves, and much in advance of most of the painted things of the kind with which I am familiar.

The pictures of H. W. Barnett, Nos. 33 to 39, while somewhat conventional, were executed with great taste and refinement and evidenced an intimate familiarity with the style of some of England's best portrait painters of the past, both in their style and composition. Several of these pictures were faulty in composition, and one was so trimmed (it was cut in circular form), as to exaggerate the unsymmetrical lines of the composition of the subject—crowding the figure, seemingly, into a very awkward attitude. Of these pictures—*Memories,* No. 34, *The Princess,* No. 35, and *Agnes Romney,* No. 36, were much the most attractive. In the case of the picture of the violin player the picture was rather unfortunately cut in two by the violin and most disturbing in its composition in consequence.

Tears, No. 71, (Will Cadby), was the photograph of a child partly draped in what appeared to be a portion of a lace shawl or curtain and supposed to be weeping from the fact that it had its knuckles screwed into its eyes; while *Blossoms* (?), No. 72, was a Bergesque production *à la Magdalene,* which lacked both force and purpose. *There Came a Big Spider,* No. 73, can only be described in jingle:

A wall with a fall,
A spider dried,
Nude child beside,
Wraps and leaves,
Frame from eaves.

Apropos of the frame, some one referred to the English frames as lumberyards, and I must confess that the characterization was most apt—for with some notable exceptions they were ungainly, massive affairs, made seemingly from the same sort of molding from which the eaves of old frame houses were constructed.

Mr. Craigie's *Portrait: George Batten,* No. 91, was one of the best examples of forceful portrait work shown in the Salon. The head was strong, well poised and lighted, and full of character, without being unpleasantly sharp. The neckcloth and collar seemed to me a trifle brilliant for the subdued tones of the balance of the picture. The framing of the picture was atrocious.

Dr. John Todhunter, No. 126, *G. A. Story, Esq., R. A.,* No. 127, and *Portrait Study: A Jewess,* No. 128, three pictures by F. H. Evans, were so wretchedly spaced and horribly framed that the observer was tempted to pass them without looking at them twice. A careful examination showed rather good modeling and an evident effort to convey something of the character of the sitter—but when it comes to giving Dr. Todhunter a complexion as jaundiced as the bindings of some of his illustrious namesake's mathematical works, I think that some one should call a halt. I have since seen this picture reproduced in

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black and white, and thus rendered and freed from the damning influence of its frame, which was not in evidence in the reproduction, the picture looked vastly better. Picture No. 127 was anæmic in tone, while No. 128 was as chalky as some of England's own cliffs. As fragmentary studies these prints were interesting, as finished pictures they were not.

An Evening Sky, No. 129, also by Evans, suggested possibilities only to show how far they had been missed; while *In Surrey Wood,* No. 130, is a puzzle picture, which, till closely examined, strikingly resembled a posterior view of a line of ostriches with their heads buried in the ground raising a cloud of dust. The picture is tastelessly matted and framed. In No. 131, *Gloucester Cathedral: In the North Transept,* Mr. Evans was seen at his best. This was really a fine bit of architectural work and worthy of careful study. It is in this work that Mr. Evans is most happy and successful.

As I stood before No. 68, *Le Monde, c'est ce qui m'amuse,* A. Burchett, I heard a dainty little lady say: "Nice dress—nice gloves—nice parasol—but her hat! It's shockingly out of style—and I guess she must know it, too, she looks so distressed." This, one of the largest pictures shown, was certainly not an example of high art—and the little lady above referred to classed it well—it was little better than a clever fashion plate. Its most distinguished feature was its French title. No. 67, *Caller Herrin',* A. Burchett, was evidently intended for a character or type study. The motive that prompted the attempt is all that I can commend, for the picture itself was false, posey, and wanting in atmosphere. The girl's eyes were not the eyes of a simple fish-vender, but of a charming little Miss—who was entirely conscious that she was having her picture taken. Her soft and faultlessly clean hands never carried a fish basket about nor handled fish, and the basket itself is a marvel of cleanliness—bearing never a stain. The spacing of the picture is rather well managed—but the picture as a picture is insincere. No. 64, *Winter,* Arthur Burchett. Such a title is too comprehensive to be bestowed on a picture like this, which shows merely a snow-covered landscape, in which the snow was badly rendered, the composition poor and the subject very commonplace. It neither presented nor suggests to the imagination anything of the bleakness of winter with its whistling winds, its driving storms, its icy-whisperings of weird frozen mysteries, or its prefigurations of death.

The title of a picture will invariably betray how much or how little its maker is in sympathy with his work. It is amusing to note the misfit qualities of many titles; it is depressing and significant also, for such work, though it may be pleasing, is never deep and often not sincere, and it rarely happens that its author ever goes beyond it into higher and nobler fields of intellectual and artistic activity.

Apropos of titles, I quite clearly recall the explanation given by a gentleman well known in the photographic world, of the title of one of his exhibits, that had caused much speculation among those who had noted it. "After I had concluded to arrange this exhibit thus," he said, "my friends and I got together to select a name for it, and we decided upon this name because we concluded that it would give people something to think about." "Then your title and arrangement was merely an after thought?" I asked. "Precisely," was the reply. This

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reminded me of an experience that I once had with an Italian who turned plaster into gold by selling casts and plaster reproductions of well known masterpieces. I had ordered from him a mask of Cicero and another of Demosthenes. When the masks reached me I had no trouble in recognizing the features of the eloquent citizen of Rome, but that of Demosthenes filled me with consternation, for he had lost his beard and grown quite stout. Yet with much eloquence my Italian friend assured me that it *was* Demosthenes. Despite this fact, however, it has always been my private opinion that the vender of casts, having discovered that he did not have Demosthenes in stock, had made a plaster cast of the face of his father-in-law and called it after the Greek. And after all, as one of the defenders of this method of naming pictures put it: "Parents don't name their children till after they are born, especially in America, where to call a boy *Marie* would mean juvenile persecution on the part of his future schoolfellows and lifelong impertinence from all the *funny* people he chanced to know."

To No. 63, also called *Winter*, Arthur Burchett, the same objection applies. As a mere study of trees the texture was very well portrayed, but the trees themselves were entirely too black and individually too assertive, each demanding separate attention.

Reedy Wastes, No. 18, W. Smedley Aston, was a landscape that reminded me somewhat of certain of Hinton's pictures. The manner of the treatment of the subject and the naming of the picture displayed no real feeling for its artistic qualities, for while the sky possessed some little charm, the distance was not well rendered, and the reeds in the foreground were peculiarly aggressive, but not sufficiently impressive to suggest the picture's title, the interest actually centering in the sky.

I found the frames of Nos. 295 and 297, W. Thomas, quite original. The former contained a clever photograph of a dog, and was called in the catalogue *Cats;* the latter, a salt-sprinkled landscape, entitled *Winter*. No. 298 was a picture of a number of sheep. The catalogued title is *Disturbed*. Its effect on the observer was disturbing. It had all the appearance of a plain or hillside that has been hit underneath either by an earthquake or the hammer of Thor, and set vibrating in a most remarkable manner. While I was observing the picture a gentleman alongside of me, who had been examining an adjoining picture, turned his eyes upon this one. Instantly he grasped the distance-bar in front of him and exclaimed in shaky tones: "Great heavens, look at that *Dizzy-type!*"

Pictures Nos. 296, *Autumn*, 299, *Woodland Graces*, 302, *In a Kentish Wood*, other examples of Mr. Thomas' work, were broad expanses of trees, fern and frames. No. 301, *Sunset in the Pool*, was perhaps the most pleasing of all his pictures, because the least visible—thanks to its modest dimness—while No. 300, *A Summer Evening*, possessed certain merit because of the manner in which the water was indicated.

Mr. Harold Baker displayed ten pictures, Nos. 23-32. No. 26, *Miss Lily Hanbury*, was chiefly remarkable for the jewelry worn by the subject. It was pretty jewelry. No. 31, *Stratford-on-Avon in February*, was simply a waste of space; No. 29, *Portrait in Costume*, was of a costume with a man in it; No. 25, *Grey Avon's Peace*, appeared somewhat better than No. 31, while No. 28, *A. Horsley Hinton, Esq.*, was an example of Mr.

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Horsley Hinton's great forbearance. I heard more than one person say as they looked at this picture, that never again could they like Mr. Hinton's pictures as well as they did before having seen this portrait of him. No. 30, *The Countess of Warwick*, the picture of a very charming woman, was rather well posed, and rendered flesh and textural values with a considerable degree of truth; No. 27, *Edward R. Taylor, Esq.*, was an example of the horrible possibilities of photography. The general impression created by *A Pleasant Story*, No. 24, was that the lady must have been indulging in very light literature from the way in which the book floats in air, supported at one end by the tip of a tapering finger touched to the leaves, and at the other by a downy pillow; No. 23 was the portrait of a rather charming child, while No. 32, *Room in Which Shakespeare Was Born*, seemed somewhat untrue in line.

IV.

"Can you tell me, sir, if it be the purpose of that picture to teach that in the last battle it will be the Powers of Darkness that will win the victory? If so, the idea is a horrible one—as horrible and repulsive as that black figure that is the center piece of the triptych; and that is so brutal and repulsive that it makes my flesh creep to look at it." I had been standing for some little while before Mr. Day's pictures attentively examining the group which he had entitled *Armageddon*, No. 97, when I was thus addressed, and turning in the direction whence the rather fine voice proceeded I saw almost at my side a little old lady in black, who could not have been less than seventy years of age. Her black garb, which was that of mourning, was of the simplest character and gave absolutely no clue to the lady's circumstances or social standing, and though it hinted just a trifle at wear, one could gather little or nothing from the circumstance. Her face, which was well furrowed by time, was kindly and intelligent, but her eyes, which were brown in color, had been in no way bedimmed by the blinding ravage of years, for they saw without the aid of glasses and were bright and penetrating. And the brain behind those eyes I soon found had lost none of its keenness with advancing age. "I am inclined to the opinion," I replied, "that Mr. Day's æsthetic temperament would make such an idea repulsive to him, and that in so grouping these pictures he had no intention of conveying any such meaning. I myself have been studying the pictures attentively for the purpose of discovering if any definite meaning can be read into this grouping of subjects, and I have found a meaning which appears to me to fit. It is this: Armageddon (mountain of destruction), as you are doubtless aware, is a place in Samaria, east of Cæsarea, noted for its scenes of carnage. Following this idea we readily associate with it the idea of a battlefield on which many have died and upon which many shall die—and passing on a step further we begin to look upon it as the field upon which each man fights his fight with the powers of darkness, and either conquers or is overcome. Bearing this in mind, let us examine the picture. You will note that the central figure—that of the semi-nude African, who impresses you so unfavorably—stands passive and immobile, with spear in hand, ready to strike his victim without warning. The picture to his left is that of a beautiful veil-draped woman lying asleep in a quiet daphnean grove upon the skin of a leopard; while that to his right shows a figure seated

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upon the ground in a rugged wood, its arms resting upon its knees and supporting the head, which is bowed in thought or sleep. The figure is nearly nude, its drapery having slipped almost entirely away from it. Through the trees in the background can be seen a river brilliant with reflected light. If you will now recall the verse of the Apocalypse immediately preceding that in which Armageddon is mentioned, which is the sixteenth of the sixteenth chapter, you will remember that it runs thus: 'Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked and they see his shame.' You will also recall that in another place in the Apocalypse the unclean, beautiful Babylon is represented as seated upon a leopard. Therefore the picture may be interpreted to mean that Death comes unannounced like a thief, and that if man sleepeth upon the skin of the leopard or dream idly within the shadow of the wood the powers of darkness may be victorious—but that if he remember that his enemy is always armed—and that his step is noiseless and his blow delivered under cover of darkness—the Stygian stream will seem to him bright in his passage instead of somber, and the powers of darkness and not he will be conquered. However, when I asked Mr. Day about the matter I understood him to say that he had no such idea in mind when he grouped the three pictures."

The grouping of these three pictures was very effective, though just a trifle theatrical. Almost adjoining was one of Mr. Day's much discussed crucifixion pictures. It consisted of a cross, to which the body of a nearly nude man was fastened, erected upon a sterile piece of ground, having for a sky a blank white space. The picture was cut nearly in two from side to side by the crossbar of the crucifix. From the artistic point of view it was hard—wanting in atmosphere and absolutely undevotional. It was remarkably like one of the terribly crude representations of the crucifixion stamped on the cheapest grade of German mortuary cards. The chief interest of the picture lay in the nature of the subject which Mr. Day had chosen. The body, though thin, was not emaciated from the fasting, agony and bloody-sweat, the stripping and crowning with thorns, and finally the terrible journey to Calvary. There was nothing of this in this figure, with its painted wound upon its side. The face exhibited no sign of this; it simply wore an expression of æsthetic appreciation, nothing more. And yet this is exhibited as a serious conception of the Divine Christ, upon whom hundreds of thousands look as the Son of God and Redeemer of the World. I am confident that in making it Mr. Day was entirely serious and that he entertained unbounded intellectual respect for the subject which he treated, and that he had no intention of desecrating what many of his fellow men hold deeply sacred. Yet I can quite understand the horror of those who regard the crucifixion of Jesus Christ as the *most sorrowful, the most momentous, the most sacred event of all history*, when they looked upon the picture in question and realized that it was nothing more than the photograph of a modern man, whom some recognized, gotten up to represent the dying Christ; and I can fully appreciate their indignation when they exclaimed: "How dare he presume to impersonate, good though he may be, or procure another to impersonate the Divine Christ. It is blasphemous."

Mr. Day has been severely criticized for this work both here and abroad,

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and several English critics have stepped from the legitimate field of criticism and entered into the personal, and insinuated that his object in undertaking it was purely a financial one. No one who knows Mr. Day will entertain such an idea for a moment. Whatever his object may have been, he certainly never undertook this work for the purpose of reaping financial benefit therefrom, and such inuendoes are worthy only of contempt. Let critics be as severe as they please, but let them not forget that when they attempt to abuse their position by endeavoring, under the cloak of criticism, to injure a man's personal reputation with the public, by attributing to him mean, or contemptible, and in this particular instance, Judas-like motives, they are rather apt—unless there be circumstances sufficiently strong to justify them in their course—to win for themselves in the minds of all fair-minded people the unenviable distinction of belonging to a class designated by another term than that of *gentleman.*

Puck, No. 95, was a rather crude specimen of glycerine-developed print, and was rather disagreeable from the fact the child had moved during the exposure of the plate, thus giving to its figure two distinct outlines.

Menelek, No. 96, was rather unpleasantly posed, and its lower limbs struck me as being considerably out of drawing.

In grouping together his pictures, *Beauty is Truth,* etc., and the dead Christ, Mr. Day brought into strong contrast the purely pagan idea so admirably illustrated by Petronius, *arbiter elegantiae,* that the enjoyment of refined, elegant, sensuous beauty alone was the highest purpose and motive of existence, with the Christian teaching that man's one object in life was that of attaining spiritual perfection, and that in order to accomplish this end he must constantly deny himself and hold to the great truth of life immortal, even though he have to face physical death in consequence. Originally, I believe, no idea was entertained of so grouping these two pictures, but the intellectual pleasure of thus poetically presenting so strong a pictorial antithesis was, I fancy, the reason for their being brought together in this way. It struck me as being rather characteristic of Mr. Day's style that the pagan idea was given the first place—for I have long felt that Mr. Day approached all of his subjects, whether representations of *Christ* or such themes as *Ebony and Ivory,* from a purely Greek point of view, and that it is on that account that they rarely move the observer to any stronger feeling than that of a cold, intellectual admiration. This may also arise from the fact that many of his pictures are artistic from the literary standpoint rather than from any other.

Portrait: Leung Foo, No. 98, had all the appearance of being a very excellent portrait study. *The Lacquer Box,* No. 99, was the picture of a youth arrayed in a Chinese upper garment with a Turkish fez upon his head that permitted the hair on the fore part of the head to fall forward over the brow in a style that I believe is still referred to as "bangs." The hands, though not oriental hands, had been so remarkably well posed that they presented a distinctly eastern appearance. They were engaged in the act of opening a small lacquer box. The face showed a strange commingling of fine feeling and viciousness. The eyes, which looked directly out of the picture, were set with a strange, almost hypnotic stare, as though moved by some strange dread. Evidently the picture was not intended to illustrate the charming Japanese legend of Urashi-

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ma Taro and the lacquered box tied about with a silver cord that was given him by the sea god's daughter, and which he so foolishly opened! Then as I looked at the picture there flashed back to me the memory of another eastern legend that had to do with a beautiful young pilgrim, who in reality was a Nogitsune that had assumed the form of a man for the purpose of traveling from place to place, to make mischief among men and cause friend to misunderstand and turn against friend. If attacked while wearing the form of man he could be put to death, but none could discover his identity unless his shadow fell upon water, when the shadow that appeared was not that of a man but that of a Nogitsune; and whenever he had reason to suspect that his identity had been discovered he would quickly open a little lacquer box which he carried about his person, whereupon he would immediately become invisible to the human vision. Was it this legend, I wonder, that Mr. Day had in mind when he made the picture of *The Lacquer Box?*

Mr. Day's *Vas Lachrymarum* seems to have been suggested by the picturesque possibilities of the handsome stairway in the picture's left and the dark niche to the right of it.

On turning to Mrs. Käsebier's pictures, which immediately adjoined those of Mr. Day, I found the little old lady in black standing before that entitled *The Manger,* No. 180. Her eyes and face wore an expression so different from that excited by Mr. Day's pictures that I turned quickly to the picture to discover the cause, when I saw before me one of the most remarkable photographs that I have ever seen. It was the picture of a young virgin seated in the corner of a rough stable by the side of a manger holding an infant figure to her breast. Both infant and woman were clothed in some soft white or delicate gray material. The former was so swathed about that its general outline alone could be distinguished, while the garments of the latter fell about her person in the most beautiful lines and folds imaginable, and from her head down either side to the floor hung a thin, transparent white veil, symbolic of innocence. Light filtered in through the window in the upper left corner of the picture's background in soft rays, that lingered where they fell upon the veil and white garments, with a soft, rich brilliance that is impossible to describe. The beautiful, girlish head was bent reverentially over the form of the infant in speechless adoration, while from the form of the child there seemed to emanate a delicate illumination that actually seemed to light the picture. The picture needed no title, it told its own story at a glance, and there was about it an air of purity and holiness that inspired a sense of reverence in the breasts of even the most indifferent of those who looked upon it. After a reasonable time had elapsed I turned to my neighbor to learn, if possible, her opinion, for she who had discussed Day's pictures so readily had not uttered a word concerning this, and I discovered that she was still looking fixedly at the picture and that her eyes were moist and that her lip was trembling slightly. Day's pictures had stirred her intellectually—this one had done more—it had touched her heart. "I am an old woman," she said finally, "and have seen many pictures and am not readily moved by them, for most pictures are soulless and conventional, but this is very beautiful—very holy."

Ah! little old lady, yours after all is the greatest criticism. When a picture so affects that we begin immediately coldly to discuss its merits, I fear that such a picture is lacking in the essential element of greatness and immortality—a soul—while, on the other hand, when we are drawn to a picture by some charm which we cannot and do not try to explain, but which holds us before it and excites within us a feeling of sincere delight, so that it never enters our heads to look for its faults or to try and hunt for an agreeable feature in it, that we may be able to say something pleasant to its maker when next we meet—then indeed

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is it apt to have infused into it something of the immortal soul of its maker, and be destined to live like all immortal thoughts either penned, painted or graven, long after its creator has passed into the realm of Shades. The picture's technique was remarkable, and for this and its other qualifications did it deserve to rank as a great picture, if not as the masterpiece of the Salon.

La Grand'mère, No. 185, came next in the order of rank. It was a splendid picture of a quaint old Breton peasant woman. There was a pathetic expression upon the old woman's face as she stood with crucifix in hand, evidently waiting the approach of a procession, which her age would not permit her to join, that said as clearly as words could that she was brooding over the fact that she had grown so old that everyone considered her a burden and secretly hoped that she would soon meet with a happy death. Poor old grandmother!

The Brushes of Comets' Hair, No. 187, was a strong pastoral study of a young artist, evidently an enlargement, and though full of character and fine quality, unpleasantly out of balance in its rendering of certain values, and harshly abrupt in several places in the transition from light to shadow. This was evidently due to want of knowledge or skill on the part of the craftsman who made the enlargement—as the same faults were to be found in its neighbor, *Portrait: Miss N.,* No. 184, but nowhere in any of the smaller pictures.

A Group, No. 179, *Mother and Children,* No. 182, were two pictures full of maternal feeling, and almost faultless in technique. *Peter,* No. 178, was excellent in every respect. *Mother and Child,* No. 181, was full of pictorial charm and quite decorative. *Portrait: Mr. Day,* No. 186, while technically pleasing, came dangerously near being conventional—as near, I fancy, as Mrs. Käsebier has ever gotten. It was by no means as interesting or as characteristic as her portrait of Mr. Day that was exhibited under Mr. Day's collection, which I consider one of the most characteristic portraits that I have ever seen.

Unpretentious and quiet, the exhibit of William B. Dyer, of Chicago, was one of the features of this year's Salon. It consisted of but five pictures, and not all of them were particularly good, and the best of them might have been improved upon (none of them were mediocre, I should add), yet they showed so much fine feeling, so much poetic originality, so much earnestness of purpose, that no additional argument was needed to enforce the conviction that Mr. Dyer deserved to be ranked among the foremost workers of the country. Of the five pictures shown, *Circe,* No. 125, was in certain respects perhaps the most remarkable. There are few of us unfamiliar with the story of Circe—she who turned men to swine; but few of us have ever seen her depicted in any other way than as a woman of regal beauty, bewitchingly costumed, enthroned in a palatial hall, surrounded by filthy swine. I was astonished, therefore, upon looking at the picture to note that instead of the well known and rather theatrical treatment of the subject, there was presented a sleeping woman, in whose lap was a human skull. The woman was seated upon a couch and her head had fallen back in sleep, her fair cheek resting upon her shoulder—displaying in this attitude the round, soft beauty of her neck. Her beautiful breasts, too, were carelessly exposed to view, and nestling in her lap looking out of the dimness was the skull, just barely perceptible. The picture is actually a psychological conception of the character of Circe, the power of whose beauty was so irresistible that it seemed as though it must last for all time. The thought that that beauty must wither and turn to dust was one that never for a moment disturbed a mind that dwelt alone upon the thought of its body's power to command the adoration and fire the passions of men; and forgetful in this dream of pleasure of the noblest purposes of life, and unswayed by the thought of death, she hesitated not to turn men to swine.

Clytie, No. 124, was a very well rendered study of a head—done in a red tone (gum-bic.). The drapery seemed to me a little crude in its rendering. Of the three portraits shown that of the boy was by far the best. This was the

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study of a delicate child, so delicate, it struck me, that it had not the energy to play with other children, and like all such children quaintly wise from suffering. I have seen little sufferers in hospitals, whose large, appealing eyes seemed wise with a strange depth of wisdom—yet they were children so young that they had not yet learned to talk, but they had known suffering always. It was for all the world like a beautiful little shadow. I learned later that the picture truly presented the boy in every particular. Both of the two remaining studies displayed nice feeling, but one—that of the little girl standing—was trimmed with unpleasant closeness.

The six pictures by Miss Eva Lawrence Watson were examples of delicate taste and artistic originality. They were distinctly individual in their style and their firm, strong rendering—for beneath their delicacy there is an unobtrusive strength that is masterful—clearly demonstrate that their maker is an artist, not only by instinct, but by training, and that they were the result of no mere chance. *Flickering Light,* No. 325, is especially charming. The sunlight flickering through the leaves plays with fantastic beauty upon the hillside and tree trunks. The figure in the foreground is simply gliding by and conveys to the observer the feeling of soft gliding motion. Like the light it, too, is passing, and in some odd way it seems akin to those dancing sunbeams. The one material criticism to which the picture seemed open was as to the tone of the sky, the rather pronounced whiteness of which appeared to detract from the subtle charm of the flickering sunlight, robbing it by contrast of its real value.

Quite in contrast to this picture was that entitled *May-Apple Leaf,* No. 326, reproduced in the catalogue and also in this number of CAMERA NOTES. It is a most interesting piece of composition, extremely decorative in design and very fanciful in conception.

The arm displayed in *La Femme Inconnue,* No. 328, seemed rather out of drawing by reason of the way in which the folds of the garment fell on either side of it. Otherwise it is a most interesting rendering of an idea suggested by the cast, which forms part of the picture's composition. *Sleeping Infant,* No. 324, showed much nice feeling. *Lady With Parrot,* No. 327, I liked especially; while *Profile Study,* No. 323, possessed a quaint, old-fashioned charm that was irresistible, and made one think of blue china—but it did much more as I looked at it. It excited within me a growing curiosity to see more of the face whose profile alone was just barely shown, and I could hardly resist the inclination that grew upon me to put up my hand and endeavor to put aside the old cap that almost hid it from view. It was a spirit of quiet artistic humor, doubtless, that prompted the making of such a picture as this, and also a keen, sympatnetic knowledge of human nature, all of which Miss Watson possesses in generous proportion. The very interesting and unique silhouette picture of the jury of selection of this year's Salon, reproduced with this article, is also one of Miss Watson's pictures, and to her courtesy am I indebted for the privilege of reproducing it.

The nine pictures exhibited by Clarence H. White were full of interest. All of them were well conceived, and most of them executed with exceptional ability. As his work is fully reviewed on another page I will make simply a passing allusion to it. Its quietness and delicacy and the low tones in which the majority were executed is responsible for a very singular use of a word, with the meaning of which I once thought I was familiar, but upon which subject I now have doubts. A gentleman who had seen Mr. White's work in Philadelphia, and to whom it was well known, characterized it as *morbid.* I have heard Beardsley's work referred to as morbid—I have heard certain poems by Francis Thompson characterized in the same way—but though I had discussed Mr. White's work with artists and art critics, both from among his friends and enemies, never before had I heard his work characterized as *morbid.* I must

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confess for my own part that, though I am familiar with Mr. White's work, I do not remember to have seen a single picture that could be called morbid in any sense of the word. They were all healthy conceptions.

No other exhibit shown in this year's Salon covered so broad a range as that displayed by Mr. Alfred Stieglitz. Showing but one of his most popular pictures, *A Vignette in Platinum,* No. 285, which attracted great attention in London this year, both at the Salon and the Royal, at which latter place it was honored with a medal—it contained, nevertheless, a series of pictures that were essentially picturesque and artistic and exceptional examples of perfect technique.

A Vignette in Platinum, No. 285, was one of Mr. Stieglitz's latest pictures, and interesting not only from an artistic point of view, but from an historical one, as it marks an epoch in the advance of photography, broadening, as it does, the photographer's field. It was a little head done in two colors, and as exquisite as a little French color-drawing, full of a dainty charm. The abrupt termination of part of the background in a pronounced line is the one unpleasant feature of the picture. The English critic who wrote of this picture that "the *practical*-minded artist who said in our hearing that he could paint a dozen or more for the same price as that the catalogue hints at, has probably the best of the argument so far," stated what was quite true. The *practical-* (for the use of italics here and above I am responsible) minded *artist* probably noted that the picture was not protected by copyright, and belonged, I fancy, to that class of artists with whom most of us in this country are familiar, who turn out *paintings* by the dozen in a studio that consists of a shop window and before an audience of gamins, "lady shoppers," and appreciative nurse-girls. A real artist would never have approached this subject from such a *practical* point of view.

Snow: A Foreground Study, No. 281, already referred to in this article, was a remarkable picture; and no one familiar with the singular and illusive charm of snow lights and shadows looked upon it without experiencing a keen pleasure—such a pleasure as comes to the lover of nature when he beholds a picture that really vibrates with the sensuous poetry of dancing light and creeping shadow. The rendering of quality of the snow; the relative values of the light and deep shadows, and the truthful presentation of tonal relation of the sky to the balance of the picture was little short of perfect, and represented and left much the same impression as a fragment of a perfect musical composition will sometimes leave upon the hearer—a sort of echo of some beautiful dream that we ourselves have known.

An Icy Night, No. 278, was by all odds the greatest night photograph that I have ever seen. Mere night pictures, while attractive to-day because still rather uncommon, frequently lose interest when, after we have grown familiar with them, we begin to examine them from other and more important points of view. If, however, one can manage to introduce into such a picture something of the weirdness of the night—which legends the world over, irrespective of age or country, have come to associate with the idea of ghosts, goblins and death—then indeed will the picture possess a fascination far in advance of that that springs from mere newness—and infinitely higher and more lasting. This is what Mr. Stieglitz has succeeded in doing with this picture. The white, naked tree-trunks in the foreground that lean out of perpendicular and advance their denuded limbs half defensively, half appealingly, as though treating with some unseen power of darkness, lend to it a weird beauty that is full of the true poetic character of the night.

A Venetian Courtyard, No. 283, was an excellent study of Venetian life—handled faultlessly—yet I rather regretted that it was reproduced in the catalogue, as it was by no means representative of Mr. Stieglitz's best work.

Life and Clay, No. 280, was a study of an entirely different nature, showing the possibilities open in the line of individual interpretation of clay or mar-

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ble. A few years ago such a picture as this would have been looked upon as a merely mechanical production, but with our advanced juries of to-day, who have feeling and imagination enough to appreciate how much can be done in the way of interpreting clay or marble studies in an individual and artistic manner, such, of course, would not be the case even had this picture, instead of being an invitation print, been one of those to go before the jury. The rendering of the flesh and clay qualities in the picture were especially fine.

A Sketch in Red, No. 281, (gum-bichromate), was also a recent print, and was rendered with much feeling and individuality.

Full of quiet reserve and refinement of feeling were the two pictures shown by Robert S. Redfield. *The Portrait: Heloise*, No. 246, while it gave me the impression of being rather crowded because of the manner in which it had been trimmed, was full of sincerity and a certain sparkle of vivacity that was very attractive; while *A Brook in Spring Time*, No. 247, showed a keen appreciation of, and a deep love for, the calm beauty of nature. It presented one of those reposeful little brook-watered landscapes where the poet loves to linger and to dream—lulled by the music of gently flowing water that is opposed here and there in its course by some projecting branch or over-bending flower. None but a man of fine artistic feeling could have made this picture.

Of all the portraits shown in the Salon few were finer or more powerful than No. 288, *Portrait: A Fellow of Balliol*, by Edmund Stirling. It showed vigor of conception and treatment and was an exceptionally fine piece. It would have been helped, it seemed to me, had the white cuff been kept down somewhat in a lower tone and the figure relieved slightly from the background, yet as it stood it was an exceptionally fine piece of work. Mr. Stirling's two little landscapes, *April Twilight*, No. 286, and *Meadows at Sunset*, No. 287, easily ranked among the gems of the collection. There are strange mists that rise from meadows in places at the hour of sunset—faint, delicate and poetic, that blot away hard detail and seem almost like the gathering ghosts of dying meadow flowers that rise at this hour from the crushed and drooping blossoms, and after lingering on affectionately near their dead forms till the sun has disappeared, fly at last before the darker shadows of the night; and in some manner which I do not pretend to explain, Mr. Stirling has managed to put this feeling into his beautiful picture *Meadows at Sunset*.

I have reserved the names of Mr. Redfield and Mr. Stirling with which to close this review, as a special tribute to their unselfish devotion to the highest and best interests of artistic photography. That the Salon was repeated in Philadelphia this year was largely due to their untiring devotion, and Philadelphia may well be proud of the results. So long as there are to be found men like these two gentlemen in the photographic world there need exist little fear that the cause of photography will not advance.

ITS LESSON.

In order to advance pictorial photography to that degree of perfection which all those seriously interested in this movement believe to be its destiny, it is necessary to analyse with impartial honesty the character of so important an exhibition as this, and to state with unreserved frankness the result of that analysis. I shall therefore state with all possible brevity the results of my own observations and my deductions therefrom.

I found that among the entire 350 pictures there were not half-a-dozen really great pictures; and that the standard of work offered, though higher this year than last, still left much to be desired; while the number of undeniably mediocre pictures that were included among the 182 judged pictures, was so much in advance of the pictures of the same class found among the carefully

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selected pictures of last year, that it was clearly evident that the standard of this year's jury was not so high as that of the previous year. It is never an easy matter to sit in judgment upon the merits or faults of person or thing, and judges and juries, unless they hold unswervingly to the purpose of rendering an absolutely impartial and just judgment, regardless of any pain or disappointment that their verdict may occasion, may on occasions be swayed to leniency, moved thereto, doubtless, by a desire to encourage to better effort, or from a fear of discouraging from any effort at all. But where the cause of pictorial photography is concerned photographic juries should harden themselves to all such feelings and should adopt a rigorously high standard—and enforce it to the very best of their ability. The following of any other course will be fatal to the advance of the pictorial movement. I may have seemed somewhat severe in the case of the Sears and certain other pictures, but it was solely because I felt that if she and the others were doing simply chance work, then the sooner they were dissuaded from exhibiting poor work the better; while, if capable of doing better they are not apt to be stimulated to it by the honoring of poor pictures. Mrs. Sears can do much better work I know, for I recently saw some of her pictures that were immeasurably in advance of those shown in Philadelphia, so much so that I was rather astonished that these latter pictures had ever been sent.

The standard of excellence should yearly be advanced a notch higher. One could find no better example of the result of such a course than that presented by the Philadelphia Salon itself. Most of the foreign exhibits consisted of old pictures that in their day were considered exceptionally fine; yet to-day they are looked upon almost with contempt; and certainly by comparison with the best work of the Salon they seemed but poor specimens of photographic art. Yet but for these very pictures, which were the pioneers that made more perfect work possible, we would not to-day stand where we do; and their presence in the same collection with examples of the most advanced work of 1899 was a source of pleasure and encouragement to the thoughtful, who, beholding how great the advance had been, were convinced beyond the shadow of doubt of the immense possibilities of the future.

The leading photographers of Hamburg, realizing the stimulating influence growing out of such a comparative study, this year established what is termed an Historical Section—in which examples of the best work of the past were shown in connection with their regular exhibitions—a step which to me appears worthy of the greatest praise and well worth following.

I trust that nothing that I have said will be regarded as having been written in disparagement of the esteemed jury of the Salon of 1899—which performed its onerous labors with the most conscientious earnestness, and which is deserving of the most appreciative thanks. I have been addressing myself rather to the juries of the future, in whose hands in great measure lies the fate of pictorial photography, in the hope that they will judge by an ever advancing standard.

I noted also that but fifteen States were represented, and upon careful study of the different international exhibitions, of which so many are held yearly, I have arrived at the irresistible conclusion that concentration of effort is absolutely necessary, and that one international, or, if you please, interstate, Salon, to be recognized as the exhibition of the year, alone should be supported, if we hope to accomplish any great results, as thus only can a uniform standard of excellence be set, which will be recognized as authoritative and worthy of the highest respect. Philadelphia has proven herself quite capable of conducting such a Salon, and should receive the fullest support of the entire country for the Salon of 1900, and until such time as it shall appear that there are others who can do better, when I am confident that the Philadelphians themselves, whose first thought is for the advance of the present movement towards artistic per-

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Full of quiet reserve and refinement of feeling were the two pictures shown by Robert S. Redfield. *The Portrait: Heloise*, No. 246, while it gave me the impression of being rather crowded because of the manner in which it had been trimmed, was full of sincerity and a certain sparkle of vivacity that was very attractive; while *A Brook in Spring Time*, No. 247, showed a keen appreciation of, and a deep love for, the calm beauty of nature. It presented one of those reposeful little brook-watered landscapes where the poet loves to linger and to dream—lulled by the music of gently flowing water that is opposed here and there in its course by some projecting branch or over-bending flower. None but a man of fine artistic feeling could have made this picture.

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I have reserved the names of Mr. Redfield and Mr. Stirling with which to close this review, as a special tribute to their unselfish devotion to the highest and best interests of artistic photography. That the Salon was repeated in Philadelphia this year was largely due to their untiring devotion, and Philadelphia may well be proud of the results. So long as there are to be found men like these two gentlemen in the photographic world there need exist little fear that the cause of photography will not advance.

ITS LESSON.

In order to advance pictorial photography to that degree of perfection which all those seriously interested in this movement believe to be its destiny, it is necessary to analyse with impartial honesty the character of so important an exhibition as this, and to state with unreserved frankness the result of that analysis. I shall therefore state with all possible brevity the results of my own observations and my deductions therefrom.

I found that among the entire 350 pictures there were not half-a-dozen really great pictures; and that the standard of work offered, though higher this year than last, still left much to be desired; while the number of undeniably mediocre pictures that were included among the 182 judged pictures, was so much in advance of the pictures of the same class found among the carefully

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selected pictures of last year, that it was clearly evident that the standard of this year's jury was not so high as that of the previous year. It is never an easy matter to sit in judgment upon the merits or faults of person or thing, and judges and juries, unless they hold unswervingly to the purpose of rendering an absolutely impartial and just judgment, regardless of any pain or disappointment that their verdict may occasion, may on occasions be swayed to leniency, moved thereto, doubtless, by a desire to encourage to better effort, or from a fear of discouraging from any effort at all. But where the cause of pictorial photography is concerned photographic juries should harden themselves to all such feelings and should adopt a rigorously high standard—and enforce it to the very best of their ability. The following of any other course will be fatal to the advance of the pictorial movement. I may have seemed somewhat severe in the case of the Sears and certain other pictures, but it was solely because I felt that if she and the others were doing simply chance work, then the sooner they were dissuaded from exhibiting poor work the better; while, if capable of doing better they are not apt to be stimulated to it by the honoring of poor pictures. Mrs. Sears can do much better work I know, for I recently saw some of her pictures that were immeasurably in advance of those shown in Philadelphia, so much so that I was rather astonished that these latter pictures had ever been sent.

The standard of excellence should yearly be advanced a notch higher. One could find no better example of the result of such a course than that presented by the Philadelphia Salon itself. Most of the foreign exhibits consisted of old pictures that in their day were considered exceptionally fine; yet to-day they are looked upon almost with contempt; and certainly by comparison with the best work of the Salon they seemed but poor specimens of photographic art. Yet but for these very pictures, which were the pioneers that made more perfect work possible, we would not to-day stand where we do; and their presence in the same collection with examples of the most advanced work of 1899 was a source of pleasure and encouragement to the thoughtful, who, beholding how great the advance had been, were convinced beyond the shadow of doubt of the immense possibilities of the future.

The leading photographers of Hamburg, realizing the stimulating influence growing out of such a comparative study, this year established what is termed an Historical Section—in which examples of the best work of the past were shown in connection with their regular exhibitions—a step which to me appears worthy of the greatest praise and well worth following.

I trust that nothing that I have said will be regarded as having been written in disparagement of the esteemed jury of the Salon of 1899—which performed its onerous labors with the most conscientious earnestness, and which is deserving of the most appreciative thanks. I have been addressing myself rather to the juries of the future, in whose hands in great measure lies the fate of pictorial photography, in the hope that they will judge by an ever advancing standard.

I noted also that but fifteen States were represented, and upon careful study of the different international exhibitions, of which so many are held yearly, I have arrived at the irresistible conclusion that concentration of effort is absolutely necessary, and that one international, or, if you please, interstate, Salon, to be recognized as the exhibition of the year, alone should be supported, if we hope to accomplish any great results, as thus only can a uniform standard of excellence be set, which will be recognized as authoritative and worthy of the highest respect. Philadelphia has proven herself quite capable of conducting such a Salon, and should receive the fullest support of the entire country for the Salon of 1900, and until such time as it shall appear that there are others who can do better, when I am confident that the Philadelphians themselves, whose first thought is for the advance of the present movement towards artistic per-

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fection, will be the first to give their entire support to those who can do more in this direction than they are able to do.

Such seems to me to be the lesson taught by a careful analysis of the present Salon.

* * * * * * * * * *

Some years ago Joaquin Miller wrote a short poem entitled *Columbus*. I have no copy of it by me now, but the theme of it was the unswerving perseverence of Columbus. Neither man nor element could turn him from his one great idea. Disappointment, opposition and repeated reverses could not hold back that indomitable spirit, and fastening his eyes upon the star that none else could see, he met all objections of sailors and companions with one answer, an answer that, as Miller puts it in the poem's refrain, it would be well for all photographic workers to adopt as their motto, and ever remember in face of discouragement and the glamor of partial success that if they would reach the final goal they must never pause or turn back, but

"Sail on and on and on and on."

JOSEPH T. KEILEY.

NOTE.—A review of the Salon would be incomplete without referring to Mr. Keiley's own exhibit, especially as it was one of *the* attractions of the entire exhibition.

The nine pictures by this photographer struck the visitor's eye immediately upon glancing around the walls. They were unique in their way, standing out in bold relief from the neighboring frames.

It may be considered sacrilege to emphasize the technique of any pictures in a Salon, whose sole object is art. Nevertheless the writer is of the opinion that without technique there would be no art, and that a certain class of technique must be considered in even an exhibition of this kind.

We are afraid that technique in photography and mechanical photography are often confounded by those wondrous art critics who try to belittle the importance of the former factor in the production of pictures, whether they be produced by means of camera or brush. Mr. Keiley's prints were bold in conception and bolder still in treatment. Their tonality was convincing. But the chief value of this exhibit lay in the influence it will have on the pictorial photographer generally, for the technique of Mr. Keiley's platinum prints has broadened the field of possibilities immeasurably. We honestly believe that those who have been sneering most at processes, technique, etc., as not constituting part of art, will be the first to carefully study and apply the methods Mr. Keiley has so happily evolved out of the glycerine method of platinum printing, which, though by no means originating with him, has been made of practical value through his efforts, experimentally and pictorially.

It is only fair to him to state here that some of the choicest American work at this very exhibition would and could not have been produced but for his unselfishness in helping intending exhibitors to learn his methods in time to apply them to their own work. Let us give credit where credit is due! A. S.

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Report of the Research Committee.

Vinco Platino-Bromide Paper.

This new paper is made by John Carbutt, who is not in the combine, and a sample of it was handed to us for trial. With negatives of medium contrast and full of half tones we obtained fine results, the blacks having the real platinum tones, and the whole print being "plucky." With negatives having a great deal of contrast and large areas of half tones, the results were good, but not as satisfactory as in the case of a normal negative. This was to be expected.

The image, on developing, comes up slowly, and further deposit can be prevented at once by placing the print in a solution of alum and salt. We had no difficulty in working this paper without the use of a "short stop," as Mr. Carbutt calls this alum-salt bath.

The emulsion is tough, no signs of blistering being seen, even with the use of the ordinary hypo bath slightly weakened.

With a normal negative and developer diluted a trifle, an exposure of five seconds, twelve inches from a 16 c. p. incandescent light gave us very nice results. Development was done about six feet from this light.

We can recommend this paper.

Hydrochinon.

We are informed that within the last few months there has been placed upon the market a quantity of this salt which contained numerous black specks, and that upon developing plates with it, circular spots of decreased density were found all over the plate. We are assured by a very careful observer connected with one of our reliable chemical houses, that these spots did not appear upon plates out of the same box which were developed at the same time with pyro. Every effort to prevent the spots proved useless. Complaint was made to the manufacturers abroad, and now, we are told, the hydrochinon sent over is of a beautifully white crystalline nature and free from the defects named.

Adurol.

The very favorable impression made by this new developer from samples handed us last spring, was not sustained after using several boxes purchased later. The salt in the latter case had either undergone a change in the cartons, or there was a difference in the manufacture. We are informed that this difficulty has been overcome. We shall make further trial and report, and in the mean time we advise our members to "go slow" on this product. We desire to say, that if, upon further trial, we get results like those first obtained, we have in Adurol a very valuable developer, giving most beautiful half-tones and clear shadows.

Agfa.

This new intensifier we have tried with excellent results. It is a one solution intensifier which seems to lie midway between the platinum and the mercurial in its effects. That is to say, contrast is not so greatly increased, but the whole plate is also strengthened, giving it a printing quality lacking before. Another advantage is in having only one solution, where the process of intensification can be watched and stopped at just the right moment. With mercury it is rather a lottery as to the ultimate results of the intensification. The deposit produced with Agfa is of about the same color as the original. A preliminary trial with a lantern slide of brown tone made on Paget plate gave an intensification of the same color. This would not be the result with mercury.

J. ASPINWALL,
Chairman.

✦ ✦ ✦

The Orange Camera Club.

The Fifth Annual Competition of the Orange Camera Club brought together a highly interesting collection of about three hundred prints and upwards of one hundred lantern slides.

The exhibit was tastefully hung under direction of the Print Committee, Messrs. Harvey, Townsend and Close, while the awards were made by a Board of Judges composed of non-members of the Club, Messrs. Groll, Berg and Murphy.

In portrait, landscape and marine classes the showing was particularly good, but the lantern slides hardly maintained the standard established by the prints.

At this time considerations of taste and space prohibit criticism in detail, but it may be safely said that it is indeed a hopeful sign in the photographic sky when a club of less than one hundred members is able to produce a collection of such varied interest and general excellence. This is especially notable when taking into consideration the fact that under the conditions of the competition entries were limited to pictures from negatives made since the last annual exhibition of the Club.

The Orange Camera Club is to be congratulated upon the possession of industry and taste. With those qualities a full harvest may be reaped in the field of photographic art.

W. D. M.

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Reviews and Exchanges.

Photograms of the Year 1899. *A Pictorial and Literary Record of the Best Photographic Work of the Year. Compiled by the Editors and Staff of "The Photogram," assisted by A. C. R. Carter.* Published for the "Photogram," Ltd. Dawbarn & Ward, Ltd., London.

We are glad to note that the new volume of "Photograms of the Year" is very much larger than its predecessors. This annual is devoted to the artistic side of photographic progress, in which there have been so many developments that it takes a much larger space than heretofore to record their history during the year.

"Photograms of the Year" is especially welcome on this side of the water because it tells so fully, with patient criticism and many reproductions, about the great London exhibitions. But we are also interested in its reports of photographic developments in France and the colonies, and pleased to see what our energetic and inspiring Joseph T. Keiley had to report on "The American School," in its new and wide-spread awakening.

As for the critical review of the two great London exhibitions, it can hardly be said that A. C. R. Carter has filled the gap that the late Gleeson White left by his death. As a review and help to the student, it lacks just those qualities which made those of Mr. White so invaluable. Nevertheless much of it makes good reading.

There are altogether one hundred and fifty-eight half-tone illustrations, and twenty-four of these are of American origin. Our figure and portrait work thus represented, stands well the comparison with foreign work, although some of us will think of a few other pictures which would raise our average standard, if they were introduced. In landscape work we are not surprised to find that we are behind. Indeed, there are shown here some landscapes by English workers that are very fine.

The reproductions have suffered a little from the change to a substitute for the brittle "Art printing paper," but the general worth of the volume has been so increased in many ways as to make up for this.

Altogether, "Photograms of '99" will repay careful study.

The volume is well bound, and the cover is uniform with those of preceding years.

Nature Studies in Berkshire. By John Coleman Adams. Illustrations by Arthur Scott. Published by G. P Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Nature Studies in Berkshire," by John Coleman Adams, is, as the author states, a record of impressions of what he has seen and felt in his loiterings and many summer excursions in this delightful region. It consists of a series of separate and complete articles, or chapters, more or less descriptive of the scenery, and of his various wanderings in this region, with the thoughts and impressions which his surroundings suggested. While the writer does not at all times fully realize in his prose all of the subtle romance and poetry of his subject, the book as a whole is most pleasantly suggestive to anyone who loves the outdoor world, and it is especially so to those who are familiar with Berkshire, to whom it must vividly recall many familiar pictures and moments of pleasure.

To the photographer there is a particular interest in the work, especially to the Camera Club, for it is illustrated by sixteen handsome photogravures from photographs made by Mr. Arthur Scott, a member of the Club. Among them are "The Red Bridge," "Harvest Time," "The Edge of the Storm," and others, which have won him recognition among our leading amateurs, as well as medals.

The book, which is published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, is very handsomely gotten up and is worthy of a place in any library.

"Camera Notes," Vols. I. and II., bound in half-leather, are now selling for twenty dollars and upwards in the open market.

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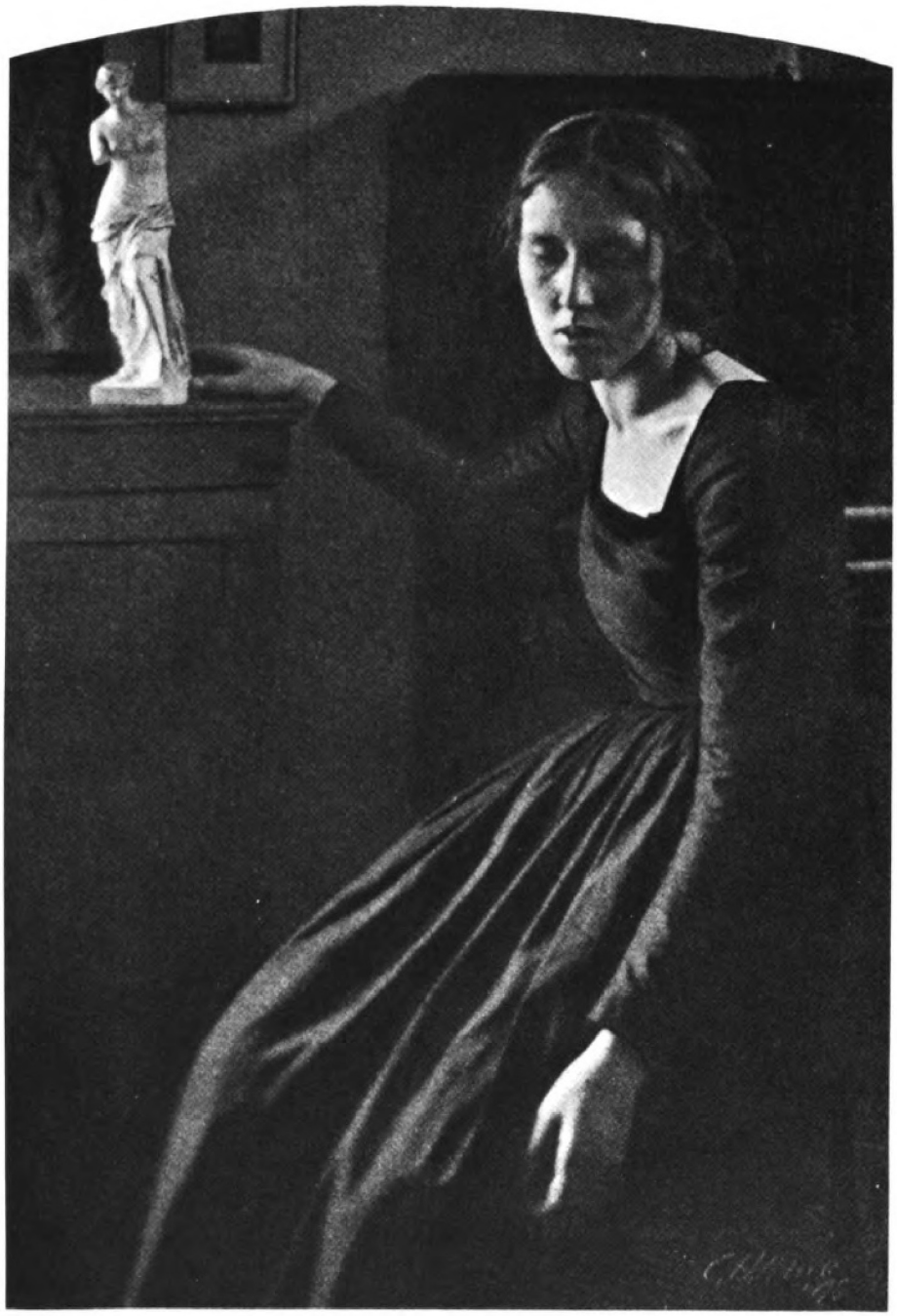

LADY WITH THE VENUS

From a Platinotype

By Clarence H. White

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The Camera Club.

THE Camera Club, of New York, is the result of a consolidation of "The Society of Amateur Photographers" and "The New York Camera Club," effected May 7, 1896, when the new club was duly incorporated under the laws of 1895. The corporate existence of the two component bodies dates from 1884 and 1888 respectively.

The objects of the club are:

First.—The advancement of the photographic art.

Second.—To provide a club house where the members may practice photography, and cultivate social acquaintance.

Among the advantages of membership may be noted the following items:

Free use of all the club apparatus and stock chemicals, together with the assistance of the club custodian.

Free subscription to CAMERA NOTES.

Lectures upon many subjects, including Travel, Art, Practical and Scientific Photography.

Expositions of new photographic apparatus and demonstrations of modern methods of photo work.

Weekly test nights for lantern slides, accompanied by instructive comments by the club critics.

Frequent exhibitions of prints and slides sent in from other photographic clubs of Europe and America.

Annual competitions for silver trophies, open to all print and slide makers of the club.

Annual public exhibitions of the best work of the year in prints and slides.

Occasional jolly "smokers" and dinners.

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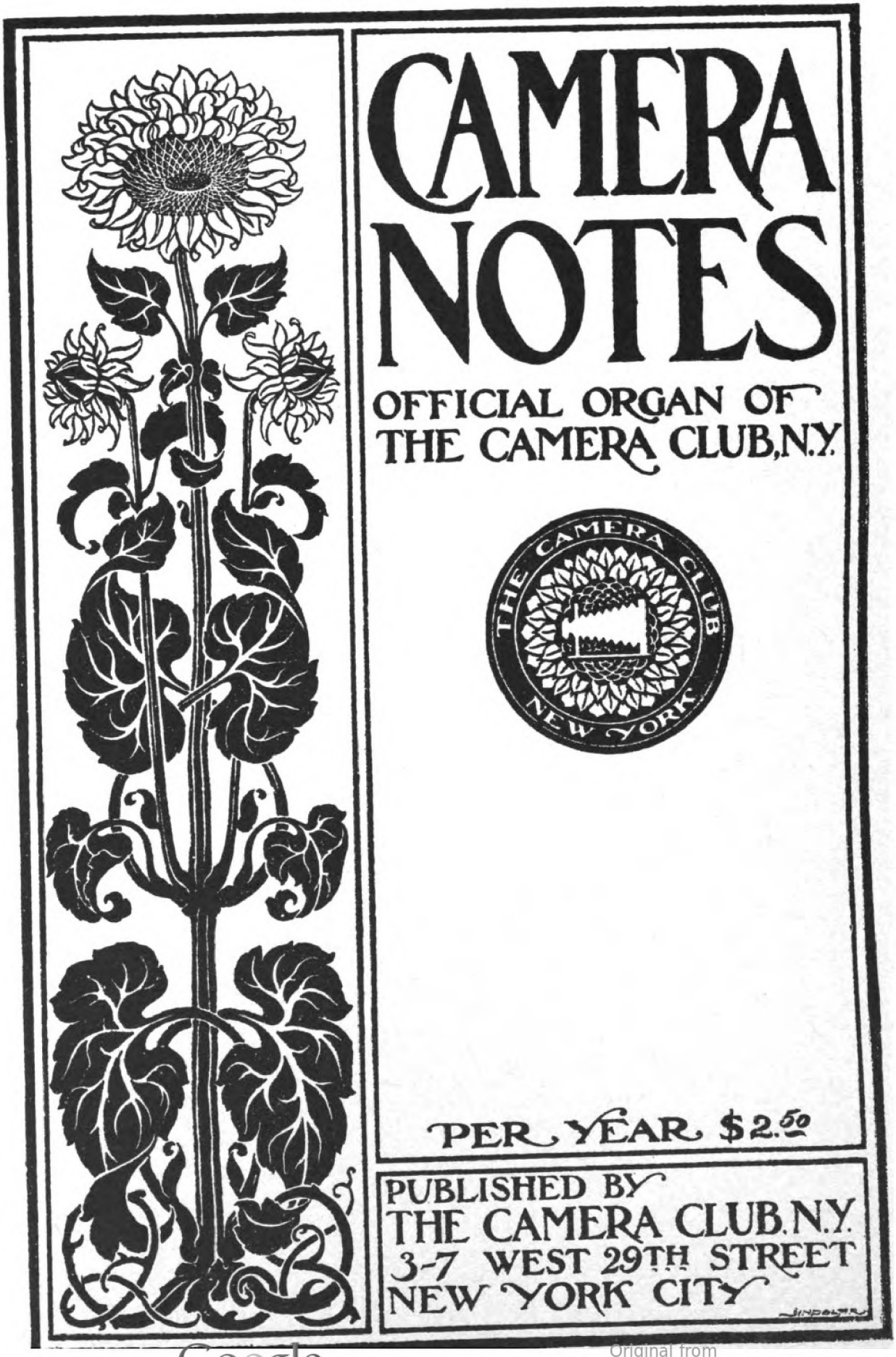

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LADY OF CHARLOTTE

From a Platinotype

By Frank Eugene

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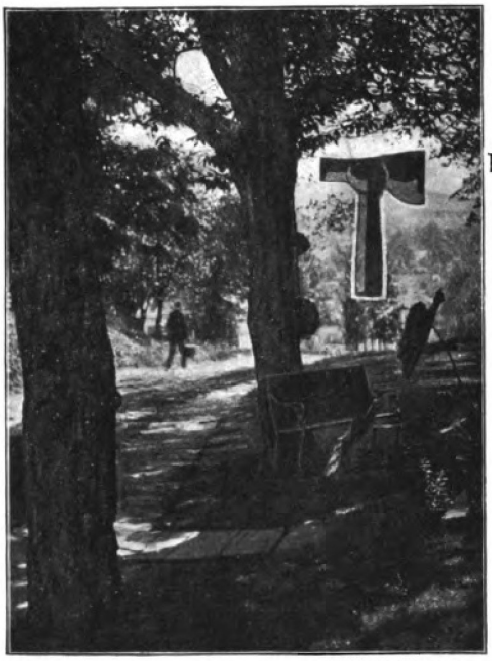

Dallett Fuguet.

Truth in Art.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.
—*Keats.*

TRUTH is infinite; man is finite and his attempts to state infinity in universal terms result in paradoxes—which are things he had better avoid as much as possible, from whatever causes they arise. When he must struggle with the infinite, let him be content to keep his judgment open, and not declare that he has the complete circle when he can show only several fragmentary arcs.

Hamerton is like many others in the way he confuses all truth in art with the mere truth to nature. In *The Graphic Arts* he begins correctly by dividing drawing into two sorts, done from two motives, the positive or the artistic. The positive (or scientific) is to record fact and truth; the artistic "may record a great deal of truth, incidentally, but that is not its main purpose"—which is to convey æsthetic pleasure. The artist, he says, "gets credit for being truthful, which he is not." Hamerton appears ready to grasp the distinction between the two kinds of truth in art when he says: "The painter, like the orator, directs attention most strongly to that which will awaken interest or give pleasure; he keeps in subordination the facts which do not serve his purpose, and carefully leads attention away from them; he does not state truths impartially, but selects

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and emphasizes them." "The greatest temptation of all is the complete truth of nature of which harmonious art only selects what it requires, deliberately sacrificing the rest." But Hamerton never got any farther than he did in these two statements. He did not admit that there is a question of any verity in art but of this dangerous truth to natural phenomena.

We photographers could profitably continue on our examination of Hamerton, for aside from his tangle on truth, he is clear and instructive. There is also much very valuable and suggestive material in his *Thoughts on Art,* a much earlier book. The essays in it contain inaccurate and contradictory passages, showing the engaging frankness of an honest mind in development. It would be a pity to haggle the good Introduction by quotation here, although it bears directly on the subject we are considering. It should be read as a whole. The comparison between wet-plate photography and painting is also worthy of the attention of students. It shows what artistic difficulties photography has already overcome, and what others remain.

Mr. Hinton has given us one of the ideas necessary for a completion of *The Graphic Arts* by the addition of a few pages on pictorial photography. He argued that if photography hoped to meet the arts, her workers must "unmake and undo" and "with a process giving from the first too complete a rendering, must needs journey back upon the road along which the draughtsman is laboriously traveling." So that: "Within the narrow restrictions of photography perhaps the best we can do is to take the most suitable scene and suppress everything which interferes with the expression of the sentiment intended, and then modify the remainder towards the same end." By this avoidance of nature's plethora of material Mr. Hinton considers that we are, in an artistic way, very desirably untrue to nature. So he concludes: "Scorn to observe truthfulness when a little falsity will better serve your purpose."

As nature as well as truth is often used in more than one connotation, it is well for us here to note Mr. Hinton's phrase: "Truth to physical facts—that is, nature." Emerson wrote: "Nature, in the common sense, refers to essences unchanged by man: space, the air, the river, the leaf."

While on first thought most people might not concur in such a proposition, sound modern writers on art agree that truth to nature is not the end and aim of art. The trouble, in the cases of both the critics already quoted, is that they therefore conclude that art must needs be essentially untruthful in every way. They might as well argue that a musician who charms us with sweet music, is false because he selects some out of the many notes of his instrument, and moreover, gives these varying length and value. According to such an art argument his music is not veracious because he does not sound all the possible notes and give them all their full value. This general denial of the necessity of truth in art, this assigning to it so reluctantly of even a merely incidental place, is perhaps to be explained as coming from two causes. First, because most people think that Ruskin had put the part for the whole, and made the truth of nature stand for the whole truth of art. This is why many critics have gone to the other extreme, to emphasize the falsity, when they should have shown the incompleteness that made Ruskin's doctrine so dangerous. The second cause for the denial of truth comes from the eternal necessity for all true artists to be con-

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stantly in arms against the mistaken notion that art should have a distinctly ethical bias, and be tagged and labeled with a fairly plain moral. But preachers, pedagogues, and scientists masquerading as artists are abhorrent, and their didacticism is not true art. And so it happens that many artists will not permit talk of the good or the true, but wish to acknowledge the claims only of the beautiful. In fact as these are only vague, general terms, they will probably tell us that they do not care to prate even about "the beautiful," but wish their beauty brought down to concrete things and specific examples.

In a capital little book entitled *How to Judge of a Picture,* Mr. John C. Van Dyke strikes the right trail and follows it part of the way, when he warns us that truth to nature is not to be taken as the rule of criticism by which to judge art: "The idea of imitation is a false conception throughout. Painting is a language, and trees, sky, air, water, men, cities, streets, buildings, are but the symbols of ideas which play their part in the conception." So, he concludes, truth (to nature) is as absolutely necessary in painting as colors and brushes, but, like them, only as a means to attain the end and aim of art, which is to please. This comes very near to Hamerton's mature statement of his views, but allows accuracy to nature a more legitimate place in art. What truths the artist shall give, how much of them, and how modified, are problems to be decided by his own feeling, which must here guide his judgment and his knowledge. He must aim thus at a truth to nature that the scientists would call only apparent truth, as poetry has been called a feigned reality.

For further insight, for guides to lead us up into the rarified atmosphere where general truths are throned, and ideas waver and finally melt away to mere notions—we must seek the stronger writers of literary art. Edward Dowden in his *Studies in Literature* says: "To ascertain and communicate facts is the object of science; to quicken our life into a higher consciousness through the feelings is the function of art. But though knowing and feeling are not identical, and a fact expressed in terms of feeling affects us as other than the same fact expressed in terms of knowing, yet our emotions rest on and are controlled by our knowledge." And: "A great poet is great, and possesses a sway over the spirits of men, because he has perceived vividly some of the chief facts of the world and the main issues of life, and received powerful impressions from these. He is, therefore, deeply concerned about truth, and in his own fashion is a seeker for truth. When, in an age of incoherent systems and dissolving faiths, artists devote themselves, as they say, to art for art's sake, and their ideal of beauty ceases to be the emanation or irradiated form of justice, of charity and of truth, it is because in such a period no great art is possible, . . ." But above all else we may depend on the lines of Keats that we took for a foreword, and by the aid of his inspiration see that truth which is of the very being of æsthetics.

An examination of the truths in art has especial interest for photographers. There could be no worse or more dangerous supposition, for the progress of pictorial photography, than the very popular notion that a photograph gives us the truth, and that we are therefore on a royal road to picture making, if we but select our subjects and perform the chemical operations with reasonable care. But we have seen that truth to nature is only a means to the end, and in no way

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the aim of art. Moreover, it is a fact that we cannot obtain the best qualities of even this truth to nature by ordinary photography, as well as the draughtsman can by his freer artistic technique. It would be a grand thing if all the mere photogs and button-shovers could be brought to a realization of this fact.

Few think about such things enough to be mindful that what man shall recognize as true, as well as what he shall call beautiful, is dependent entirely on his own knowledge and powers. In other words; it is what he is, and not merely his experience of the mass of what we call material phenomena, that makes his standards of truth and beauty and forms his world. This is the more easily recognized concerning beauty, but it is as surely so in the case of truth. To bring this down to concrete example; suppose we compare the values—the qualities of light-and-shade and of color—in the photographs of thirty years ago with those of to-day. They are as much behind the best work of the present as this is removed from the true values as we see them in nature. And yet there was a time when those old photographs were popularly considered miraculously true to nature—partly owing, it is true, to the ever existent danger of an exuberant rendering of detail. Now, most of our photographic perspective and representations of scenes are as false as were the values of the wet plate. "How! why!" some exclaim, "are they not true to nature if they are not altered by meddling with the scientific processes?" No indeed, they are far from true to nature. But what do we mean by "true to nature?" How do we judge of this truth, what is our gauge and what our measure and proof of it? Truth to nature can be judged only by our observation and knowledge of nature; and we do not see things in the way the camera sees and reports them. Our vision and the camera's are far from identical; and just as many who had no art training were formerly so led astray as to come to believe the photographic version of values often better than that of their own senses, so nowadays we are led into error by its "truth to nature" and its forced perspective.

Now, whatever science may elect to do, whether by ignoring the individual or trying to minimize the danger of error from the personal equation, art must take what we perceive, and as we perceive it, as her measure for truth. In æsthetics it is not what scientific instruments, but what our senses report, that is true; it is not what music boxes and mechanical pianos, but what trained human performers play, that is really music; and—to reduce the figure to the extreme—it is not the carrion odors our dogs revel in, but the delicate essences pleasant to us, that we call perfumes. All that science can do to affect æsthetic truth is to work indirectly and to educate us, so that we shall perceive and feel more than we did before, and make nicer distinctions.

So, then, all æsthetic standards are founded on purely human feelings and experiences; and the artist, in mind, heart, will, and hand, must be master and stand supreme over the process. His truth must be an æsthetic one; it is not an attempt at all the superficial truth of physical phenomena—even as the artist sees them and not as the camera less correctly gives them. Ruskin did widespread harm, because his advocacy of truth to nature led people to believe that a really slavish and minute delineation of details was the truth necessary in art. But Turner did not practice what his defender preached. And after a careful reading of Vol. I., Part I., Chapter V., and Vol. III., Part IV., Chapter X., of

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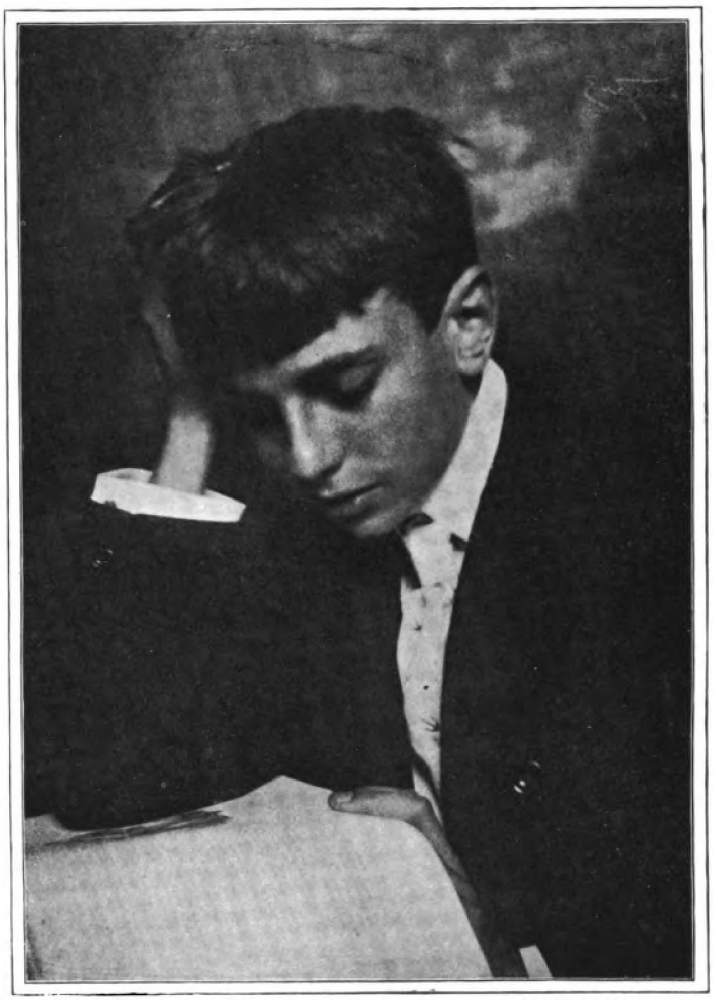
Modern Painters, we may well harbor a doubt whether truth to nature was the only truth in art (or indeed, the truth in art) that Ruskin would have taught, if he had made a clear examination and concise statement of all his ideas; and had become a critic, instead of an eloquent special pleader. But it is very doubtful whether, with his personality, he could have done this; as it was, he endeavored to make art fit his prejudices, instead of cutting his theories to fit art. At any rate, Ruskin's teaching has been disastrous in effect, in so far as it has strengthened "the popular fallacy," as Mr. Hinton has it, "that a faithful copy of nature under propitious circumstances is as artistically fine as an equally skilfully produced adaptation of nature to the artist's imaginings."



MASTER KEIM. By Frank Eugene.

As, then, truth to nature is to be used by the artist merely as a means to express his feeling, he must take only what is necessary to embody his idea: to give more, because there is more, would detract from the artistic truth he wishes to express. Moreover, he must aim rather to suggest what he does give, than to attempt thorough delineation, for that would tend to hinder and limit the imagination. When this idea first penetrates the mind of a scientific photographer who wants to be artistic, his equanimity may be disturbed; indeed, he may think the skies are about to fall; but it is always a fortunate day for him. Yet what did he always do when he gazed on a scene in nature and called it beautiful? He did not stop to scan this weed or that briar in the foreground, or the commonplace barn in the middle-distance, although he was conscious that it was

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unfortunately there. He sought out the essentials, he desired to go (with his soul in his eyes) straight to the mysterious heart and core of the beauty that thus appealed to him; and so, in representing this beauty and translating its feeling and appeal to our own nature in such a way as to move others, he must make his instrument go straight to the æsthetic goal and not dawdle by the way to naturalize or botanize. We have used the word mysterious; nature is mysterious to us, and we must suggest it in our pictures. It is not topography as it tickles the film in a camera, but the heart of nature as it speaks through, and to, the heart of man, that we need. As man can never give the whole of an absolute truth, let us give a human statement of one truth, rather than partial statements of many truths; as we cannot give the unity of creation, let us be content with a little unity of our own in composition and idea, rather than give apparently discordant atoms of the great whole. And so, rather than "unmake and undo" merely, we must make and subdue—we must make our picture-idea clear, and subdue all else to it. It is all the more necessary because, as Hamerton says: "Nature gives abundant hints and suggestions, but never quite composes, in our human sense." The picture-idea is not literary. We might better call it a *motif*, as they do in music; we may also describe it as an impulse, a feeling—anything, however apparently contradictory, that will help us to beware of the Anglo-Saxon tendency to make it rather an intellectual than an emotional "idea."

Then art is not nature, but a language founded on natural symbols aided by certain conventions. Now and then we get too far away from nature, and art becomes too much conventionalized and therefore weak; then we have to return to nature for newer, more vital symbols. That was the meaning of Ruskin's preaching; and that was one of the things the Preraphaelites did, as Blake and Wordsworth had also done it before them in poetry. But it is not enough to judge the truth of a work of art by nature. We should rather ask: "Now, as this is not nature but human invention and expression founded on nature, does it, as an 'effect' (which may be very far from mere truth to nature), give a clear idea of anything and does it call up any impression or emotion more strongly than any other scheme would?" It is not a question of "Is it true?" Art being, as some one has said, "the expression of an idea in form," if we can say of a picture that it is good, strong, beautiful, it must be true artistically; for it cannot be these things without the æsthetic truth of a beautiful and noble idea clearly and sincerely expressed. (The question of portraiture is a side issue which need not be discussed here.)

The important truth in art, therefore, is not that of the exact reproduction of nature, but of the idea and its expression by the phenomena depicted. Thus a thing that never happened may be artistically true to life, and a scene that never had an original—save in the mind of the artist—may be artistically true to nature. Not only is the truth of a merely "faithful copy of nature" not the real, human glimpse at the eternal verities which is the truth of art, but it is apt to impede and block such expression of the inner truth. As it were, one cannot see the forest for the trees. Scientific particulars may appeal to the reason, but art must address her appeal to the emotions; and so she does not aim to achieve the beauty of truth, but the truth of beauty. The first is the scientific, the second

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the artistic way of concentrating and recording man's knowledge and experience. The first way works from without, the second from within.

Having come to some conclusions about truth in art, let us see if we are able fully to clear up the doubtful termination that hurt Mr. Hinton's otherwise convincing plea for some degree of the individuality of art in photography (see article entitled *Some Distinctions,* in CAMERA NOTES, Vol. III., p. 91). In combatting the truth to nature fallacy Mr. Hinton was led into arguing that though a scene in nature answered all requirements of the artist, the *facsimile* of this scene would still be nature and not art; because if one man could copy it so could another, and it would no longer be the personal creation that every work of art must be. He caps his argument with the astonishing paradox that "a moderately good picture is of greater artistic value than the most perfect copy of the transcendentally beautiful." Owing to the general contradiction in terms and to errors in the use of *transcendentally beautiful* and *perfect copy,* this statement negatives itself, as the following examination shows:

Frank Eugene.

First: Mr. Hinton could have entirely disproved his paradox by carrying to its logical conclusion his argument that "the photographer is not a part of the process" and that "so soon as he effectively exercises his judgment" the influence of art is at work. Anyone, even in judging whether a scene in nature is beautiful, by mere personal limitations as well as by his artistic instincts makes a selection and thus brings in individuality. We must remember the fact that our eyes and mind do not comprehend photographically all and everything at once. We do not see with the inclusiveness with which a scientific instrument does; while on the other hand the experience and imagination that we bring to the aid of vision, lend it many of its greatest charms.

Second: So far as man can know, the beautiful is found, defined, and judged entirely by the taste and feeling in himself,—at this late day we are not likely to have anyone fire at us a claim to consciousness of the archetypal perfections of the Platonists—those highest of absolute ideals to which the world has

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ever mistakenly aspired. Beauty is the word man uses in denoting his appreciation of all those more or less noble and relatively perfect things that please his æsthetic feeling. So soon as we think a scene beautiful—that is, when we call the representation in our consciousness, beautiful—we bring it into the domain of art. The art may be low or high, according to our capacities, but we mean that we think we then have all the elements of a work of art except those we would have to exercise to embody it. Mr. Hinton's paradox is not completely worded; he means the *transcendentally beautiful scenes in nature*. But when he qualifies beautiful by transcendental, he but the more plainly begs the question, for it is contrary to the meaning of the terms to say that the facts of nature can be transcendentally beautiful *per se*. That would mean either æsthetically perfect without the aid of consciousness, or else spiritually beautiful, it depends on whether transcendental is used in a wrong or right sense; either sense is contrary to the ordinary meaning of "nature."

Third: We cannot make or imagine on a flat surface a perfect copy or *facsimile* of objects in space. We can attempt merely a delineation or representation of what we see, by means of art or artifice.

Fourth: No two persons see, or can make a representation from nature with identical results; while if one follows the idea of another and does not improve on it, we know that he does not lessen the value of the original work, but does prove himself an imitator. Unintentional duplication would seem most likely to happen in photography, but we know by experience that it is very rare and never complete, although with the camera a personal style is difficult. Nature can never be caught twice alike, and copying nature is not art for reasons already given, and not because it might lead to duplication.

Fifth: If the paradox we have been examining were true, it would stand inspection in the kindred terms of literary instead of graphic art—as indeed should all that we have said about truth in art. So stated, it would be: A moderately good bit of fiction is of greater artistic value than the most perfect record of the transcendentally beautiful (stories in real life). This only makes more obvious the fact that Mr. Hinton has committed the fallacy of "begging the question." The fact is, that though we know what Mr. Hinton was trying to impress on us, he really said nothing in his paradox. The whole trouble comes from errors in terms, and originally the confusion comes from his inexact use of truth.

The truth of art we have seen to be the truth of the universal, not of the particular. We also saw that ordinary photography could not give even the truth of the particular, *i. e.*, truth to nature, so truly as could the trained draughtsman, because an exact transcript of what the insensate camera sees is nothing but a record of how sundry phenomena affected it: the camera rivals the draughtsman only because it is so much more rapid. Science may call the camera's version truth, but it is not in all ways the truth as we see it. And what art requires is the truth that is the verification of all things through human consciousness, and their statement through human feeling. The difference is easily understood when we compare various instantaneous photographs. Those that are records of merely arrested motion, and that therefore seem like strange glimpses of frozen life, are not artistic, though of scientific interest. It is for this reason that Remington's drawings often are not pleasing, for he gives a scientific rather than an artistic rendering. But the ordinary photographer is not even scientifically correct in his rendering of perspective, light-and-shade, and color values; and much less is he artistically truthful. So, though exact in certain minutiæ, we see that if we would be truthful, and even humbly artistic, the camera can be—as they say of fire—a good servant but a bad master.

DALLETT FUGUET.

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"DECORATIVE PANEL."

By Frank Eugene.

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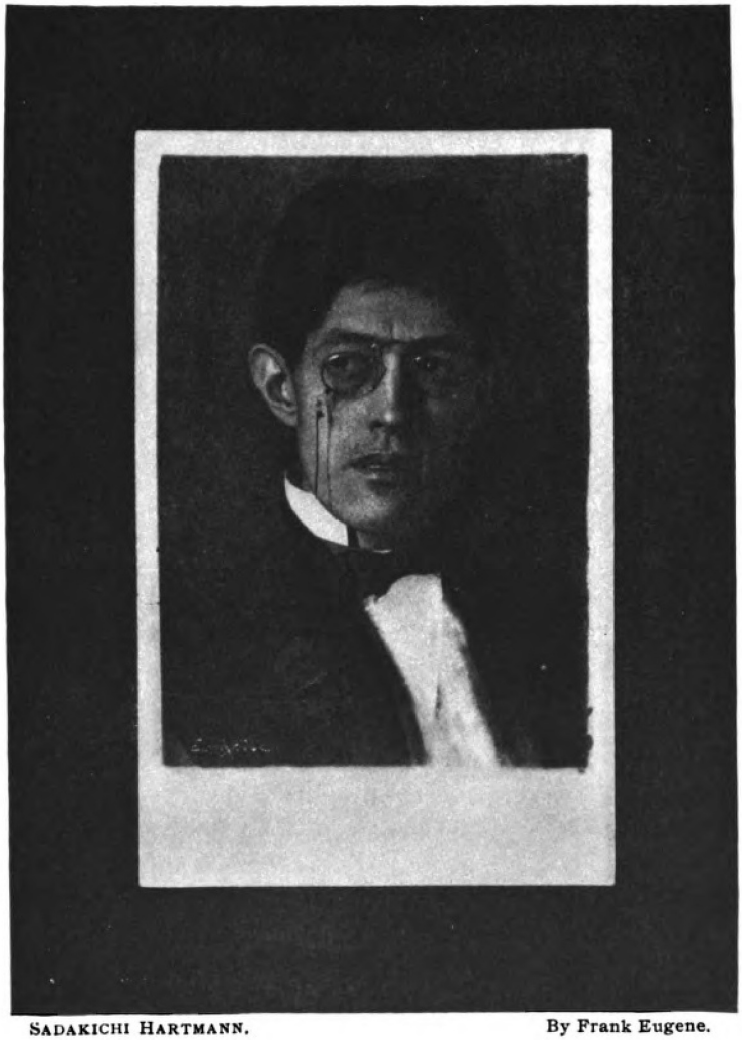
Criticism on Photographs.

Ten years ago criticism on photographic exhibits was an easy thing indeed. Any sort of photographer could write four columns of mixed praise and blame. And, after having digested this, the reader knew exactly what to think of Mr. So and So's work, for the scientific critic had told him on what paper the negative had been printed, how deep and in what color. A short paragraph on the marvelous definition, the crisp high lights and the well detailed shadows, and a line or two describing the subject, completed a criticism that left nothing to be desired. The next exhibit would perhaps be considered disgraceful, over-exposed, unequally toned, slovenly focused, etc. This time not a word on the subject itself, but—"what were the judges thinking of when they admitted a photograph taken with a lens that did not cover more than two-thirds of the plate," and so on. At that time exhibitors did learn something from the critics. They knew when their work was bad and they knew why. So they hurried to Dallmeyer's to buy marvelous lenses, they worked out abstruse calculations with pencil and actinometer, invested in new measuring glasses and patent scales, and finally turned out *the* perfect negative, yielding a perfect print. And they were happy



SADAKICHI HARTMANN. By Frank Eugene.

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and contented because their work was good; they knew for a certainty that it was good, and that no photographer worthy of the name could say it was bad, or imagine anything better.

Things are changed nowadays. We can never be really satisfied with our work, for there is no limit to its improvement; and our critics, who are not satisfied either, do not seem to know why and wherefore, if I may judge from most of the articles it has been my lot to come across.

Photography or, to speak more correctly, a certain number of photographers, have taken up a new line. Their goal is different from that of their predecessors, their standards of excellence are borrowed from those of other crafts, and yet their judges remain the same. If a surgeon used his scalpel to carve a statuette from a piece of oak, would the Royal College sit as a jury and ponderously examine his work from a medical point of view? This is, however, the sort of thing we have to submit to most of the time; it is worse indeed for us poor photographers (pictorial photographers, we call ourselves, for life is precious, and we keep clear of the word "artist"), who stand under cross fires, abused by our community and slated by illustrious painters, who seem to write more often than they paint. We have lost Mr. Gleeson White, whose straightforward criticisms, founded on clear and sound reasoning, gave precious lessons without causing offense. His place has not yet been filled, and now nearly all critical articles on photographic exhibitions teach photographers nothing and leave them either indifferent or confused in their minds.

For criticism does not consist in telling a man that his model is bandy legged, or that his landscape would look better if it was hung upside down. Of course this is very witty, but it has nothing to do with criticism, for a critic ought to speak like a sort of doctor, who diagnoses the disease and points out the remedy; to be able to do this he must have studied both and made a careful examination of the patient himself.

Do our photographic critics proceed in this way? I have seen some of them at work, rushing through the exhibition rooms notebook in hand, and their eyes fixed downwards on the point of a rapidly scoring pencil, in tow of some panting organizer; indeed, I have played the part of the tug-boat myself, and viewed the proceedings from a closer position. But let it be understood that I have met a few exceptions to the rule—rare ones, it must be owned. These men worked several hours a day for three or four days on a hundred and fifty pictures each. They knew these pictures so well that they could have drawn a scheme from memory of every one, and they hated the very titles of them for weeks afterward. But their criticism had weight. It might be disputed, but at any rate it was founded on patient study, and it gave sound reasons for its verdict. Criticism of this order is never offensive and unkind. It does not aim at being satirical or funny. The little pin scratches and the little jokes of the genuine critic, even if they are perpetrated in a moment of irritation, do not stand the polishing process, or they vanish later on under the stroke of the red pencil. This sort of criticism makes photographers look at their work with other eyes; I have often met men who laughed at such or such a suggestion offered in a serious and polite style in the course of one of these articles, but through a mysterious coincidence, it happened that this very suggestion was

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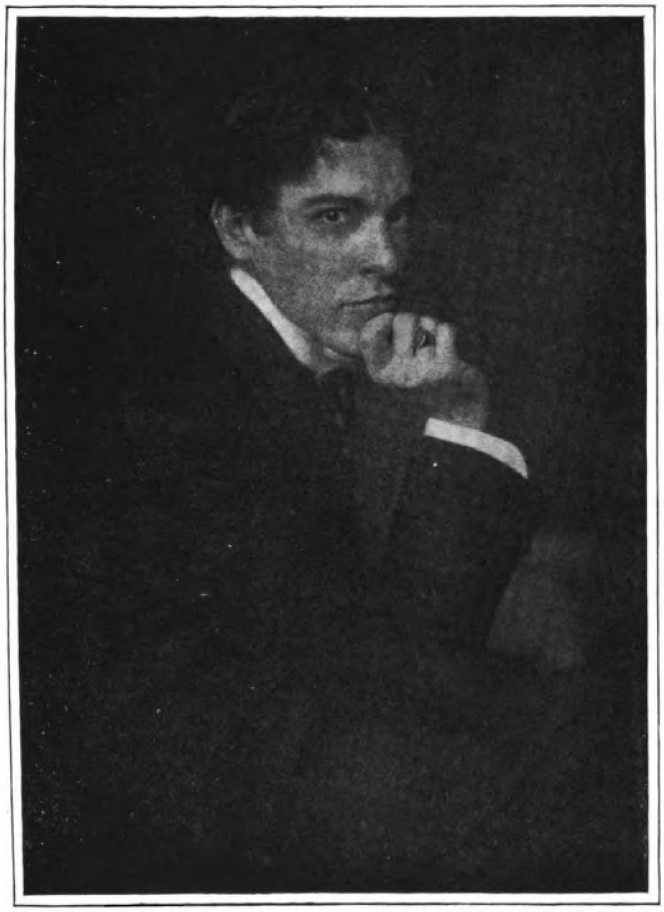

JOSEPH T. KEILEY. By Gertrude Käsebier.

accurately carried out in their next production, which looked all the better for it.

Our critics, nearly all of them, have adopted a very useful exordium, which will conveniently fill up a column and a half and will leave a deep impression on the easily convinced public. It is generally headed "Photographers That Are Not Photographers," and the curses of Daguerre are called down upon men who "imitate" wash drawings, charcoal drawings or aqua fortis. But nothing has ever prevented artists in monochrome from using our dirty black, purple violet, or sickly brown tones for their pictures. It seems to me that if they choose lampblack, India ink or sepia, it is merely because these colors give a very superior artistic effect, and for no other reason. And yet we should be ordered to keep to our old silver tones and effects, just to please Daguerre—whose metallic-surfaced prints, by the way, had no earthly resemblance to the gelatino-chloride outrages of to-day.

After this exordium comes the question of brushmarks in bichromated gum prints, treated in such a way that we believe the critics are under the ridiculous impression that brushes are really not needed in developing gum bichromate, but that they are purposely dabbed all over the print just before framing, to try and get the effect of oil painting.

Further on we come across the names of Rembrandt and Van Dyck, Velasquez and Rubens, and other demi-gods, and the learned critic takes some pains to impress us with the patent fact that our photographs are far from equalling the work of these celebrated painters. But if we are suspected of having studied their composition ,and their treatment of light and shade, a thing that every painter does, we are accused of imitation and lack of personality.

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Finally, we are severely warned that a photograph ought to be a photograph and nothing else. Now this sounds very fine, and at first sight appears to be very clear. But what is a photograph? How shall I know a photograph from something that is not a photograph. A simple-minded man would answer: "A photograph is an image produced by means of a lens or a pinhole, and fixed on some medium or other by means of a chemical reaction caused by light." But this answer does not explain matters satisfactorily, for pictorial photographs are produced in this very way, and yet they are often accused of not being photographs. Is a photograph to be recognized by its aspect only? Then which is *the* photographic aspect? A print on albumen is quite different from a daguerreotype, and has nothing in common with a platinum print; carbon does not look like gelatino-bromide, and chloride paper has a different aspect from tintype. Which style are we to adopt if we want to glory in the name of Photographers?

Perhaps the critics mean that a photograph is undoubtedly a photograph when it is printed on a distinctly inartistic medium, highly glazed; and when it represents a subject utterly devoid of composition, offensive in tone and false in values. This might be the true reading of the enigma, but then we must admit that the critics encourage us to produce detestable work, and this is impossible, of course.

All this is very confusing, and yet it could be made so clear. Why do not critics admit that a photograph can be of any sort of color, printed on any sort of paper, developed by any sort of means, sharp or fuzzy, light or dark, provided it is taken with a camera and printed from a negative. Then let them divide photographs in two classes, the technical and the pictorial, and judge the work of a man according to the end which he pursues, not according to fixed rules and standards that have been invented in other times and for other purposes. If the critics come across a print of a new and disconcerting aspect, instead of saying "this is not a photograph," let them understand that it is only a photograph different from other photographs, just as salted paper was considered very different from daguerreotype in the old times. And lastly, let them give us good reasons for their praise or for their blame, reasons that may encourage us on the road we have chosen, or teach us what we are to avoid in the future.

ROBERT DEMACHY.

✦ ✦ ✦

A New American "Link."

We take great pleasure in recording that our Mr. Joseph T. Keiley was recently elected a member of the "Linked Ring" in London, an honor in the photographic world which most pictorial photographers consider second to none.

Including Mr. Keiley, there are now four American "Links," Messrs. Alfred Stieglitz, (elected 1894); Rudolph Eickemeyer, Jr., (1894); and F. Holland Day, (1896).

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Notes on Photomicrography.

The photographing of minute objects with the microscope is known as photomicrography, as opposed to microphotography, which is reducing a photograph to a minute size, so it may be placed in a pen holder or paper cutter handle, as is so often seen.

I make no pretence in this article to treat of the whole range of photomicrography, but merely deal with the main parts of the necessary apparatus, and dwell on a few points where there may be some controversy. We can divide the apparatus into three principal divisions: First, the source of light; second, the microscope; third, the camera. We will consider them in the order named.

THE SOURCE OF LIGHT.

Theoretically, the perfect source of light would be one of great actinic value and volume, emanating from a mathematical point. In practice we cannot have this, but may approach it in the concentrated rays of the sun, or in the electric arc lamp. It would seem that either of these would surely give the best results, but this is far from the case, as the very finest work has been done with light from the incandescent electric lamp, the Welsbach mantle, acetylene gas flame, and even that of the kerosene lamp.

The manner in which the light, whatever be its source, is made to approach the object to be photographed, is most important. It must be cool, and the angle of concentration correct, or as nearly so as possible. It must also advance so that its axis coincides with that of the microscope. Where a highly heated source of light is used, as in the case of sunlight and the arc lamp, or even in the case of acetylene, some absorber of heat is needed, otherwise the object being photographed would, in many cases, be destroyed. Although most authorities advocate a vessel having plane glass sides filled with a concentrated alum solution, yet in practice it is found that plain water is just as good. This vessel

"NIRVANA."
By
Frank
Eugene.

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is known as a cell. Usually it is about four inches in diameter and four or five inches long. Right in front of the source of light is placed one or more lenses of large size to act as condensers. The first is generally plano-convex, with the flat side next to the lamp, and at such a distance that the latter is at its focal point. These condensers are arranged so as to be adjustable in relation to each other in the line of the axis of the whole apparatus, so that we may readily bring the light to bear upon the object at varying angles of concentration. Next to the condensers is placed the alum cell, so called, and then may intervene other condensing lenses if desired.

As microscopical lenses are not corrected for the actinic rays, it is necessary to admit only those rays which will come nearest to focusing correctly on both the photographic and the visual planes. In other words, these two planes must coincide, or else we will have to alter the focus for photographing, after we have focused the object for the eye. The rays coming near the center of the spectrum are those usually used for this purpose, and therefore a color screen is interposed between the condensers and the object. Any of the screens sold by the dealers will answer, although some special formulas have been devised for special cases.

This brings us to

THE MICROSCOPE.

Any microscope of good make, with fine adjustment, will answer, provided it have a substage condenser, or a ring suitable for using an objective as such. In practice, with all but the very highest power, I obtain much the best results with an objective used as a substage condenser. An objective of one or two inch focal length gives very fine results. It can be readily seen why this is so. The rays of light approaching the object are already convergent, being made so by the condensers, and if we use one of the wide angle condensing systems supplied on the substages of microscopes, we obtain rays that approach at too convergent an angle to be correctly used by objectives other than those of great angular aperture. This must give false lighting, and spoil the fine definition so desirable in photomicrographs.

Another very important item is the objective used to magnify the object. It is not always the highest priced objective that gives the best results. I have a Spencer ¼", that of their student series, that is superior to a 4 mm. Zeiss costing three times as much. When it comes to the lower power, the difference in the qualities for photographic purposes will not be so apparent. One should have objectives of the following focal length: Two inch, one inch, two-thirds inch, one-half inch, one-quarter inch, and one-twelfth inch oil immersion. With such a battery you can tackle almost any subject.

I preferably use no eye piece on the microscope. After an extended series of tests with various forms of eye pieces, including the projection eye pieces made by Zeiss, and also without any eye piece at all, the best results were obtained without the use of the eye piece. I am sustained in this view by Dr. Frank D. Skeel, late president of the New York Microscopical Society, who has been very successful in this class of work. Dr. William M. Gray, of the Army Medical Museum at Washington, and Dr. John A. Fordyce, of New York, however, prefer to use eye pieces. The former, I believe, uses the projection form, and the latter the compensating. Both of these gentlemen do magnificent work, but whether they have ever made comparative tests I cannot say.

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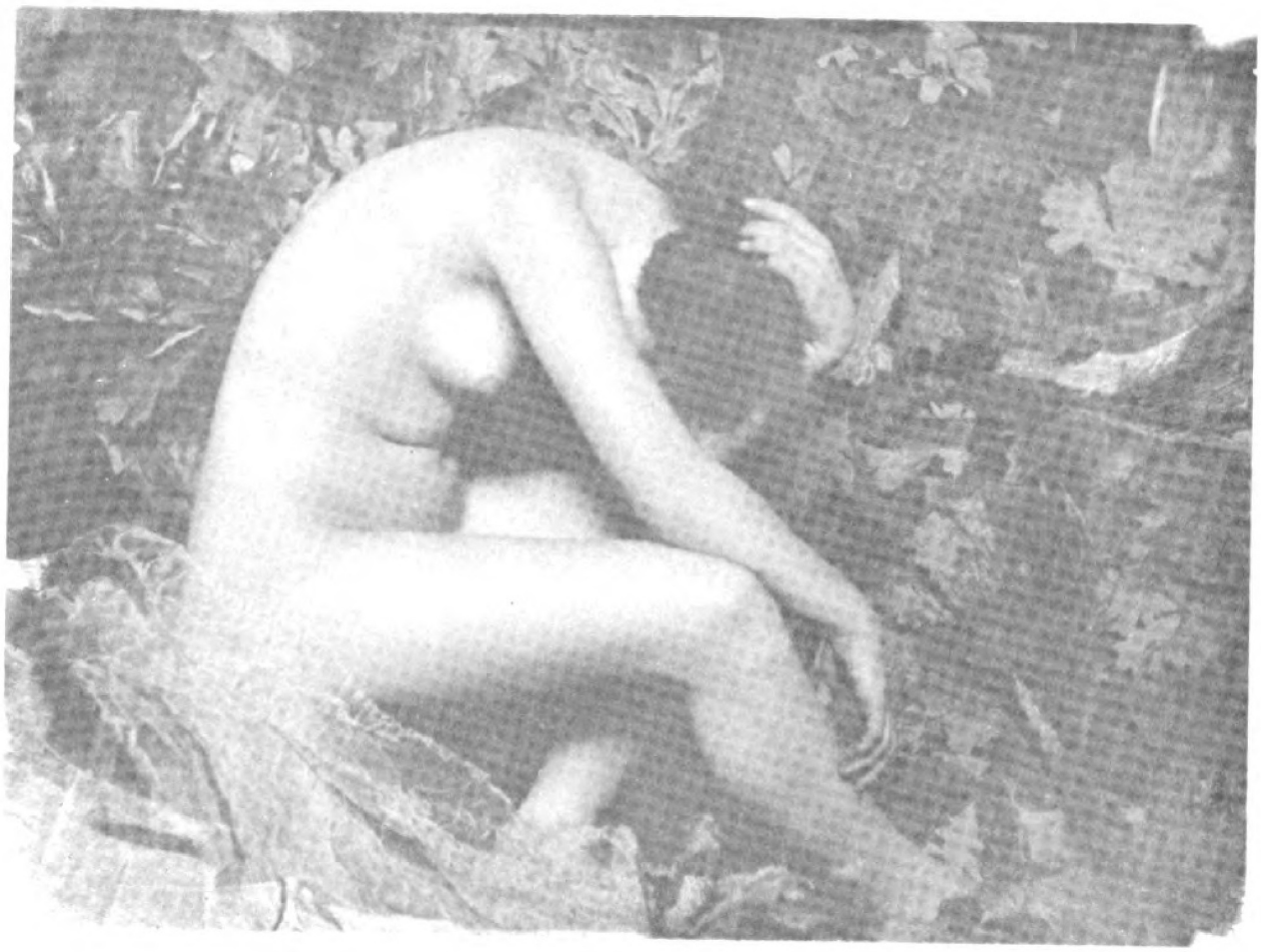

LA CIGALE

From a Platinotype

By Frank Eugene

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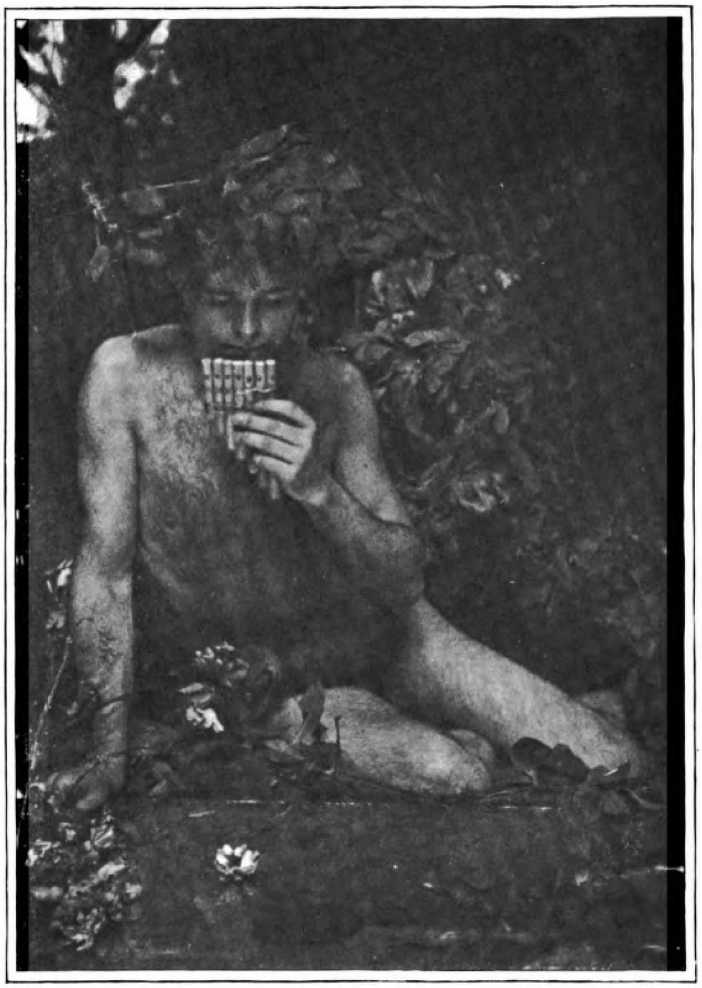

"SONG OF THE LILY." By Frank Eugene.

With low powers the color screen may be dispensed with, but it is safer to always use it.

THE CAMERA.

Here again the most expensive is not always the best. Given a steady platform and a light-tight joint between microscope and camera, "any old box" will answer. Probably the best form, and certainly the handiest, is the tilting camera made by Bausch & Lomb. This is adjustable to any microscope, and it can be placed horizontally or vertically, or at any angle between. It is frequently desirable to photograph objects not mounted permanently, or alive, in which case a vertical camera is a necessity. For pathological and other work of that kind, the more elaborately constructed horizontal form may be advantageous, yet I cannot see why the tilting one would not answer as well. It is seldom that a picture over four inches in diameter is desirable, and 4 x 5 plates (the size used in the tilting camera referred to), are much cheaper than the larger sizes. The images can be enlarged afterwards if desired.

If you improvise a camera, arrange a front board with a piece of light-tight cloth so fastened that when the tube of the microscope is stuck through the hole in front, it can be brought down over and clasped around it, thus excluding all light, but admitting of free motion for focusing.

One very important point is to have a steady platform. The least vibration will undo all your efforts. The top of the house, or if in a quiet place, the cellar, are the best places. Of course there is nothing like a special laboratory with a stone pier so constructed that it rises from the ground and passes through the floor without touching the building. With such an arrangement one can dance a hornpipe alongside the camera without disturbing it in the least.

JOHN ASPINWALL.

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Club Criticism.

The Lantern Slide Committee is making a praiseworthy effort to revive interest in the weekly lantern slide test nights, and for several weeks there has been a large attendance; but as the attraction lies entirely in the number and variety of the slides shown, and the meetings are in the nature of entertainments, it remains to be seen if the so-called "tests" will stimulate the making of slides, or prove of any permanent value to the club.

For many years the Wednesday evening test was an important feature of the club work, for not only did it exert a most marked effect upon the character and quality of the slides tested, but the influence of the tests, and the accompanying criticisms, was noticeable in every branch of our photographic work; and this influence was by no means confined within our walls, for the work of our members, going abroad in slides and prints, has set standards for many an amateur and professional throughout the country, and stimulated their efforts, and has won for the club a recognition not surpassed by any other association of its class in the world.

The test nights, too, have been powerful in their influence upon the social side of the organization, for they brought the members together in a wholly informal way, and, besides promoting a better acquaintance among them, afforded most favorable opportunities for the exchange of information and the discussion of questions relating to the interests and management of the club. In short, these meetings were the pulse of the club.

The older members of the Camera Club, who belonged to the Society of Amateur Photographers, which originated the lantern slide tests, and who are familiar with the history of the institution, will remember conditions much like those prevailing now, when the tests were regarded generally as entertainments, and everyone felt privileged to make such comment on the slides presented as he felt disposed. As the comment was usually facetious, it required considerable courage, and unusual equanimity on the part of an exhibitor, to face the ordeal of such a public criticism. Such a system, or lack of system, was not calculated to encourage, much less stimulate, good work, nevertheless quite a number of members sought more than the gratification of seeing their work on the screen, and in their quest for advice and assistance they naturally turned to a man whose broad and ripe learning and clear judgment had already made him an authority on almost every subject involved in photographic work, both theoretical and technical. It is hardly necessary to say that the gentleman referred to is Mr. William M. Murray.

As the photographic horizon expanded the progressive members of the Society felt the necessity of more serious work, and Mr. Murray was induced to become a member of the Lantern Slide Committee, and to extend the benefit of his criticism and advice to any member who desired it. The criticism was obligatory on none, but it was so universally requested that in the absence of special notice it was assumed that all slides presented for testing were also to be criticised, and this system prevailed as long as the criticisms were continued. The effects of the new system were almost immediately noticeable, for the character of the work presented improved rapidly, both in artistic and technical qualities,

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and the number of slides presented increased in proportion as soon as it was found that competent advice and assistance was available.

The guying at the old time test nights was, after all, not without its advantages, as many a thin skinned egotist, hungry for praise, received a well merited lesson, and later on these, as well as the more earnest workers, were prepared to accept intelligent criticism, honestly and fearlessly given, and to profit by it.

With the consolidation of the two organizations forming the present club, and the addition of a large number of new members who were not familiar with the character and qualifications of the critic and the results of the system of slide criticism, complaints began to arise. Undoubtedly it is human nature to consider praise the main duty of a critic. One considered the standard established too high, overlooking the fact that a standard is established by the most accomplished and skillful artists, and not by the critic. Another protested that the critic did not himself make and exhibit slides, aggrieved that, not being able to refute a criticism, he was not afforded a possible opportunity of resorting to the personal argument. Others objected to any criticism whatever, because, if they exhibited work but declined criticism, the other spectators would comment on the fact. On the other hand, it is but just to state that some of the new members, who at first bitterly opposed the system of criticism, later on became ardent champions of it on appreciating its value. The general public, however, continued to promulgate its criticisms in opposition to the official critic, and to the system generally, and as an inevitable result the office fell into innocuous desuetude, likewise the test nights. There was no one left to condemn—and no one to praise.

With the cessation of criticism a year ago the popularity of the Wednesday evening assemblies waned decidedly, for the emptiness and lack of motive of the function was most evident; and at various times since there have been spasmodic movements looking toward a resumption of some description of criticism, but, unfortunately, the ideas as to its nature and scope have so far been extremely vague. There has been more or less talk of a "popular standard," and "popular criticism," but logically considered there can be neither one nor the other. If "a popular standard" means anything in this connection, it must mean such work as the average amateur photographer produces, and this is evidently a practically indefinite and indeterminate point in the scale of excellence, while the best work still remains where it was before, and challenges comparison regardless of any arbitrary so-called standard. As to "popular criticism," criticism never was, and in its nature never can be, popular in any sense of the word. A popular criticism of lantern slides or prints would be universal and indiscriminate praise—which would be almost as universally false—and undeserved praise cannot convert a poor picture into a good one, even when put in the form of an official statement. Even if it were possible to devise a mild and popular form of criticism, there is little possibility that it would prove acceptable for any length of time, as one of the necessary elements of criticism, especially under the circumstances of lantern slide testing, is that it shall be terse and trenchant. There is little time for long, involved periods, whose only object is to disguise and smooth over a poor piece of work, and past experience has demonstrated that such methods found little favor even with the subjects of the remarks.

That the need of a resumption of criticism is so widely felt among the club members is a strong argument in favor of the old system—the only one of which we have had any experience—and is a vindication of it, if such be needed; but it is evident that few have the courage to face real criticism, even if a competent critic can be found. In the present hesitating conditions of affairs it seems as if, as a preliminary, it might be well to institute a season of the ancient practice of guying, to prepare and inure the members against the mortifications of that straightforward, truthful criticism which alone is helpful and of lasting value.

W. F. H.

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Proceedings.

The regular monthly meeting for December was held on the 12th, President Murphy presiding.

The treasurer reported a balance of $3,-358.90; and verbal reports were made by the various committees.

The judges in the *Murphy Print Competitions* reported as follows: In competition A, for best portrait head or full figure made in the club gallery, the judges, Messrs. Stieglitz, Berg and Cassard, reported that Messrs. L. W. Brownell, A. W. Craigie and Jos. T. Keiley had tied, having received the same percentages. The winner was determined by lot, and the prize fell to Mr. Brownell.

In competition B, for the best landscape, without figures, taken during the summer of 1899, the judges, Messrs. Murray, Aspinwall and Craigie, announced that they had awarded the prize to Mr. F. N. Waterman.

The death of Commodore Chas. P. Howell, U. S. N., for many years a member of the club, was announced.

Dr. Jas. H. Stebbins then read a paper on "Recent Progress in Photographic Chemistry, Emulsions and Dry Plates," which he illustrated by lantern slides.

Dr. Robert J. Devlin gave some results of a recent analysis of commercial sulphite of soda, which showed a considerable amount of impurities.

The meeting then adjourned.

* * *

On December 19th a special meeting was called by the Board of Trustees for the purpose of securing a full discussion of the subject of club criticisms, as raised by the resolution passed at the meeting of November 14th.

The members were invited to discuss and take action upon the following resolution:

"That a board of five critics be elected by the club at said meeting, with suggestions as to the scope and method of criticism to be applied to lantern slides and prints."

Mr. Strauss moved that the matter of selecting critics be recommitted to the Trustees for action. The motion was seconded, but after debate, in which Messrs. Stieglitz, Man, Montant, Keiley, Waterman, Craigie, Champney, Strauss, Aspinwall and others took part, Mr. Strauss withdrew his motion.

After a general discussion of the subject Mr. Strauss moved that the original motion be amended by the substitution of one critic in place of five. Mr. Waterman moved as a substitute for Mr. Strauss' amendment that one judge be elected for general criticism, and one judge for lantern slide technique. After debate the amendment and substitute were voted on and lost.

Mr. Reid moved that three critics be chosen instead of five. Mr. Aspinwall offered an amendment to the effect that a Board of Critics of three be appointed by the chair, with full power to act in the matter of criticism. Mr. Montant moved as a substitute that such a Board consist of five. The substitute was lost, and Mr. Aspinwall's motion was carried.

Dr. Stevens moved to reconsider, and the motion was carried.

The original motion then being before the meeting, Mr. Strauss moved that Messrs. Aspinwall, Champney and Keiley be appointed club critics. The motion was laid on the table. Mr. Montant moved that the whole matter be referred back to the Trustees, with full power to act, and the motion was duly carried.

The proceedings and debate demonstrated that no definite or fairly concordant opinion in regard to the nature and scope of public official criticism exists at present among the members.

* * *

The regular monthly meeting for January was held on the 9th, President Murphy presiding.

The Treasurer reported a balance of $3,-229.50 on hand.

After reports of the standing committees were received a number of cameras and other apparatus were exhibited by Folmer & Schwing.

A vote of appreciation and thanks was tendered to Mr. Rudolph Eickemeyer for the extensive exhibition of his work now on view in the club rooms.

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At the regular meeting, held Tuesday, February 12, Mr. W. D. Murphy in the chair, after the regular routine business the Nominating Committee was selected in the usual manner, Messrs. Hapgood, Bracklow and Arthur Scott having been appointed by the Chair to select a dozen names, from which five were to be drawn by lot. The committee, as drawn, is as follows: Messrs. Dr. J. Bartlett, chairman; W. E. Carlin, C. C. Roumage, J. Wells Champney and M. N. Tiemann.

It was proposed by Mr. Hoge that it would be a good idea to hold an auction of prints, slides, fake-pictures, for the benefit of the club, the prints, etc., to be donated for the purpose by the members of the club. After some discussion, the motion was carried, and the Chair appointed Messrs. Hoge, Carlin and Arthur Scott to engineer the undertaking, giving the committee full power to act. The meeting then adjourned.

Lectures.

On December 5, 1899, Dr. J. M. Bishop delivered an illustrated lecture on "A Visit to South Africa During the Winter Months of July and August, 1899." In view of the great interest manifested by Americans in the South African events of the present time, Dr. Bishop had but little difficulty in holding the interest of his audience.

* * *

Mr. John M. Aspinwall, the genial chairman of the Research Committee, delivered a delightful lecture, "New Orleans to the Pacific," illustrated with a splendid set of his slides, on December 28, 1899. The lecturer kept the immense audience in a continued state of good humor and merriment by his natural wit and happy delivery. The lecture was unanimously voted one of the hits of the season.

* * *

On January 2, 1900, Prof. A. B. Hamlin delivered an illustrated lecture on "A Vacation in Northern Italy." The professor succeeded in imbuing a rather hackneyed subject with a distinct individuality, which was fully appreciated by the frequenters of these lectures. The lecture was illustrated with appropriate slides.

* * *

On January 23, 1900, Mr. Cornelius Van Brunt delivered his new lecture on "The Birth of the Butterfly Among the Autumn Flowers." It is needless to say that the lecture was illustrated with a superb set of colored lantern slides, fully equal to those which have given Mr. and Mrs. Van Brunt their universal reputation. The lecturer drew an overcrowded house, for Mr. Van Brunt is annually looked forward to as furnishing one of the treats of the season, and, as heretofore, his listeners were not disappointed.

* * *

On February 6, Dr. F. D. Skeel entertained the Camera Club with an exhibition of microscopical projection by polarized light. Dr. Skeel stands high in microscopical circles for his skill and learning, and is qualified in every way for the difficult task he had undertaken. Without attempting to make the lecture a scientific one, the speaker began with a brief and popular explanation of the subject for the evening, and then, by way of introduction, threw upon the screen a few cleverly stained slides of some beautiful botanical subjects. These were followed by a set of well selected slides of minerals and chemical salts, which, under Dr. Skeel's skilful manipulation, introduced to the large audience the wonders and beauties produced by polarized light, accompanying them by explanations suited to the occasion. The demonstration was most successful in every way, and it was received with hearty appreciation.

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Third Annual Dinner of the Camera Club.

"Hour of all hours, the most bless'd upon earth,
Blessed hour of our dinners!"

One of the noteworthy facts relating to the varied procession of public dinners annually passing in review before the gourmets of New York, is the way in which the banquets of each fraternity maintain their own distinctive atmosphere from year to year. This is especially true of the dinners of the Camera Club, which by the way, possess an individuality so clearly defined as to render them almost unique.

This yearly renewal of good cheer and discreet indulgence in the *bonhomie* of a not too dignified interchange of post-prandial repartee, is a most attractive feature of our club life, and this year the occasion was rendered the more agreeable by the presence of representatives from the fraternal photographic societies and clubs of Philadelphia, Orange and Montclair.

The feast was spread at "The Arena" on Saturday evening, December the ninth, and was attended by about seventy-five members and guests. In accordance with the custom of the club the souvenir of the occasion consisted of an artistically arranged menu containing original prints by members of the club, while three framed prints by Mr. Stieglitz, Mr. Fraser and Mr. Herbert, and one copy of the CAMERA NOTES Portfolio, donated for the purpose by Mr. Stieglitz, were awarded by lot to Mr. A. P. Scheon, Mr. Ferdinand Stark, Mr. Henry H. Man, and Mr. Morton, respectively.

When the president arose in the capacity of toastmaster, Mr. S. S. Webber claimed the floor in order to unveil a carefully masked battery and completely surprised the presiding officer by presenting him with a beautiful silver-mounted gavel made from wood from the sunken Spanish cruiser "Reina Mercedes." On behalf of certain members involved in the plot Mr. Webber neatly expressed the kindly feelings entertained towards the recipient of the testimonial, and the president responded in appreciative terms.

Then the oratorical talent of the company was developed in fifteen crisp speeches by the following gentlemen:

Mr. Redfield, president of The Photographic Society of Philadelphia; Mr. Gould, president of The Orange Camera Club; Mr. Gibson, president of The Montclair Camera Club; Mr. Stirling, secretary of The Philadelphia Society; Mr. Frank Eugene, Mr. J. Wells Champney, Mr. J. T. Keiley, Mr. Louis Cassier, Mr. Henry H. Man, Mr. Dexter H. Walker, Mr. Charles I. Berg, Mr. J. F. Strauss, Mr. John Aspinwall, Mr. Joseph X. Arosemena and Mr. Alfred Stieglitz.

In the absence of stenographic notes reference to even the most salient points of the speeches must be omitted, but it may be said that they indicated a rare degree of artistic purpose combined with such good fellowship, that when the hour of adjournment arrived the guests departed imbued with the sentiment expressed in Sidney Smith's well-known lines:

"Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day."

WM. D. MURPHY.

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Reviews of the Exhibition of Prints by Frank Eugene.

(Nov. 15—30, 1899.)

BY A PAINTER.

When one has interested one's self for many years in any definite department of work or play, has studied the various conventionalized forms they take, how welcome is the fresh thought or a novel presentation of an old thought.

I am reminded of this by a request to write about the extremely interesting exhibit of Mr. Frank Eugene which adorned the walls of the Camera Club for several weeks towards the close of 1899. Unphotographic photography, it charmed by its novelty, but not only by that. One saw back of all these prints a mind busy with an effort to make an impression of force or beauty or character. The work was purposeful and commanded respect. The reproductions on the printed page will, even when not equalling in charm the originals, confirm the enthusiastic praise they were awarded by all who see in photography a means for artistic expression. Mr. Eugene brought to bear upon his photographic work years of training as a professional artist and so has permitted himself to use photography at times as a pastime, and his play always interests us. When his record, made by the camera, has been only partially successful, he has a novel way of working upon the negatives so as to increase the strength of contrasts, or vary entertainingly the textures, that was so startlingly daring and demanded such skill of hand as well as definite artistic conviction that he is not likely to have many followers and still fewer rivals. A frame of prints like an etcher's different "states of the plate" showed the portrait of a well-known sculptor as the negative recorded it, and five other prints from the negative in varying stages of manipulation until the white coat and very commonplace background had disappeared in darks almost as rich and beautiful as a mezzotint of one of Reynolds' pictures.

There was beauty of an extremely rare sort in a small print representing the late famous composer, Seidl. Only a student of the best of the old masters would have thought of so beautifully balancing the simple lights and shadows.

The note everywhere struck was what for want of a better word we must call artistic, that struggle for such grace of pose, character in dress, fitting illumination of head, figure or scene, balancing of masses of light and shadow, sacrifice of the unimportant and trivial, unity of impression, all of which can be shown by the use of the camera and later treatment of negative or print just as surely as in the painted picture. In many, nay, in most cases, the difficulty of the photographer is greater than that of the painter, and insofar as he combines the qualities mentioned above and others not mentioned does the photographer interest and move us by his work, and has a right to claim recognition from his brethren of the brush.

Mr. Eugene's exhibit was of so personal a character that, as has been already said, it is not likely to affect greatly the average photographer, be he amateur or professional. It told of an original character, it told of valuable influences, and it spoke of an enthusiasm and love beyond that possessed by most. The hanging of the pictures and the framing with the simple decoration of leaves and branches should be favorably commented upon, and I regret that no one preserved for us the pretty treatment of the central group. Mr. Eugene was made to feel the full sense of indebtedness of our club to him for his valuable display, and I am glad to be the mouthpiece of his friends and admirers in giving shape to my pleasure and gratitude in CAMERA NOTES.

J. WELLS CHAMPNEY.

January, 1900.

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BY A PHOTOGRAPHER.

Mr. White showed us what an earnest photographer, good in technique and poetic in feeling, could do in spite of a limited and amateurish self-training in art. He met failure where he also secured his greatest victories,—in the handling of the human figure, and in tone—when he tried impracticable and violent schemes of light and shade All sorts of work, bad as well as good, were shown purposely and for our benefit; and in the next exhibition we had again a showing of poor results with the good.

Mr. Frank Eugene had made most of these prints for his own edification, but was prevailed on to exhibit them for ours. The display was very instructive, for it revealed the work of a painter, using a camera to please himself; the by-play of one frankly little skilled in scientific photography, but drilled to the use of the pencil and the tricks of the brush, and also to the clever handling of figures and accessories. When he fails in light and shade it is because of imperfect understanding and control of actinic and chemical action.

Though a comparison of these two exhibitions was natural and beneficial to the rest of us, it would be unfair to say from it merely that Mr. Eugene's work was not as strong as Mr. White's, although the former shows the *savoir faire* of the trained artist. For while photography affords Mr. White the highest scope he can command, it is but a secondary matter artistically to the man of the brush. It is also useless to wonder whether an academic training in the conventions of art would have helped or hindered the expression of Mr. White's decided individuality.

Mr. Eugene's exhibition found greater favor with the Camera Club than did the one before it; and though it certainly pleased some artists less, the verdict of the cultivated laymen undoubtedly has a value which should always be considered by the initiates of the crafts.

In this case the photographers were willing to overlook the poor photographic execution for the sake of the novel artistic ideas here embodied—novel, by the way, because now put into photographic form. Indeed, the poor technique was in itself interesting, because unusual, in that the artist had resorted to brush and pencil to effect what a few others would have obtained by the glycerined platinotype method, and the majority by the more usual ways of masking, dodging and sunning, or by local intensification and reduction.

Mr. Eugene does not work on the prints in any way, but his negatives must be in a state which the ordinary photographer would consider shocking. He apparently rubs away and scratches the secondary high-lights that he desires to subdue; and he uses pencil and paint on the shadows he would lessen or lighten. He modifies and changes details in the same way, and all with a frank boldness which is very interesting and instructive to the photographer, and would be very suggestive and pleasing to the searcher after beauty if it were not for the obtrusive conflict of methods by which he thus endeavors to make pictures. A true work of art must have unity, and surely must be also whole and indivisible in the secondary matter of the technique by which it is made manifest, for otherwise minor things would interfere with the effect. As Mr. Murray said in a former number of CAMERA NOTES, "That art is best which best conceals art." But Mr. Eugene's method does not give the homogeneous results that we can easily get; and this is one reason why the work did not please some of the artists. They prefer pure photographic technique in a photograph—the regular, unobtrusive ways of dodging and modifying and correcting the camera's unhuman vision.

In such a picture as "The Lady of Charlotte," No. 39, with her Beata Beatrix pose, it was a pity to mar the effect by so poor a way of toning down her robe as by scratching the negative, although in this instance the "etching" is less obvious than in many other cases. A most charming picture this is, the best of eight made with much feeling from this lady with the high-bred, spiritual face. All of these, as well as some of the other portraits and figure pieces, in comparison with certain others in the collection, go far in emphasizing the dependence of an artist behind the camera upon the looks, conceptions and dramatic abilities of his models, and upon their power to fall in with and to reciprocate his feelings and to respond to his ideas.

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A PORTRAIT

From a Platinotype

By Frank Eugene

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In the decorative work several of the models were stiff and unpleasing. That was the one fault with the "Decorative Panel," No. 37. The picture in the center showed beautiful handling, save that the effect of the pose was stiff and rigid, rather than merely formal, and did not go well with the supple richness of the garb and other accessories. There was another picture of this model, a light-toned head, with the true decorative spirit, which indicated the great possibilities that are in such handling of a difficult model. The two narrow, flanking pictures of the decorative triptych, No. 37, which suggested a stained-glass window effect, were better in pose and appeared more appropriate here than did a less trimmed-down print of one of them—a female with a violin, which was hung separately. This, apparently for no special reason, and in spite of the dogwood blossoms, was entitled "Summer," No. 43. The figure was gracefully posed, but the effect was academic and rather artificial. This can be said also of the other supporting figure of the triptych, a man in armor, which, with similar things, was catchy rather than meritorious in idea.

In another "Decorative Panel," No. 33, the supports seem forced and detracted from the middle picture, which was of a girl's head and shoulders, against Mr. Eugene's special background of a screen of leaves. This portrait was very graceful in pose and soft and harmonious in tone. A print from this negative was hung separately, but it was printed too dark, and the charm was entirely lost.

"Launcelot and Guinevere," No. 59, was interesting, especially for the handling of the background—a painted landscape, effective because simple, and made to serve at various times alike for dark and light effects in tone.

"Nirvana," No. 67, reveals the extreme of this artist's method. The long-sought forgetfulness of self comes in a medium which may be water or dewy air or the far æther, as the dreamer's imagination prefers, but which the practical photographer knows to be paint.

There was a Madonna print hung, not the miscalled and dark-haloed maiden catalogued as No. 56, but a picture of a mother and child. This was unnumbered, probably because it was from so poor a negative, but it appealed to me strongly. The main fault in this, as in much of the other decorative work, lay in the fact that the main subjects too often had obviously indoor lighting, while the backgrounds were open-air effects, otherwise cleverly simulated in the studio. In the picture under discussion, the strong light and shade may be supposed to represent sunlight, but unfortunately the background did not support the illusion.

Mr. Eugene's nudes should be of great interest to us. From his experience and training, he at least would seem warranted in trying to depict the human form divine by photographic means for artistic purposes. Few photographers have studied anatomy, cast and life drawing, and have a clear idea of the ideal figure, as distinguished from the imperfect realities of life, which all fall short somewhere. They do not know how to handle the figure nor to guard against copying the imperfect. This is specially important in portraying the nude. Indeed, unless photography can select the good points of the actual flesh and blood figures, and hide the many imperfections—in the proportions of bones, muscles and flesh,—the artist cannot hope ever to do intrinsically good art work by photographing the nude. And most of such work proves this fact, and also that in the nude more than ever is the photographer dependent on his model's perfections.

Frank Eugene showed us but a few nudes. Two of these were neither as purely naturalistic, nor as weakly classical or theatrical, as those we ordinarily see. The female figure, "La Cigale," No. 71, had a great deal of artistic charm as well as a few fleshly failings. "The Song of the Lily," No. 55, was rather more unusual, and is, taken all in all, about the best that has been done in this country with the male nude.

Such decorative work in photography as that which we have been considering is to be welcomed eagerly and studied carefully. But it was where this artist comes closest to pure, untouched photography that he was most satisfactory. This was in his portraits. Some of them we might call direct portrait heads; such as the fine one of "Sadakichi Hartmann," No. 10; as direct and forcible a thing as we ever see, with no touch of the melodramatic; it was unretouched, and indeed needed a little toning down in one or two somewhat obstreperous details. Number 16 was the best of three natural and pleasing portraits of Master Howard Keim, and the Seidl portraits were also very fine.

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The print shown of "Miss J.," No. 15, was a poor one; it was too heavy, and the shadow under the hat was mere shoe-blacking. But it was worthy of study for the fine handling of the rather formidably conventional raiment, and I am sure a technically perfect print might be made from that negative.

Mr. Daniel Chester French's portrait was exhibited in seven different stages of Mr. Eugene's etching and scratching of the plate. The catalogued No. 6 was apparently the sixth state; the other "impressions" were assembled in an unnumbered frame. The almost untouched first state would have been preferred by those who patronize the "photo-art studios" at the rate of eight dollars a dozen. The next five states gave much the impression of fuss and scratches that the Kilkenny cats did in their famous encounter. Out of this the sixth state emerged in the condition many now like; they would say that it looked like the copy of a painting, and consider that high praise. In the unnumbered frame again was the seventh and late state—I do not intend to suggest the quotation about the last state of that man being worse than the first—it was not, it was merely very different. It had great pictorial charm, as had the sixth, but it was too far gone to be a portrait.

Other portraits there were; some merging off into the purely decorative, of which I have already treated by example. Many of the portraits were pleasing in pose, but some were stiff, and some were unattractive. Many were more or less marred by a serious technical fault; the lens had been forced, and figures with any amount of perspective in the pose were palpably distorted; and certain arms, elbows and hands were out of all proportion. Probably Mr. Eugene is not aware of the cause of this—of the danger of getting the subject too near the camera.

Some of the photographs were hard or poor in light and shade, and consequently in the sum total of the values, which is the tone of the picture. This came from faulty photography, and the best thing in the exhibition was thus injured, to my mind. It is much to be regretted that the negative of "S. H. and Family," No. 61, appears to be poor. After much consideration I have decided that this is the best and most charming photographic group, pictorially, that I have ever seen; and I believe many will agree with me. This is but another of the many cases going to prove that if a thing is really good, we desire to see—and can safely be allowed to see—the main objects reasonably clearly. Faded-out parts and main lines lost in shadow are to be forgiven only when they are not what they ought to be, and so are better lost. But this losing does not make amends for their being bad.

This exhibition was of great interest and value to the club; we all need the art education we can get. There seems danger that Mr. Eugene may let his method of scratching run away with him, just as others would make of one or another mode of modification a fad; or else do worse by saying and believing that they follow the only true and legitimate photographic method, and keep true to nature entirely by scientific means, when they really do not know what truth in art means. However, each has his time of test; each must be judged by the results achieved; and it is the only-legitimate-process man who fears the test most, if he is wise, and who abides by it with the worst grace.

I have dwelt on the technique shown in this exhibition because I was requested to do so. But, after all, technique is merely a minor but necessary part of art. We may throw the mere technician out of consideration altogether, as on a level with the unscienced button-shover, when we talk about art.

The dictionary says that *technic* means knowledge applied to art, and that the French word *technique,* as used in English, has the same meaning. But in practice *technic* and *technical* are used of industrial art, of the artisanship of the handicraftsman. So technique has been retained by artists to denote the skill used in the production of works of art, in contradistinction to the dexterity of the artificer. No mere button-shover has technique, although he may have technic; no practicer of pure, unmodified photography has technique, although he may have great scientific skill. The term technique is not applicable to the practice of scientific processes, but denotes only the executive skill of art-workers.

Art cannot exist without technique, and the great artist is even a great technician. Discussions attempted separately of the art itself, and of its technique, in criticising and in judging, are based at best on very illusory distinctions. It is simply a survival of some trace of the struggle between the higher and lower; in photography between art and mere

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artifice, which are to each other as music is to mimicry, and as the spirit is to the body. Tending towards the high extreme we have Corot, Turner—or say, Fuller, even. At the other extreme we have Ben Austrian's latest "masterpiece," and the raft of mere imitations of nature that are less notable.

Spirit alone is too tenuous for existence here, but the other extreme, the body alone, is a Frankenstein creation. We must have our spirit and body combined; so that the ideal in art, as in life, must be "a sound mind in a sound body," which makes a beautiful spirit breathing through a beautiful organization.

In the case of Mr. Eugene, it is his artist's appreciation of values that leads to the endeavor to correct, in his own painter's way, wrong values and inharmonious details. These were produced partly by his own faulty photographic technique, but arise partly, also, from the still imperfect nature of the processes themselves, which we must correct in one way or another to obtain artistic results. And withal, Mr. Eugene's textures are often admirably rendered, and he shows refined feeling in the treatment of his subjects. Indeed, it is evidence of such feeling that ever marks the true artist; and was to be seen in two very different exhibitions by two personalities so different as Mr. Eugene and Mr. White.

It is this feeling that puts some photographers in so entirely different a class from the rest, although the large residuum tries diligently to rise by applying empty rules. For the would-be artist—who carries the rules of art in his mind and tries to apply them thence —differs as much from the real maker—who cherishes in his heart the love of knowledge and beauty which makes the rules—as the priest and the Levite differed in spirit from the good Samaritan.

DALLETT FUGUET.

December 1, 1900.

Exhibition of Photographic Studies by Mr. J. Dunbar Wright.

(Dec. 4—16, 1899.)

As a supplementary exhibition to the usual monthly one-man display, Mr. J. Dunbar Wright, of New York, having recently returned from an extended foreign trip, exhibited about one hundred and fifty prints upon the walls of the club from December 4th to 16th.

The exhibition was arranged with much taste, the general tone being one of refinement.

The pictures themselves call for no special comment, as most of them were colored by hand and therefore do not come within the province of photographic criticism.

The foreword of the very neatly printed catalogue will explain the nature of the exhibition. For more than twenty years Mr. Wright has been a devoted student of the photographer's art, and influenced by its fascinations he has shaped the course of his wonderings so as to include the localities that best afford opportunities for the camerist. Japan, Egypt and Continental Europe have been his fields, and especially in the land of the Mikado he has been fortunate enough to secure, far from the beaten track, many pictures. Mr. Wright's desire to present what he saw, in true local tone, led him to study the laying on of color (as practiced in Japan) under the tuition of K. Tamamura, the celebrated Japanese photographer and painter.

In addition to the scenic bits that constitute the major part of this collection, he exhibits a series of portrait studies. Mr. Wright begs to submit his work to public view, and particularly desires it understood that the exhibit is made without implying any claims to artistic superiority.

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Loan Exhibition.

(Dec. 20, 1899—Jan. 5, 1900.)

A few years ago, and even less remotely, no better means could have been devised for calling an incredulous smile to the lips and a chaffing word to the tongue of the majority of one's friends than seriously to have asserted that there existed persons sufficiently interested in the pictorial achievements of photography as to engage themselves in making private collections of photographs after the manner that paintings and other objects of art are collected, not simply because results distinctly beautiful were obtained, but for the further reason that these results were diverse, original, and strongly marked with the creator's style and individuality

To have followed this assertion with the additional one that comparatively large prices were asked and paid for individual prints and that as much as a hundred dollars had been given for a single picture would have won for the speaker an unenviable if picturesque reputation for trifling with pure truth.

Such, nevertheless, is the case. There exist to-day, here and abroad, a number of valuable private collection of pictorial photographs, and a Stieglitz, an Annan or a Demachy is as much of a prize in its way as a Breton, a Fortuny or a Billotte. These collections have exercised much excellent influence upon the taste of those who were fortunate enough to have access to them, and have helped very materially in broadening the artistic influence of photography and in encouraging to greater and more ambitious effort, those who are endeavoring to give expression to their artistic feeling and inspiration through the medium of the camera. It was therefore determined by the Print Committee to inaugurate a series of loan exhibitions, to be selected from such private collections and to close the old and open the new year with the first of these exhibitions; and no more fitting climax for the closing of the series of exhibitions displayed during the year 1899 nor better introduction to the exhibitions of 1900 could well have been imagined than the exhibition which hung upon the club walls from the 20th day of December, 1899, to the 5th day of January, 1900.

It emphasized all that was excellent and redeemed the shortcomings of those that had gone before, and was a happy augury for the future.

Made up of pictures selected from the private collections of Eva L. Watson, Mathilde Weil, J. Wesley Allison, Alfred Stieglitz, Chas. I. Berg, Joseph Obermeyer, John Beeby and Joseph T. Keiley, it consisted of one hundred and ten examples of some of the foremost European and American work—fourteen Europeans and thirty Americans being represented—and contained the pick of the best exhibitions ever shown in this country. In many respects it was one of the most representative and carefully selected exhibitions of high-class work ever shown in the United States. Had it not been for the fact that pictures by club members were barred from the exhibition it unquestionably would have been the most representative collection of photographs ever gotten together. This enforced absence of some of the greatest American work, while a source of general regret among those who viewed the collection, was also the occasion of a certain feeling of pride on the part of the members of the club. who had it thus brought home to them forcibly, if in a rather negative manner, that nearly all of the foremost American workers are enrolled as members of the Camera Club. In the collection there were at least five really great pictures, the greatest of them and indeed one of the greatest pictures ever made by means of the camera being Craig Annan's *Monks Walking* (Stieglitz Collection). The other four pictures that stood out so markedly from the rest were Hinton's *Sylvan Solitudes* (Allison Collection), Eugene's *Lady of Charlotte* (Keiley Collection), and Demachy's *Street in Mentone* and *Poster* (Stieglitz Collection).

The exhibition included examples of the work of J. Craig Annan (Scotland), Edgar Lee (England), Paul Martin (England), Richard Marsh (England), W. Smedley Aston (England), Bernard Lintott (England), H. P. Robinson (England), Charles Job (England), Robert Demachy (France), Chas. F. Inston (England), J. C. Mummery (England), A. Horsley Hinton (England), Karl Greger (England), Alex. Keighley

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(England), F. H. Day (Boston), Rev. Dr. Townsend (Orange, N. J.), Dr. H. C. Close (Orange, N. J.), Edmund Stirling (Philadelphia), W. B. Dyer (Chicago), Mary Devens (Cambridge, Mass.), Alan D. Cooke (Philadelphia), Eva L. Watson (Philadelphia), Robert S. Redfield (Philadelphia), Rose Clark (Rochester), Mary S. Perkins (Philadelphia), Mary Keipp (Philadelphia), Henry Utard (New York), Frank Eugene (New York), H. Troth (Philadelphia), C. Yarnall Abbott (Philadelphia), Amelia C. Van Buren (Detroit), Frank St. John, Mrs. S. M. Eakins (Philadelphia), Thos. Eakins (Philadelphia), Alice Trimble (Baltimore), F. G. Von Rapp (Philadelphia), Mary Seamuller, A. Clements (Philadelphia), E. M. Kenton, Miss Crowell, Ellen Ahrnes, Samuel Murray.

The pictures were shown to their best advantage, being allowed ample wall space where there was no clashing or disturbing environment to dwarf or submerge their individuality. Hence it happened that many of the pictures already favorably known took on a new charm, acquired an additional value by being thus displayed.

It is always a misfortune to have to crowd pictures when they have distinct merit; for while a picture may be strong enough to assist its individuality despite its surroundings it certainly suffers very materially from being crowded among a lot of other pictures of greater or less merit and attractiveness, each framed differently and often inharmoniously.

The eye and the mind are necessarily, though often unconsciously, affected by the surroundings, and invariably judgment of a picture's merits is based as much upon the modifying, improving or distracting influence of a picture's environments as upon the inherent merits or demerits of the picture itself.

The portraits of Lady Wallscourt and Lady Robert Manners, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, for example, were hung on either side of Turner's *Cologne* in the exhibition of 1826. The brilliant color of the sky of Turner's picture practically killed the color in the two portraits. Turner was generous enough upon discovering this to wash over the entire brilliant golden sky of his picture with a wash of lampblack in water color, thus temporarily ruining the sky, because "poor Lawrence was so unhappy." But all exhibitors are not as generous as Turner, and it is just as well so; otherwise the public would be decidedly the loser, as in the case of Turner's own picture. The point of the illustration is that all hanging committees should do their best towards making it impossible that such a generous sacrifice should be necessary. More than one public exhibition has been actually discounted and robbed of the high reputation which it deserved solely through the poor taste and want of judgment on the part of those responsible for the hanging of the pictures. It was with sincere regret that the members of the club saw this exhibition taken from the walls. It was studied by them with care to their pleasure and profit; and it is believed that the hope expressed by the chairman of the Print Committee in his brief foreword to the catalogue of the exhibition that it would "bring more forcibly to the members and to the public the claim made for pictorial photography, and at the same time show the interest taken in the works of those who have already won honors in this country and abroad," has been more than realized.

J. T. K.

Philadelphia Photographic Salon, 1900.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts has the honor to announce that under joint management with the Photographic Society of Philadelphia, the Philadelphia Photographic Salon for 1900 (third year) will be held in the Galleries of the Acedemy, from October 21 to November 18, 1900.

The aim of the Salon is to show only such pictures produced by photography as may give distinct evidence of individual artistic feeling and execution, rigidly selected by a competent jury, the honor of acceptance being the only award.

All those interested in the purpose of the Salon are invited to give it their cordial support and encouragement, both by submitting specimens of their work and by making it favorably known to others.

This preliminary notice will be followed in due course by a full circular, with all details, entry forms, etc.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.
EDWARD H. COATES, *President,*
HARRISON S. MORRIS, *Secretary.*

THE PHOTOGRAPHC SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA.
ROBERT S. REDFIELD,
JOHN G. BULLOCK,
EDMUND STIRLING.

Broad Street, above Arch, Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A., March 1, 1900.

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Exhibition of Photographs by Rudolph Eickemeyer, Jr.

(Jan. 10—Feb. 5. 1900.)

This exhibition has done us the great service of showing exactly what to think in regard to Mr. R. Eickemeyer's photographic work. The best known of his productions, like "The Vesper Bell," "A Ranchman," "At Close of Day," etc., were included, as well as the best of those done for the Carbon Studio. In addition, there were a few recent productions, and above all else his flamboyant "When the Daylight Dies"—the most pictorial photograph I have ever seen—in which the artist has sought to sum up and to epitomize his talent. While, however, the work of Eickemeyer is charming, it is not a revelation to the New York connoisseur. We have known him long and rated him highly.

We all know that on the common ground of technical performance and executive skill, where all capable workers meet, he has a worthy place among the best. As an artist, however, he does not rank as highly. I fear he has worked too much in the professional lines to be a producer of absolute individuality; even the ensemble of his exhibition suggested that it was restless, the framing too heavy, the prints too varied in their tones, and reminded somewhat of the shop. He also exhibited too much. One-third of the exhibits, carefully selected, would have done him more justice. Yet it would be a foolish misconception to consider Eickemeyer merely a photographer of simple prettiness, a pot-boiler, who went on repeating a certain type of picture, like his "The Dance," because he found it saleable and generally popular. He is a man whose aims are distinct and whose methods are scientific, and who possesses enough inventive power steadily to improve upon the ideas formed in earlier periods of his life. He is of all American photographers the most versatile one. He can be decorative, commonplace, poetical, picturesque, humorous by turns. There seems to be no limit to his invention, no bound to his ingenuity.

All that he lacks is temperament; one might call him "a photographer without passions and without emotions." Nearly all his work looks somewhat forced, and no matter how hard he strives to imbue a subject with sentiment, he seldom accomplishes more than a melodramatic effect, at least as far as his studio pictures are concerned. But he merely claims the right to be considered one of "the vigorous workers in the advancement of photographic art, who possesses nothing but a love for the simple and homely, a careful attention to detail, and a positive genius for hard work," and judging him from this viewpoint he is indeed worthy of a place among the elect. During the working life of nearly fifteen years he proved in a rapid succession of creditable work what æsthetic possibilities lie in artistic photography. He helped to show that beauty of form, appreciation of color, exquisite balance of line and space-arrangement, and consummate skill of handling, are all possible in photographic print. He preached, through the medium of his own practice, the doctrine that all the popularly accepted functions of portrait-photography are so many hindrances to its real mission to produce something artistic with strictly legitimate means.

It appears to me, however, that Eickemeyer gives in his landscapes and foreground-studies the most convincing, most interesting proofs of his talent. Pictures like his "Path Thro' the Sheep Pasture" are masterpieces. In such pictures he becomes a poet, despite his lack of artistic temperament. When he is alone with nature he seems to forget his scientific methods, and to try to simply realize what she offers. Of course, I do not wish to convey that photographing from nature is a mere mechanical process with him. It demands complete mastery of technique and a most sensitive power of observation to realize one of the ever-changing moods of nature as he does. But after all there is but little to arrange; the photographer has simply to search for a place that suggests a picture to him.

Patience is perhaps the most necessary virtue for the searcher of foreground studies to cultivate, for one has to deal with a most capricious factor: the wind. The foliage must be absolutely still, the smallest movements sufficing to spoil the negative. Not until one undertakes this kind of work does one realize how very seldom the air is even approximately motionless. On the calmest day there is enough wind to keep the grasses swaying

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for several minutes after each puff of air has passed over. Oh, the agony of it! Standing in a cramped attitude for ten minutes, craning one's neck to watch the changing light on the distant grass as it is bowed by the wind; or raising the eyes in (not always mute) invocation to the summer clouds, and in so motionless an attitude that the birds and insects forget to be afraid and approach to gaze in astonishment at the strange instrument before them. Elves and pixies seem ready to pop out from each little shadow, and every moment one expects to hear tiny voices close to one's ear. One is greatly tempted sometimes when it is very windy to remove flowers and grasses to a sheltered spot where they can be photographed at leisure. This experiment is never tried twice, for no matter how hard one tries, the stolen treasures can never be made to look as if they grew there. Patience is the only alternative, and the best thing to do under the circumstances is to light a cigarette, sit down on a convenient stump, give free scope to one's imagination, and wait for a calm. When patience becomes exhausted, and there is still too much wind, the best thing to do is to go home, for there is nothing so foolish as wasting plates.

In his foreground-studies Eickemeyer undoubtedly achieved his greatest triumphs. He apparently has the necessary patience and perseverance for them. I wish he could devote himself entirely to them. Nobody can rival him on that ground, and the more I look at his work, the more I come to the conclusion that he is master, practically, only in one branch of photography; but that he works in that branch with amazing elasticity and freshness of invention.

His camera could open the gates of an enchanted land, the grassy rings with their elfin bowers of spreading burdocks and tangled bracken, where Oberon and Titania hold their revels. He says to himself in the modest preface of his catalogue that "he has settled down with the determination to conquer two square miles of country in the vicinity of his home." Should he be able to follow this ideal vocation persistently, then a mist would roll from many eyes; those who hitherto pretended to be lovers of nature would see abundant beauty where before there was none; and he might teach us to view the few miles around our dwellings as a veritable fairyland, endless in changing loveliness.

SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

January 17, 1900.

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Attendance of Trustees at Board Meetings.

January, 1899—January 1900, included.

MEETINGS	NAME	ATTENDANCE
11	Wm. D. Murphy	10
11	Alfred Stieglitz	9
11	Harry B. Reid	10
10	W. E. Wilmerding	10
11	L. B. Schram	9
11	John Beeby	10
9	W. P. Agnew	8
11	Chas. I. Berg	8
9	John Aspinwall	5
9	Wm. J. Cassard	4
3	Dr. J. T. Vredenburgh	3
3	Wm. Bunker	1

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Camera Club Competitions.

The Aspinwall Scientific Research Competition.

Mr. John Aspinwall, chairman of the Committee on Scientific Research, has kindly offered a

1st Prize.....$30.00
and 2d " $20.00

for original research in photographic chemistry, optics or methods, open to competition among the members of the Camera Club.

The prizes will be awarded by three judges appointed by the Trustees of the Club.

The reports of the researches shall be filed with the Secretary prior to January 1, 1901.

The prize-winning reports or papers are to be published in CAMERA NOTES.

Fin-de-Siecle Lantern Slide Competition.

The competition having failed as originally outlined, it is re-opened under the following conditions:

Mr. J. Edgar Bull has offered a silver cup to be competed for by the members of the Camera Club, upon the following conditions:

RULES GOVERNING THE FIN-DE-SIECLE LANTERN SLIDE COMPETITION.

1. The competition is open to all members of the club who have not received a Camera Club reward in a lantern slide competition.
2. The prize is to become the property of the winner, and will be awarded on the basis of artistic merit—the basis on which pictures generally are judged—without the mental effort of discriminating between art and technique.
3. Every entry must consist of six slides from negatives made between the first day of January and the last day of December, 1899, and shall be, as well as the slides made therefrom, solely the work of the competitor.
4. Entries must be delivered at the club rooms, addressed to the secretary, on or before April 1, 1900, and must be presented only in nom de plume or cipher.
5. A sealed envelope, addressed to the secretary, and bearing the pseudonym or cipher, must contain the name of the competitor. No envelope will be opened until the award is announced.
6. There will be no award unless at least seven entries are received, and no competitor shall make more than one entry.
7. Only the name of the winner will be announced. The pseudonyms of unsuccessful competitors will be announced in the order of comparative merit of the slides submitted.
8. Slides are preferably to be marked with appropriate titles.
9. The slides of the winning set shall become the property of the club.
10. All slides are to be exhibited at the club rooms on the night the award is announced.
11. The award will be announced at the annual meeting, April 10, 1900.

The judges will be Alfred Stieglitz, Wm. M. Murray and C. I. Berg.

Appreciation.

"The Manger," by Gertrude Käsebier, generally considered the gem of last year's Philadelphia Salon, was recently bought by a New York lady for one hundred dollars. The purchaser had never taken any interest in photography, nor knew anything of the claims of pictorial photographers. She bought the picture as a picture, regardless of the means of its production.

This is the second time within a year that one hundred dollars has been paid for a pictorial photograph in this city, showing that exceptional work in that line occasionally does find appreciation of the right kind.

There are still a few portfolios of "American Pictorial Photography," Series I., to be had from the Publication Committee. Price, ten dollars.

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THE "CAMERA NOTES" IMPROVED GLYCERINE PROCESS FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF PLATINUM PRINTS, INCLUDING THE EXPERIMENTS BY JOSEPH T. KEILEY AND ALFRED STIEGLITZ. ILLUSTRATED BY REPRODUCTIONS OF PRINTS BY THE EXPERIMENTERS.

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by
Alfred Stieglitz and Joseph T. Keiley,
new york, n. y.

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The "Camera Notes" Improved Glycerine Process for the Development of Platinum Prints.

The use of glycerine in combination with the developer used in developing platinum paper is not new. It has been tried at different times and by various experimenters; and records of the results of these experiments are to be found in the various photographic Year Books and in certain publications treating of platinum paper and its various uses.

Its most valuable and far reaching possibilities, however, appear to have been overlooked entirely or to have been beyond the visual range of those who originally introduced the use of glycerine in connection with the finishing of platinum prints. Originally it seems to have been regarded simply as a medium whereby clear high lights might be obtained in prints together with a modification of the heavy shadows. Later it came to be regarded as "a valuable and useful means of mechanically restraining or retarding the development," while one of the most recent articles upon this subject treats of it as an eliminator of unnecessary and obtrusive detail and warmly champions this property as its greatest virtue. And there are still many who believe that its sole value lies in the possibility it affords to produce passable and even pleasing prints from negatives that would not yield by any other means an even half satisfactory picture.

Its greatest utility to the photographic world, however, that of bringing it within the power of the photographer to correct on his print the falsely rendered values of his negative; to harmonize, limit or extend its tonal range; to impress upon his work the stamp of his feeling for the subject treated, seems not even to have been suspected. This, doubtless, was due to the circumstance that it never was imagined that the action of the platinum developing solution or oxalate developer in combination with glycerine could be kept so entirely under the control of the skillful manipulator as to make it possible to develop any part of the print at will independently of all its other parts, and to such an extent as was thought most desirable, without imparting to the finished print the appearance of a crude design for a stained-glass window or piece of mosaic work—or making it look like a very badly stained photograph. Perhaps the necessary experiments were never tried because few suspected that any paper moistened would submit itself to the comparatively rough usage through which the platinum paper has to pass in the course of the brush manipulation of its surface.

There is a final reason which in all probability is the weightiest. As much was not demanded of photography in the past, from the artistic standpoint, as is demanded to-day; its aspiration towards artistic perfection was not so high; harmony or correctness of tone from the artist's point of view was not looked for in a photograph, and whenever attempted was damned as illegitimate, and hence as there was no demand for such a process none conceived the idea of it.

Let it be remembered that the great merit of this method of development lies in its corrective possibilities and that through it is the manipulator enabled

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to reclaim his print from the rigid bondage of the hitherto unalterable renderings of values recorded therein during the process of printing, and to introduce into it his own conception of the values, tonal quality, feeling and artistic effect of the theme under treatment. There are reproduced with this article four different renderings of the same negative, *A North Carolina Landscape,* that will serve to illustrate this statement.

THE PROCESS BRIEFLY OUTLINED.

The platinum paper is printed in the usual manner, but somewhat farther than is the case where the ordinary development is to be resorted to. (See Note 1.)

Upon being removed from the printing frame the paper is placed face up upon a sheet of glass. (See Note 2.)

It should then be coated over entirely and evenly with pure glycerine by means of a broad brush. (See Note 3.)

A blotter of corresponding size should then be placed upon and pressed to the print that the glycerine may be worked into the sensitized surface. The print is then thinly recoated and developed by means of brushes, two developing solutions being used, one consisting of a solution of equal parts of developer and glycerine, the other of pure developer. (See Note 4.)

When it is desired to introduce a warm brown or flesh tone into portions of the print, three additional solutions must be kept at hand, one of pure mercury-bichloride, fairly strong, the other of developer to which mercury has been added, and the third of the glycerine-diluted developer, to which mercury has also been added. (See Note 5.)

When the print has been developed to suit the taste it should be placed in a clearing solution of 1 part of muriatic acid to 60 parts of water, the entire surface of the print being brushed over with a broad, soft brush immediately that the print is immersed therein. (See Note 6.)

The print should be given at least three separate washings in clearing solution—each bath being fresh—the tray being rocked the while. If the third bath when poured off appears clear and free from tint, the print should be washed in running water for about five minutes. (See Note 7.)

Notes.

1. Any cold bath platinum paper may be used. The heavier grades, B. B. and C. C., of Willis & Clements' manufacture, or the corresponding grades of other platinum papers, are the most desirable for the purpose.

A lighter grade of paper may be used, but it is rather apt, because of its thinness or want of body, to become thoroughly saturated with moisture when the operation of development is protracted over any length of time, which is invariably the case, and to be abraised, torn or excorciated by the brush during the process of development. Sometimes it escapes all catastrophy till it reaches the clearing or final washing bath, where, owing to its almost pulpy and thor-

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oughly saturated state, it will tear on the slightest provocation. And often during the action of drying for the same reason it will meet injury.

This point is gone into at some length, because the development of a single print will take anywhere from fifteen to fifty minutes, often longer, and it is well to avoid so probable a chance of having the final results of one's labor and patience ruined at the very last moment.

The age, dampness or dryness of the paper used will, of course, influence the final results, as in the case of the ordinary method of development. Old paper, however, can for certain results be used to far better and more telling advantage through this process than was ever before possible—and for certain effects it is absolutely essential.

The printing of the paper is done in the customary manner, either in the sun or shade, according to the character of the negative. The depth of the printing depends upon the result desired; but as a general rule it should be carried somewhat farther than in the case of a print from the same negative intended for ordinary development.

In the case of a landscape, for example, the delicate detail of the sky is the objective printing point (if the sky be blank print for a tone in the sky portion of the picture). The sky portion of a picture is the objective point because the foreground can be held back in the process of development at the will of the manipulator.

This rule involves a cardinal principle of this process. *The printing should be carried far enough to ensure the recording of those delicate tones and half tones in the high lights of a picture that are so full of subtle charm, but which under ordinary circumstances must be entirely sacrificed because their printing would involve the overprinting of every other part of the picture.*

This allows the full range or tonal capacity of a negative as a basis from which to work, and the manipulator can then develop his print as his taste dictates and his skill makes possible. In the case of the landscape already referred to, the first reproduction is a literal unmanipulated rendering of the story of the negative, while the other three are manipulated prints and may properly be designated as interpretations.

It will be found desirable, in certain instances, to permit the shadows of a picture to print to the point of bronzing, or as it is sometimes expressed, till they solarize—as charming warm effects, suggestive of color, can thus be obtained. It will be inexpedient, however, to formulate any set of laws as to the different methods and degrees of printing to be resorted to, other than those already suggested. These embody all the essential principles, and if properly and comprehensively understood will enable the worker to evolve such rules and laws as are necessary for his own guidance out of the suggestions therein contained.

2. It is advisable that a large, heavy sheet of glass be used upon which to develop. This glass should be carefully cleaned with a towel after each development, as the developer remaining thereupon, if allowed to stay, will often soak through the back of the next print placed upon it and deface it with ugly and irremovable stains. As it is necessary to have the print to be developed lie perfectly flat upon the surface of the glass it will be advisable to put the platinum paper under such pressure before using as will accomplish this result. A little

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pure glycerine brushed over the surface of the glass where the print is to lie will also help to keep it down and prevent its slipping about.

3. At least four brushes are necessary for this process of development:

(a) A brush an inch and a half or even two inches broad with which to coat the print with glycerine. (The rubber set brush used for dusting plates will serve admirably.)

(b) An ordinary round brush with a long handle, the circumference of the thickest part of its hair portion to correspond with that of the ordinary lead pencil and firm enough to give a certain stroke, but not stiff enough to scratch the surface of the paper. (There are certain soft brushes to be had at hardware shops for a small price that will answer.)

(c) A thin, fine pointed brush for the purpose of working in fine lines and delicate shadows. (The retoucher's "spotting-out" brush will do very well for the purpose; but better still are Japanese brushes that will keep a fine point.)

(d) A brush at least two inches broad for the purpose of brushing the clearing solution over the developed print. (The rubber set brush will serve for this purpose also.)

There is no restriction as to the number of brushes that may be used. One's own individual taste and requirements will govern that point; but every care should be taken that the brushes be of the kind that are not stiff enough to scratch the paper and such as do not shed their hairs. Whenever a hair is observed upon the surface of the print under development, it should instantly be removed; otherwise any developer that may be on or near it will lie along the line of the hair and develop a corresponding line upon the face of the print.

4. A good supply of blotters, to be used for the purpose of taking up the superfluous glycerine and developer during the course of development, should be kept on hand. These blotters should be of the heavy white variety that are especially prepared for photographic purposes. (As these particular blotters are not carried in stock by all dealers, it should be mentioned for the benefit of those desiring to obtain them, that they can always be procured from the Obrig Camera Co.) The blotters come in large sheets (18 x 22 in.). When preparing to develop a print, several pieces of blotter corresponding to the size of the print should be cut from one of these sheets and kept within easy reach of the hand during the course of development—as delay, even for a few seconds, in being able to procure a piece of fresh blotter while developing a print, may result in the absolute ruin of the picture.

After a print has been developed the blotters used thereupon should be destroyed. This precaution is rendered necessary from the fact that a blotter that has once been used for this purpose has absorbed a certain amount of the developing solution; and if re-used the developer thus absorbed may impart itself to the print under development and cause such partial development thereof at the places of contact as will entirely mar the results striven for. Upon being laid upon the glass the print should be evenly brushed over with glycerine and then blotted off, to ensure the glycerine's getting well into the body of the print, which is then thinly recoated all over, and afterwards heavily coated as to those parts where the development is to be especially restrained or the details eliminated.

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The glycerine-diluted developer is then brushed on those portions that it is thought desirable to bring up first—and the print is thus gradually built up as the taste dictates—the strong solution being used where a pronounced shade is required. The brush carrying the strong developer should be passed between the finger and thumb before being touched to the print, that the dripping developer upon it may be removed. Whenever the development appears to have gone far enough the print should at once be blotted off as to that part, which should then be covered with glycerine and not again touched. An examination of Mr. Stieglitz's two studies of a woman seated in a chair, the first reproduced from an unmanipulated print, the second from a print developed by this process, will show to what extent this partial development can be carried. Outline drawings can be obtained by going over the picture's outlines with a fine brush and keeping all else coated with glycerine. That a clear understanding may be had of what is means by the expression "strong developer" as used in this article, it should be explained that the Willis & Clements' developing salts, dissolved as per formula upon box containing the said salts, is here referred to. This developer very much diluted gives soft charcoal effects. It should not be forgotten, while developing a print, that it will dry out somewhat darker than it appears at the time of removal from clearing bath.

5. Very beautiful effects can be gotten through the use of mercury-bic. in combination with the ordinary developer, as suggested by Mr. Stieglitz, and by the application of the developing bath without mercury to one part of the print and that containing it to another, a double toned print will result, whose beauty will depend entirely on the correctness of the maker's taste. If not exceptionally good it is more than apt to be remarkably crude, unpleasant and inartistic. The mercury is a very uncertain quantity and rarely acts in the same way twice, so that one must use it with great caution. As the tone produced by its use is of a more or less transparent character, development with the co-operation of the salts of mercury can be carried much farther than is the case with the developing solution containing no mercury, as the shadows will not be clogged and opaque. The brushes used to apply the mercury should never be used for any other purpose, as they will carry traces of the mercury for a long while after once having been dipped into a solution containing it. If used with any other solution thereafter other than that containing mercury, it will almost certainly leave an ugly stain.

A series of experiments are being made by Mr. Stieglitz for the purpose of ascertaining the character and permanency of these mercurial tones, a full account of which will appear in a later number of CAMERA NOTES. The belief entertained of them at present is that they are fairly permanent.

Excellent sepia tones also can be obtained by using a small quantity of mercury in the developing solution.

The print is developed by means of brushes, the developer being applied locally and in different strengths, the strength of the developer being governed by the effect desired. During the process of this development the print is blotted off from time to time and recoated entirely or in part with glycerine in order that the development may be kept completely under control and that staining may be prevented.

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pure glycerine brushed over the surface of the glass where the print is to lie will also help to keep it down and prevent its slipping about.

3. At least four brushes are necessary for this process of development:

(a) A brush an inch and a half or even two inches broad with which to coat the print with glycerine. (The rubber set brush used for dusting plates will serve admirably.)

(b) An ordinary round brush with a long handle, the circumference of the thickest part of its hair portion to correspond with that of the ordinary lead pencil and firm enough to give a certain stroke, but not stiff enough to scratch the surface of the paper. (There are certain soft brushes to be had at hardware shops for a small price that will answer.)

(c) A thin, fine pointed brush for the purpose of working in fine lines and delicate shadows. (The retoucher's "spotting-out" brush will do very well for the purpose; but better still are Japanese brushes that will keep a fine point.)

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6. The development of a print being completed, it should be placed immediately in the clearing solution and brushed over quickly and entirely with a broad, soft brush. This is done in order to get the clearing solution at once to all parts of the print. Where the precaution is not taken, the action of the developer is apt to continue under the protection of the glycerine coating, which, despite the blotting off at the termination of the development, has not been removed entirely, and the final results will not be such as originally were intended or worked for; neither will they be especially artistic. Where mercury-developed prints are concerned it should be remembered that the tendency of the acid is to eliminate the mercury, and that if left a sufficiently long time in the normal clearing bath, a mercury-developed print will have all trace of the mercury eliminated therefrom. Therefore a special clearing bath should be used for such prints, and the process of clearing should be rushed and every trace of acid washed from the prints with all possible celerity. While touching upon this matter of the action of the acid upon mercury-developed prints, mention should be made of a very original use to which Mr. Alfred Stieglitz recently has turned it—which will be of great value to platinum workers, and which he is kind enough to permit to be mentioned here. Prints were made by him from certain flat negatives that were entirely wanting in brilliancy. The printing was carried far enough to ensure good black tones in the darkest portions of the picture, and then developed with a developer containing glycerine and mercury. As the mercury possesses bleaching as well as coloring properties, and as its action is strongest upon the most soluble portions of the print, it reduced or bleached those portions of the print least densely printed—in a portrait, for example, the face, without materially affecting the less soluble portions. An acid bath rather stronger than that ordinarily used was prepared for the clearing of these prints, and they were permitted to remain therein till all traces of the mercury had been eaten away. The resulting prints present brilliant white and black contrasts, that could not have been obtained in any other manner.

In case the print has been partially developed with mercury, the acid bath should be much weaker than that mentioned above.

7. Prints should be washed, after clearing, in three or four baths of clear water, or for about five minutes in running water. The water should not be permitted to fall directly upon the surface of a print, and no print should be allowed to remain any length of time in water, as after so much manipulation soaking in water is apt to injure the texture of the paper. Drying between blotters often accentuates a print's texture.

The print is then dried, either by hanging it up by its corners, or between blotters.

* * * * * * * *

What has been written above should be considered as merely opening the door to new and great possibilities. Those who familiarize themselves with the process will soon formulate rules for their own guidance—work in their own way and branch out into such new fields as their knowledge and leanings may lead them, and the prophecy is ventured that through it a broad way has been unbarred for the photographer into a new world full of dazzling possibilities.

JOSEPH T. KEILEY.

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ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE FOREGOING ARTICLE. . . .

BEING A SERIES OF REPRODUCTIONS FROM PRINTS PREPARED TO ILLUSTRATE THIS PROCESS, IN WHICH CERTAIN ARTISTIC POSSIBILITIES OFFERED BY THE NEGATIVES HAVE BEEN SACRIFICED SO THAT THE CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES OF THE PROCESS MIGHT BE EMPHASIZED BY EXAGGERATIONS NOT NECESSARILY ARTISTIC. . . . . .

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A NORTH CAROLINA LANDSCAPE

By Joseph T. Keiley.

UNMANIPULATED PRINT TRANSLATING LITERALLY THE STORY OF THE NEGATIVE.

MANIPULATED PRINT, INTERPRETING A PHASE OF THE SAME NEGATIVE.

A SECOND INTERPRETATION OF THE NEGATIVE.

AND A THIRD.

These illustrations are designed to show the great range allowed the manipulator to control tone, drawing and composition of his subjects.

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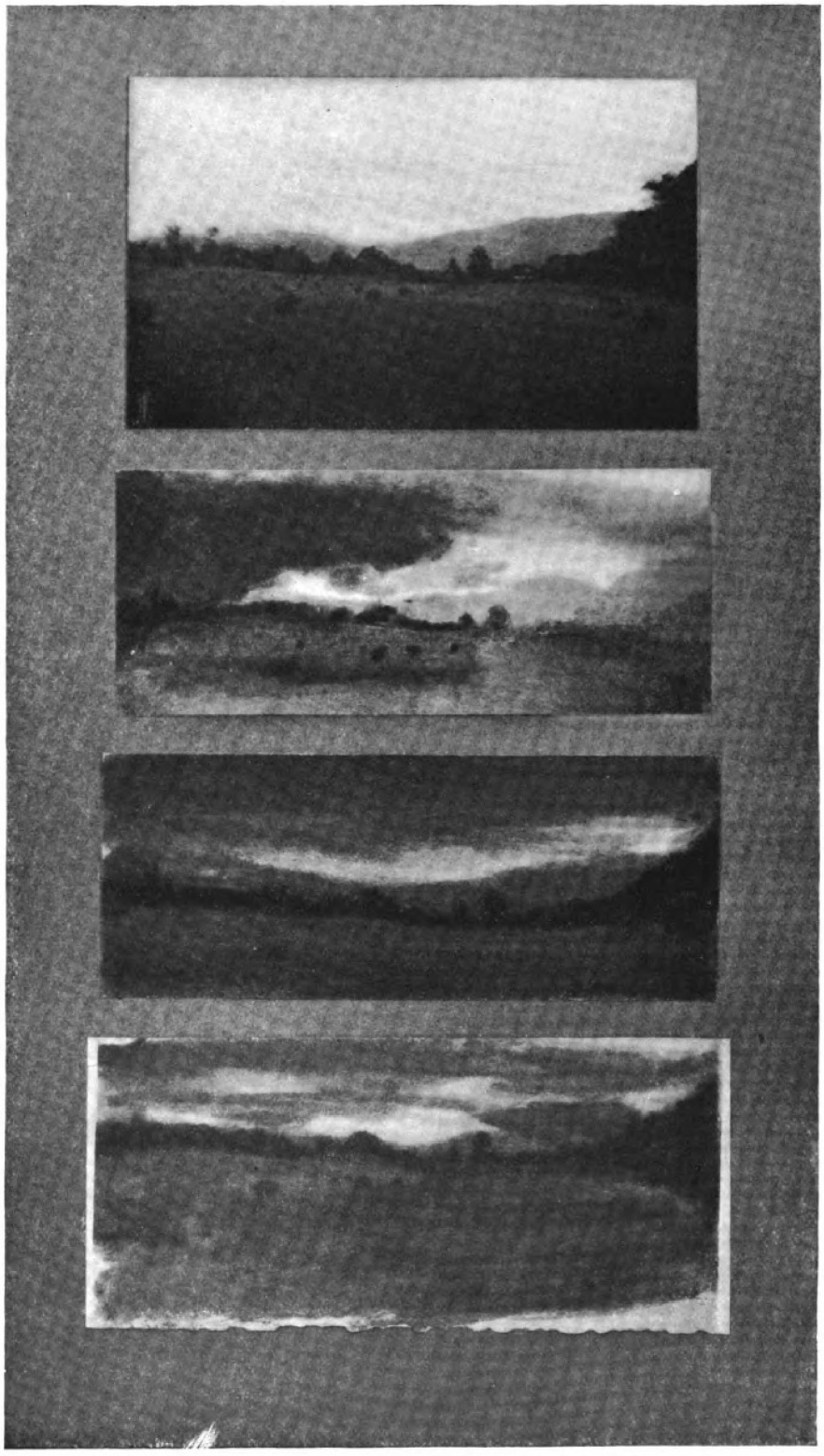

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REPRODUCTION FROM
AN UNMANIPULATED PRINT FROM THE NEGATIVE FOR
"A SKETCH IN PLATINUM"
BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ.

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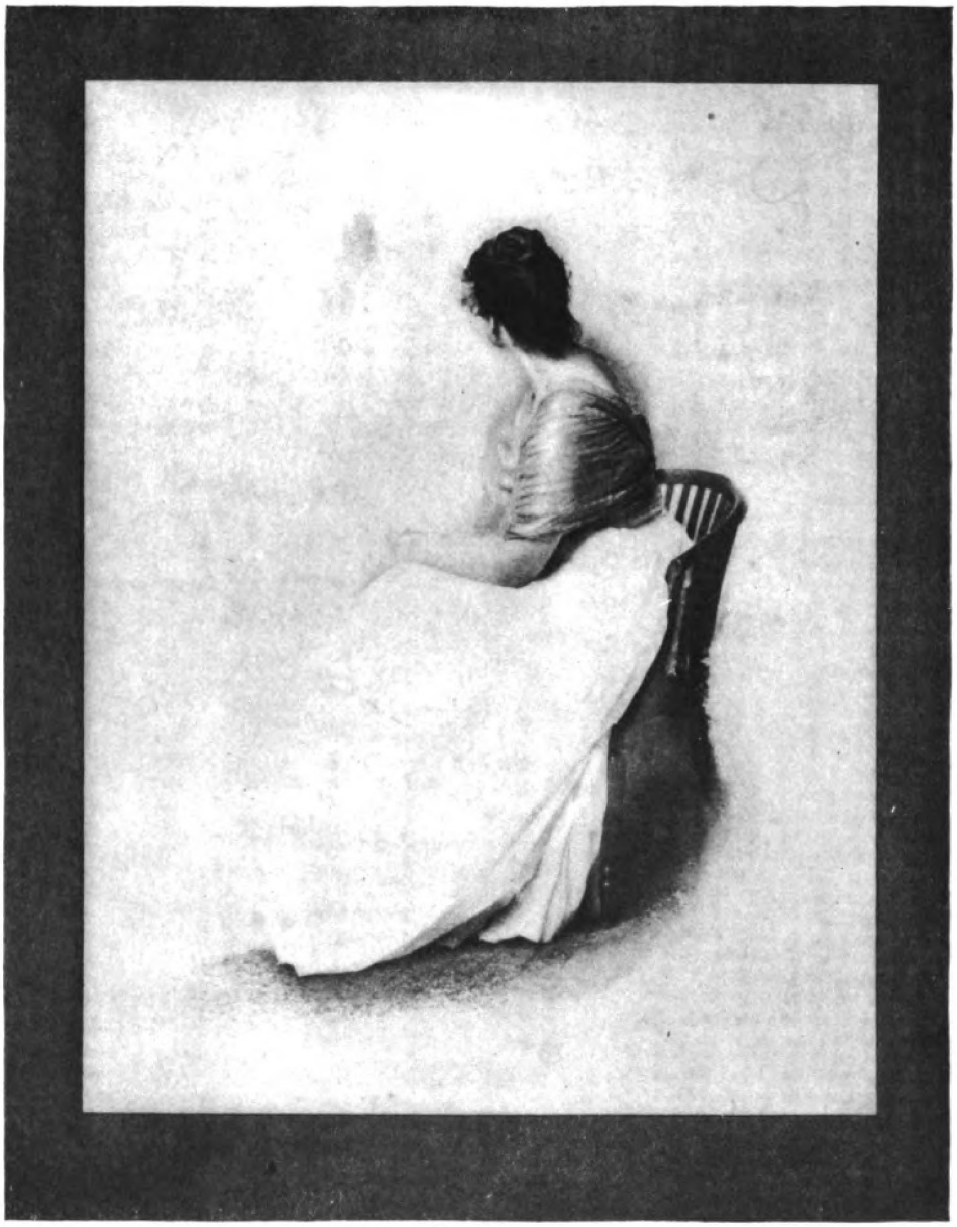

"A SKETCH IN PLATINUM."

A REPRODUCTION FROM THE SAME NEGATIVE, IN WHICH THE DOMINATING IDEA OF THE PICTURE IS THAT OF A SIMPLE SKETCH FROM WHICH OFFENSIVE AND DISTRACTING DETAIL HAVE BEEN ELIMINATED, THE DRAWING AND GENERAL CHARACTER BEING THE SAME AS THAT PRESENTED IN THE ORIGINAL PRINT.

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A VIGNETTE IN PLATINUM

(IN TWO COLORS).

BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ.

THE PURPOSE OF THIS REPRODUCTION WHICH IS AN APPROXIMATE RATHER THAN A CORRECT RENDERING OF THE ORIGINAL PRINT, MUCH OF WHOSE BEAUTY AND DELICACY HAS BEEN SACRIFICED IN THE PROCESS OF REPRODUCING, IS TO ILLUSTRATE WHAT CAN BE DONE BY THE USE OF THE COMBINED DEVELOPERS REFERRED TO IN THE TEXT.

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EXPERIMENT IN MERCURY AND OXALATE.

By Alfred Stieglitz

MUCH OF THE QUALITY AND CHARM OF THE ORIGINAL PRINT IS ENTIRELY SACRIFICED IN THIS REPRODUCTION, AS THE CHARACTER OF THE PLATINUM IMAGE AND TEXTURE CANNOT BE EXACTLY RENDERRD IN HALFTONE REPRODUCTION.

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Current Notes.

Plate Marks.—For a number of years the writer has experimented in various ways to imitate a plate mark on thin mounts and has devised a method which is very simple and satisfactory. The best form of mount to use is what is known as plate paper, which is of a very soft texture, or any thin paper, such as cover paper; bristol board is liable to crack. For mounting the ordinary photographic paste cannot be used unless the prints are glued only by the edges, and in this case the least exposure to moisture, especially if they are platinum prints, is liable to make them wrinkle in the center. A very good mounting medium, and one which is absolutely non-cockling, is a solution of white shellac in alcohol. The alcohol should be 95 per cent., and sufficient shellac added to give the mixture a syrupy consistency, that is, almost a saturated solution. It requires about twenty-four hours for the shellac to dissolve completely. The print, being perfectly dry, is brushed over with this paste and then applied to the mount. It is then rubbed down thoroughly and the whole immediately put under heavy pressure between blotters. A letter press is best for this purpose. This whole operation should be performed as rapidly as possible, as the shellac dries very quickly.

Either before or after mounting an ordinary piece of card mount is cut the size of the desired plate mark. A margin of about three-eighths of an inch beyond each edge of the print will be found suitable in most cases. Then from any kind of thin paper at hand a mat is cut, with opening the exact size of the cardboard form, this to serve as a guide in properly placing the form. The mounted print is now placed face upwards on a smooth table or sheet of glass and the mat placed over it and carefully adjusted so that all of the margins are of the proper width; then the cardboard form is fitted into the mat. The mat can now either be carefully removed or may remain in place. One hand is now passed under the print, while the other retains the form in exact position, and the whole turned face downward on the table, form underneath. It may require some little practice to perform this turning without altering the position of the form. Now, while the mount is held firmly down on the form, with a handkerchief wrapped around the finger thoroughly rub down the back of the mount all around the edge of the form, which can be easily felt. This will give an impression on the mount with a sharp inner edge and an outer curved bevel almost identical with a plate mark made in the regular way, and has the advantage of requiring no complicated presses or metal plates. The forms may be cut of any shape and the depth of the impression varied by the thickness of the card. Often prints with a wide white margin are made effective by making the plate mark directly on the print, and for this purpose thin card should be used.

Gum Bichromate Process.—Herr Watzek has pointed out that it is always advantageous to give the paper used for gum bichromate prints a preliminary sizing. He has found chrome gelatine to be the most advantageous. If plain gelatine is used the color mixture is partially and locally absorbed, and therefore it is difficult to obtain clear lights.

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The strength of the chrome gelatine recommended is a 5 per cent. solution of chrome alum in a 5 per cent. solution of gelatine. The mixture must be applied hot. Decomposed gelatine was used with success, at the suggestion of Herr Ghiglione. A 5 per cent. solution of gelatine was exposed in an open vessel till it had become mouldy on the top and liquid underneath. The liquid portion was poured into a bottle, and to every 1,000 parts from 5 to 10 parts of formaline added, and kept well corked; this can be diluted with water to any extent, and for thin paper should be diluted with an equal quantity of water, but used full strength for drawing papers.

New Bichromate Process.—In the December number of the *Bulletin du Photo-Club de Paris*, Prof. R. Namias describes a new bichromate process for obtaining prints or transparencies in any desired color. The principle of the process is that bichromated gelatine after sufficient exposure to light loses the property of absorbing certain saline solutions.

For transparencies an ordinary gelatine plate, thoroughly fixed and washed, will answer. It is sensitized in a 4 per cent. solution of bichromate of potassium, dried in the dark, exposed under a positive—either glass or a paper positive made transparent by some oily substance—for about two minutes in direct sunlight, and then thoroughly washed in water until nearly all trace of color has left it. It is then soaked for at least fifteen minutes in the first saline solution, and then without washing placed in the second solution, the purpose of which is to react on the first and cause a colored precipitate. The colors to be obtained are numerous, and the principal ones are indicated in the table:

First Solution.	Second Solution.	Color of Precipitate.
Chloride of barium	Sulphate of soda	White
Nitrate of uranium	Ferrocyanide of potassium	Dark red
Sulphate of copper	" "	Light red
Chloride of iron	" "	Blue
Chloride of cadmium	Sulphide of soda	Yellow
Acetate of lead	" "	Black

A 5 to 10 per cent. solution of the above salts is found to be best. After removal from the second solution the plate is washed and slightly rubbed if necessary to remove any superfluous precipitate.

If paper is used it should first be coated with an insoluble gelatine, then soaked in formaline, and finally coated with bichromated gelatine or pure gelatine to be afterwards sensitized.

This process can be used to advantage on porcelain, which is afterwards to be fired.

Toning and Intensification With Copper Salts.—At a meeting of the Royal Photographic Society, on January 9 last, Mr. W. B. Ferguson, M. A., Q. C., presented a paper with the above title. He had found that many of his lantern slides, which had been toned with uranium or intensified after bleaching with bichloride of mercury, had undergone such unlooked-for changes that they were practically useless. Since 1895 he has conducted experiments in toning lantern slides and bromide prints with copper salts as a basis, and

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succeeded in obtaining very beautiful and varied results with the formula here given:

Neutral Citrate of potassium (10% sol.)	250 c. c.
Sulphate of copper (10% sol.)	35 c. c.
Ferrocyanide of potassium (10% sol.)	30 c. c.

Mix in the order named.

The color varies, according to the time of immersion, from purple black to cherry red, the slide or print assuming a warmer tone in four or five seconds, becoming purple brown in half a minute, and in two minutes a warm brown, verging on red. Twice this time turns the image a bright red.

CHARLES W. STEVENS.

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Notes from the Secretary's Desk.

The following have been elected members of the club since the publication of the last issue of CAMERA NOTES:

Messrs. Marshall R. Kernochan, 182 Madison avenue, City; Julian Rix, 391 Fifth avenue, City; F. C. Green, Arlington, N. J.; Charles Edward Barnes, Flushing, L. I.; E. A. Wheatley, City; Geo. W. Blakeslee, 43 West Thirty-sixth street, City; Frank Scott Gerrish, 17 East Seventy-sixth street, City; J. H. Benrimo; Ellsworth Daggett, Salt Lake City, Utah; Charles J. Bull, 34 Gramercy Park, City; T. O'Conor Sloane, Jr., 55 Montrose avenue, South Orange, N. J.; M. C. Herrmann, 50 West Forty-ninth street, City; Gustav Schwarz, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Henry H. Pease, 56 West Fifty-second street, City; S. K. Reynolds, 529 West One Hundred and Forty-fourth street, City; C. G. Adams, 100 William street, Jos. J. O'Donohue, 68 West Forty-ninth street, City; H. R. Howser, 239 West Eleventh street, City; M. Rosenkrands, 115 Broadway, City; R. L. Townsend, 29 East Nineteenth street, City; Louis M. Starr, 206 Fifth avenue, City, and Charles S. Price, 1012 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The club begs to acknowledge and thank the Obrig Camera Co. for the donation to the library of bound volumes of *The American Annual of Photography and Photographic Times Almanac*, 1900, and *The International Annual of Anthony's Photographic Bulletin*, 1900.

Mr. Louis Cassier donated to the library bound copies of the following special numbers of *Cassier's Magazine*: "Electric Railway," "The Harnessing of Niagara," "Marine."

The club tenders its thanks for the valuable donation.

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Honors Won by Camera Club Members.

At the Toronto Exhibition, Mr. R. W. Craigie received a bronze medal for portraiture.

Mr. Charles I. Berg received the first prize of twenty-five dollars in gold at the Oregon Industrial Exhibition, Photographic Section.

Mr. John Beeby was awarded a bronze medal for a set of his slides at Borough Polytechnic, London; and silver medals for slides at the exhibitions at Southsea and Bootle, England.

Mr. W. B. Post received the gold medal, first prize, in a recent Photographic Competition held at the New York Athletic Club.

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American Representative for the Paris Congress.

Word reaches us as we go to press that our Mr. Stieglitz has received the official appointment to act as sole representative of the United States at the coming Congress at Paris. Fuller particulars will be given in the following number.

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Report of Research Committee.

THE M'DONOUGH PROCESS OF COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY.

Under this name, a process for producing lantern slides in colors was exploited at the Camera Club last fall by a concern from Chicago. The process does not differ materially from that of Prof. Joly; in fact, it is acknowledged by the promoters, we are told, that Prof. Joly's patents were bought by them. So far as originality goes, the McDonough process is a scientific "chestnut," the burr of which was cracked before this club a long time ago, when Joly's ideas first reached this country. We hardly think it worth while to give an extended description of the Joly-McDonough process.

Although the process, as shown by the promoters, gave false color values in a majority of cases where landscapes were shown, yet we think it might be applied successfully in photo-micrography through the use of an illuminant of constant actinic value. The promoters offered to supply us with enough material to try the process and report in CAMERA NOTES, and although we received word several months ago "that some of the material had been shipped and that the rest would be sent the following Monday," nothing has come to hand, so a detailed report is impossible.

Since the above was written, we have seen some half-dozen slides, made by one of our members, from negatives of colored prints, and the results obtained we consider very promising.

The promoters were given the privilege of the Camera Club to the extent of using the dark rooms for a couple of weeks, and also the electric current on various occasions, in order to make demonstrations before the press and public.

JOHN ASPINWALL, Chairman.

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Extracts from a Letter to One of Our Members.

It was my ambition this year to try and visit the Philadelphia Salon, but it takes place at the wrong time for me. I would like to see at first hand what the advanced workers are doing, for the reproductions, as a rule, must certainly lose the feeling in the original. Of course, I read the criticism, and not till then did I throw up my arms in despair of ever producing anything with the camera. What surprises me most is, that the critics, who are photographers, and who know just what is right, cannot in their own work set a shining example for "lesser lights" to follow. But when their own work is put on exhibition the next critic comes along to condemn it as they condemn the others. You will notice in *Photograms* for 1899 and in the last number of CAMERA NOTES, that the work of most of the leaders in the advanced school, who are telling us what to do—what to strive for, from Demachy, Hinton, Craig Annan, right through the list, have their efforts well cut up or thoroughly damned with faint praise.

Then in *Photograms* the work which is singled out as redeeming the exhibit, is reproduced in the most unsatisfactory manner, and full pages given to what was condemned as inferior work. One of the prints in the London Salon, "An Italian Villa," which Mr. Carter says might be an asylum for undertakers, I see reproduced in the last issue of CAMERA NOTES. NOW, who is right?

Then there is that deadly method of comparing a man's pictures, one with another, which is enough to make him send in but one exhibit. It seems to me that pictures are like our friends—none are quite perfect, no two possess the same qualities, and all differ in their excellences and defects; yet we would not reject one if he was not up to the highest standard. It must, of course, be assumed that one must be up to a certain standard to be a friend.

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For my part, I am a thorough lover of nature, and can see and feel as much of its poetry as anyone I have yet met. I can appreciate all classes of pictures, but it is landscape in particular which appeals to me. Now, how is the feeling which I experience for the different phases of nature inferior to that felt by those whose taste is for figure studies, and who claim it is more exalted?

I thoroughly enjoy any landscape having merit in it. I would not reject good food because there was something I liked better, especially if I was hungry.

Although I am in sympathy with most of Mr. White's work, I must say that the "Lady and the Venus," and some others of the same kind, do not appeal to me. They are too much like something else, or recall the old æsthetic days, when maids were so soulfully intense, or loved to appear in that wrapt ecstatic way. And while in a critical mood, do you not think the "Beatrice" would be improved by the suggestion of an arm, or otherwise by cutting off a couple of inches at the bottom?

How easy it is to criticize; it makes one think of Byron's retort that it was easier to condemn his scribblings than mend their own.

Yours truly,

J. H. QUINN.

Troy, December 28, 1899.

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Extracts from Mr. Craig Annan's Address

At the Opening of the Exhibition of His Works at the Royal Photographic Society, London.

I find myself in rather an unusual situation this evening, as hitherto I have refrained from speaking publicly on the subject of pictorial photography.

I have never experienced any desire to do so, feeling that, if my photographs were of any real value, they would express more clearly than words any serviceable or valuable ideas I may possess.

Then art is so subtle a subject, that even after very careful consideration, one is apt to express convictions to-day which one's experience or imagination would cause one to renounce to-morrow, especially if one works, as I do, more from instinct and the impression of the moment than from any pre-determined theory or principle.

It is much safer, I think, to leave the definition of the principles which govern the production of a work of art to professional critics, who are not liable to have the remainder of their lives embittered through the reckless expression of some temporary conviction.

Another reason why I have refrained from taking part in the public discussion of artistic matters is, that in my experience all such discussion, if it develops into argument, as it usually does, is entirely futile. If a picture has any real merit as an æsthetic work, it should touch a sympathetic chord in the intelligence of the observer, and give him pleasure. If it does so, it has fulfilled its mission, so far as he is concerned; but if it does not, no amount of argument will enable him to realize and enjoy the artistic intention of the producer, because the aim of a picture is not to demonstrate any theory or fact, but is to excite a certain sensory pleasure.

If the observer has reason to appreciate strongly the opinion of a critic, he may endeavor to admire, and profess to admire, a certain picture, or class of pictures, and may even attempt to produce similar work himself, because he has been convinced that it is the right thing to do, while all the time it is a foreign language to him.

Thus fashions arise, and art suffers, because it loses the individual work which the weak-kneed observer might have produced had he persevered in working out his own artistic soul's salvation in his own individual way. For if he is to be a success at all, he must have an individual way. Art cannot be taught. The student may be counseled and guided, and helped out of, or past, many difficulties through the experience of others, but

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unless he has already in him the germ of an art instinct, no amount of teaching or argument will enable him to see things in an artistic way, and so produce artistic work.

But while I depreciate as useless argument about the peculiar qualities which constitute a work of art, I acknowledge most readily the great benefit to be derived from a sympathetic exchange of ideas. Practically no man is strong enough to isolate himself entirely; to develop his mind to its fullest capacity he must have the benefit of his neighbor's experience, but such intercourse, to be of real assistance, must rest upon a strong basis of agreement. If the ideas of two persons are fundamentally different, a discussion between them is worse than useless. Art is purely a sentiment, and it is impossible to give logical reasons why one thing should be right and another wrong. Certain laws have been discovered which seem to govern composition and design, but these are the outcome of experience, not reason. Besides, it is absurd to be dogmatic. The test of time has assigned to Botticelli and Albert Durer two of the highest niches in the temple of art, and yet I am acquainted with highly cultured, artistic persons who take the keenest possible interest in the works of the one, who can derive practically no pleasure from the productions of the other. Yet, I am sure you will agree that any logical mind is bound to accept as deserved the eminent position which the consensus of opinion for centuries has accorded to each of these masters, and to conclude that it is only our lack of appreciation or sympathy, and not any lack of merit in their pictures, which may prevent us deriving that pleasure from them which others seem to do.

There are, therefore, two pitfalls into which the critic is apt to fall, or perhaps I ought rather to say, that there are two classes of men who make very incompetent and untrustworthy critics.

The one is the man of no strong personal idea, who extols the work which happens to be at the moment popular; and the other is the man of one consuming idea, who waxes exuberant about the picture in which this particular quality is predominant, and who ruthlessly denounces all pictures in which it does not occur, quite oblivious of the fact that there may be other qualities quite as capable of giving genuine æsthetic pleasure, but which do not synchronize with his temperament. It follows that what may be right and true to one, may be false and wrong to another. I, therefore, dedicate my work to those whose temperament is similar and sympathetic, and to those who can take no genuine pleasure in it I take no offence. It is simply not for them.

But granted a certain basis of sympathy, the discussion of any art work is of the greatest possible value. It raises enthusiasm and that healthy form of excitement which stimulates the mind, and enables one to produce the highest form of work of which one is physically capable. I have personally experienced this very strongly; it has been when I have associated closely for a period with artists of power that I have made my most successful pictures; and, on the other hand, when I have, for instance, spent a holiday with others who may have distinguished themselves equally in their particular professions, but had little intimate knowledge of art, I have found the contents of my camera to be sadly lacking in that subtle something which makes one photograph so very much more interesting than another. And in my experience, this contagious enthusiasm does not spread readily from a platform nor from a printed page. It is in the casual conversation of friendships that it is most active, though probably imperceptible. It is not sufficient, however, to rely upon our acquaintances alone for our stimulus, we must study the work of the great art masters. But this, again, is useless advice to give to anyone who has outgrown his boyhood, because if we have the germ of art instinct within us, we will do so without such advice; and if we have not, no amount of advice will compel us to do what is a physical impossibility. We may, from a sense of duty, visit art galleries, and derive very considerable pleasure from a study of the subjects and sentiments of the pictures, even the drawing and likeness to nature may attract us, but we will be unable to appreciate the subtle qualities of spacing and arrangement of light and shadow, or of sweetly curving and rigidly severe line, and all the other elements which go to the making of a fine work of art. Still, the germ of art instinct requires cultivation, and there is no doubt that the more assiduous the cultivation, the greater will be the development.

And to develop our minds by the study of great pictures, it is not sufficient that we should make a point of visiting picture galleries whenever occasion offers, or that we should

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provide ourselves with a collection of reproductions which we may store in a cupboard, and only refer to occasionally. We must have them upon our walls, where we can see them at all times, that we may absorb their influence as unconsciously as the air we may breathe, in short, we must endeavor to surround ourselves in the rooms in which we chiefly live with the most beautiful objects which we can procure, and, what is equally important, we must exclude everything from our immediate surroundings which is antagonistic to beauty, if we are to place ourselves in the most favorable position to do artistic work.

It may seem ridiculous to many to suggest that the unconscious sight of a beautiful curve of a chair at breakfast may enable one, later in the day, to produce a photograph of value which he otherwise would not have produced; but I am perfectly convinced that such is the fact. I do not consider beautiful surroundings a luxury, but an absolute necessity to the successful cultivation of an artistic spirit.

By accustoming one's self constantly to see things of beauty, one becomes more sensitive and more able to discriminate rapidly as to what is really fine and what is not, and it is this power of rapid discrimination which is the most useful attribute a photographer can possess. His subject, unless it be one of still life, is constantly varying, and he must be capable of instantly deciding when it has assumed such an arrangement as most nearly realizes his ideal. And the effect of beautiful surroundings is not only to quicken the artistic perception, but it is a constant incentive to the creation of new and finer ideas, and consequently to the production of more personal and original work.

It may seem strange to suggest that the intimate study of other work should tend to make our own more original, yet if we thoroughly digest what we have observed, the result will be as I have stated. The effect of seeing anything of character and power is to excite our intelligence, and to enable us more fully to exercise our latent capacity. We may as well expect a bird to sing in the dark, or a criminal to reform in a blank dungeon, as expect to evolve brilliant conceptions, if we are content to live in an environment in which there is nothing to excite our imagination or æsthetic faculties.

When the photographer has succeeded in producing a picture which, to a certain extent, expresses his intention, he has to face the difficult problem of how it may be displayed to the greatest possible advantage, both as regards the exhibition of its own merits, and also that it may most effectively decorate or adorn the room in which it is to be hung. For a number of years I have given the subject some consideration, and have come to several conclusions, which seem to me, at all events, reasonable.

The chief of these is that it is quite impossible to take a specific photograph, and say that a certain method of framing will be most suitable for it. One must go farther, and enquire where it is to be placed; whether the chief end of the framing is to cause it to look its best in some special exhibition, or whether the principal effort should be to make it suitable for the position which it is eventually intended to occupy.

We are all familiar with the appearance of the old-time photographic exhibition, where the prints were generally mounted on white or toned card, and surrounded by an oak or black and gold composite moulding, and the whole were packed upon the walls tier upon tier, with or without a sense of balance and proportion, according to the capacity of the hangers; and we all know the distressing kaleidoscopic effect which the general appearance presented. To obviate this, we gradually dispensed with the mounts altogether, and enclosed our pictures in broad and frequently massive wooden mouldings, generally of a dark tone. The result has been to render the task of the hangers a much easier and more pleasant one, and to produce a harmony of tone in an exhibition which had hitherto been impossible.

This seemed to point to the conclusion that now we were proceeding on the right lines, and that perfection would be reached by a natural development; but I have never been able to rest satisfied with this conviction, because I have never been able to rest content with such frames surrounding the prints which decorate my own sitting rooms. I have, therefore, been forced to the conclusion that the style of framing which is most suitable for a general exhibition is not necessarily so for the walls of a living room, and that, while the mounts themselves are not inherently offensive, it seems impossible to arrange a great number of them, of various tints and qualities, in an agreeable manner.

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"PORTRAIT OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER." By Gertrude Käsebier.

The walls of even the most satisfactory exhibition would not make entirely pleasant surroundings in which to live. There must necessarily be too much upon them. The true secret of decorating a living room successfully is to select only the choicest objects for their adornment, and to make such a limited selection that each may seem apart, and thereby command a respect which it would not obtain were it crowded and jostled by other objects of conflicting interest.

In such a reserved scheme of decoration, it is possible to arrange pictures framed with light mounts in such a manner as to cause no feeling of unrest, and to create a sense of brightness, which one feels lacking in a room in which the decoration is entirely of a low tone.

Light is the very essence of happiness and health. If we live in darkness, our physical and mental nature rapidly deteriorates, and our joy in life is greatly diminished. Who has not felt the extreme exhilaration of the first day of pure white light after weeks of fog and dullness? And so, I believe, that in discarding all light in the decoration of our walls, we are banishing a source of joyfulness, and inducing a sense of depression, which ought not to prevail in the surroundings in which we spend our time of relaxation.

I have, therefore, adopted these conclusions in preparing this collection for the temporary occupation of your walls, and have framed my photographs in mounts of a light cream of straw color, trusting that this scheme may prove suitable to the character of the rooms, and the comparatively limited number of the pictures.

It is not possible, at least such is my experience, to arrange the walls of a room, or indeed any scheme of decoration quite satisfactorily, with one effort; it must grow under one's hand, and only become complete through experiment and alteration; but I trust that what I have been able, somewhat hurriedly, to do may appeal to you in the sense I have intended.

Some of you may feel that the lightness of the mounts is liable to detract from the concentration of light and interest in the pictures, but I do not experience any sense of deterioration from this cause, and you will observe that in the majority of cases I have endeavored to obviate the suddenness of the impact of the light mount upon the picture by a series of lines, either in delicate ink or in dull ruling, drawn round the opening in the mount.

These lines also seem to me to impart a sense of richness and refinement to a style of framing which in some circumstances might appear to be unduly monotonous.—*Amateur Photographer, London.*

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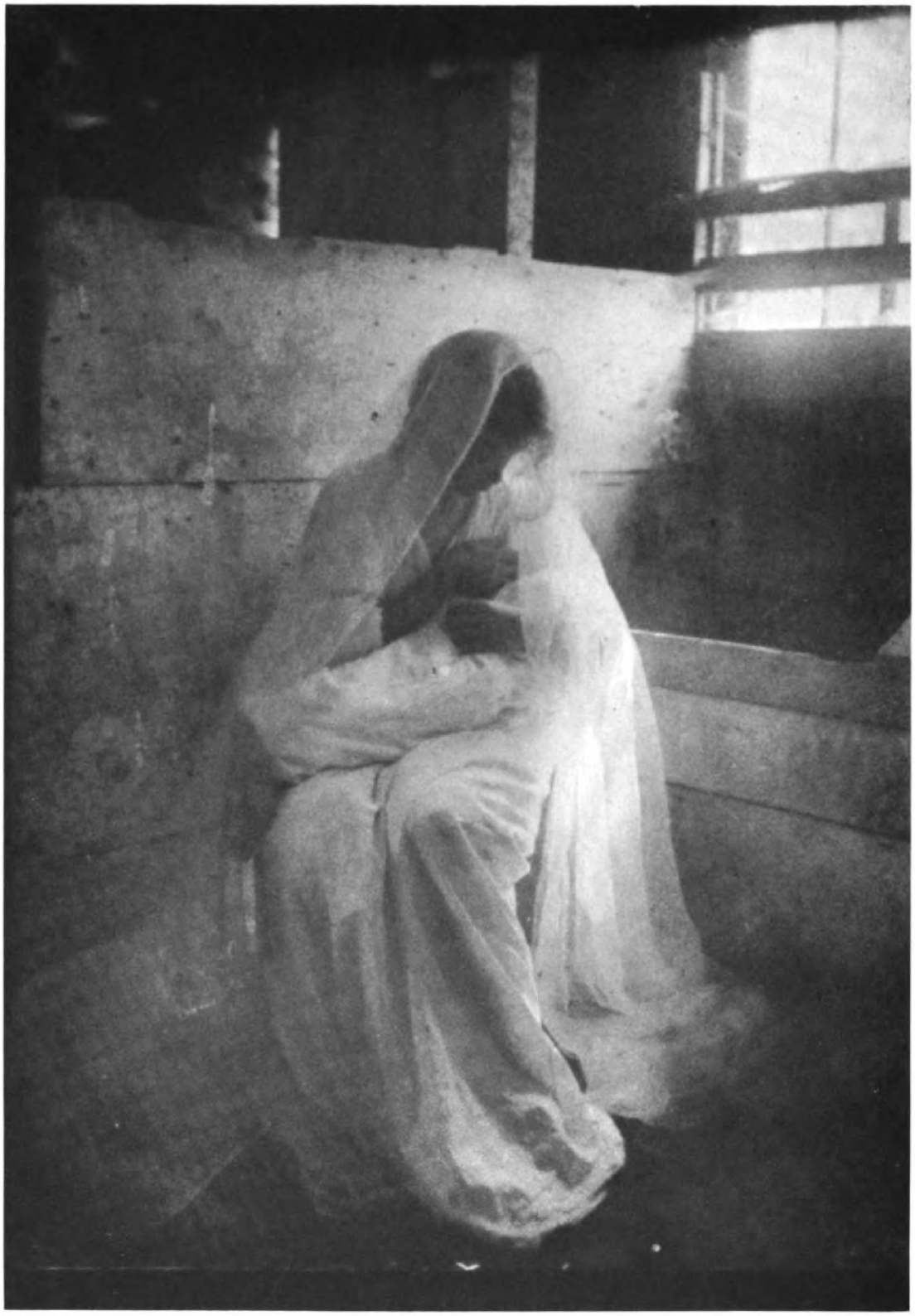

THE MANGER

From a Platinotype

By Gertrude Käsebier

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R. Eickemeyer, Jr.

Some Thoughts on Landscape and Nature.

"THAT is not true to nature!" How often in a picture exhibition one overhears this objection to a landscape tossed off with glib complacency, as if nature, at any rate, were a subject upon which everyone is qualified to pronounce. But is it?

There was a book published many years ago, perhaps it is out of print now, called "Common Objects of the Country." It dealt of the denizens of the streams and woods and meadows, and revealed to the dweller in the country his almost complete ignorance of the maze of interest that surrounded him on all sides. So with the inanimate phenomena of sunrise and sunset, of atmosphere, and appearance of nature under alternating conditions of sun and shadow, at different seasons and different hours of the day; what does the average man know of them? Practically nothing. He takes them in with the fatal facility of a glance and sees without observing, for he has never analyzed; or he will grow enthusiastic over a Diaz, while the solitude of a wood itself would be intolerable. Well, this is the happiest mission of art; to open little windows through which we may catch unexpected glimpses of beauty. But we should hesitate to pro-

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F. and O. Hofmeister.

nounce the glimpse untrue to nature; taking the humbler and more reasonable view that its novelty is only a result of our lack of observation.

I have ventured, a little rashly, to write a few lines upon the relation of landscape to nature; and crave permission to do it in a rambling way. Now one thing I have discovered is that, because a man is pursuing the profession of an artist, it does not follow that he is fond of nature. Landscapists apart, the whole training of the avreage artist is an indoor one under most conventional influences. He learns to see and think along little defined ruts of theory and procedure, narrowing his observation down to the phenomena of the human figure or of ornament, according to his bias. He swears by rules and precedents that others before him have sworn to; and later on works upon canvases within the four walls of his studio, into which nothing of the world enters but a little patch of north light up above him in the ceiling. When the light fades out and he lays his brushes down for the day, the interest that claims him is that of the city in which he works; a little fretful, self-centered community, be it Paris or New York, hot with bustle, acrimony and small jealousies. He grows into them and they into him; and, meanwhile, outside and beyond this microcosm of concentrated effort, is a world, unobserved and disregarded.

But there is another cause which deters many artists from appreciating nature. Art is, at best, a result of make-believes; a convention, which has skilfully adapted means to an end with a view to representing the semblances of things. The very skill required becomes so absorbingly interesting, that the artist takes more delight in the semblance than in the thing represented. So that, to many artists, their love of art becomes an antithesis to love of nature.

And, still again, art being an expression of human intelligence, its relation to humanity more and more captivates the artist, and he loves it for its evidence of human effort and human expression, and finds nature impersonal, abstract, uninteresting. He has wandered through Italy from city to city, in excess of delight; for everywhere the impress of man's handiwork is revealed in beauty of form and color, the very olive groves and vineyards serving as backgrounds to the art. Ah, bella Italia! He emerges from the St. Gothard tunnel into the natural glories of the pass, skirts the wonderfully colored waters of Lake Lu-

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cerne and finds them tedious. The link of human interest seems to be wanting. It is strange, very strange, but quite intelligible. Yet there is something wrong with the man. His temperament has been deflected until it has been stunted. The man of larger faculty will surely saturate himself in art and yet find enjoyment in bathing, as it were, in the free ocean of natural beauty.

But the very immensity of nature in her untrammeled grandeur will deter him from trying to tame it to the limitations of his own art. Poetry may be able to reach the height and depth of it, for it is a more suggestive art; at once telling more and leaving more to the imagination. But the picture-maker is restricted to certain facts, and he must set them down with an amount of definiteness that narrows the possibilities of suggestiveness. In presence of the stupendous features of nature he may well feel the inadequateness of his particular medium. Nature in her loftiest mood so completely dominates our little insignificant ego that the latter is swamped, lost; and this, by the way, is the great, particular boon of nature. It momentarily swallows up oneself, with all one's petty worries and ambitions, to release one afterwards, purged and strengthened. But during the process your subjective consciousness is in abeyance; you are not master of the situation; how can you paint it?

So the great masters of modern landscape have all sought their subjects in the *paysage intime;* among pastures and cultivated lands, by the side of navigable streams or in the unordered woods that fringe the rural civilization; never straying far from the human life and interest of the neighborhood. Nature, in her relation to humanity, directly or indirectly, is the prevailing theme. Indirectly, often; for, as in Corot's finest pictures, it is human sentiment rather than human agency that is felt. This same quality of sentiment, as one examines it, appears a little more complex than one had thought. There are the two broad distinctions of subjective and objective sentiment, and many indiscriminate gradations between. Thus Corot's sentiment seems purely subjective. The buoyant perennial freshness of his temperament made him love in nature her daily renewal of life, the vibrant freshness, the purity and spiritual tranquility of waxing and waning light. He looked for them and idealized them by his own poetic, creative power. Daubigny, on the other hand, seems much more fascinated with the objective charm of nature. He did not seek to make her interpret his own dreams, but took her as he found her, loving her for her own sake under every phase. The measure of his greatness was the fulness of the disinterested love and the clarity of observation and sympathy of record which resulted from it. I find the same quality of almost purely objective sentiment in the landscapes of George Inness. His inspiration consisted in the impulse that constantly came upon him to paint; then he bent all the concentration of his effort upon reproducing the scene before him, as he saw it, not as he might have wished to see it; but with such a fervid glance of vision and with no hindrance from his hand, for he had made technique his ready slave, that he renders much more than we should have noticed in the scene, catching and setting on his canvas its very spirit. On the other hand, Alexander Wyant, in his delicate, poetical way, and Homer Martin, in his tremendous intensity of personal feeling, make the scene before them interpret their respective moods.

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F. and O. Hofmeister.

nounce the glimpse untrue to nature; taking the humbler and more reasonable view that its novelty is only a result of our lack of observation.

I have ventured, a little rashly, to write a few lines upon the relation of landscape to nature; and crave permission to do it in a rambling way. Now one thing I have discovered is that, because a man is pursuing the profession of an artist, it does not follow that he is fond of nature. Landscapists apart, the whole training of the avreage artist is an indoor one under most conventional influences. He learns to see and think along little defined ruts of theory and procedure, narrowing his observation down to the phenomena of the human figure or of ornament, according to his bias. He swears by rules and precedents that others before him have sworn to; and later on works upon canvases within the four walls of his studio, into which nothing of the world enters but a little patch of north light up above him in the ceiling. When the light fades out and he lays his brushes down for the day, the interest that claims him is that of the city in which he works; a little fretful, self-centered community, be it Paris or New York, hot with bustle, acrimony and small jealousies. He grows into them and they into him; and, meanwhile, outside and beyond this microcosm of concentrated effort, is a world, unobserved and disregarded.

But there is another cause which deters many artists from appreciating nature. Art is, at best, a result of make-believes; a convention, which has skilfully adapted means to an end with a view to representing the semblances of things. The very skill required becomes so absorbingly interesting, that the artist takes more delight in the semblance than in the thing represented. So that, to many artists, their love of art becomes an antithesis to love of nature.

And, still again, art being an expression of human intelligence, its relation to humanity more and more captivates the artist, and he loves it for its evidence of human effort and human expression, and finds nature impersonal, abstract, uninteresting. He has wandered through Italy from city to city, in excess of delight; for everywhere the impress of man's handiwork is revealed in beauty of form and color, the very olive groves and vineyards serving as backgrounds to the art. Ah, bella Italia! He emerges from the St. Gothard tunnel into the natural glories of the pass, skirts the wonderfully colored waters of Lake Lu-

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cerne and finds them tedious. The link of human interest seems to be wanting. It is strange, very strange, but quite intelligible. Yet there is something wrong with the man. His temperament has been deflected until it has been stunted. The man of larger faculty will surely saturate himself in art and yet find enjoyment in bathing, as it were, in the free ocean of natural beauty.

But the very immensity of nature in her untrammeled grandeur will deter him from trying to tame it to the limitations of his own art. Poetry may be able to reach the height and depth of it, for it is a more suggestive art; at once telling more and leaving more to the imagination. But the picture-maker is restricted to certain facts, and he must set them down with an amount of definiteness that narrows the possibilities of suggestiveness. In presence of the stupendous features of nature he may well feel the inadequateness of his particular medium. Nature in her loftiest mood so completely dominates our little insignificant ego that the latter is swamped, lost; and this, by the way, is the great, particular boon of nature. It momentarily swallows up oneself, with all one's petty worries and ambitions, to release one afterwards, purged and strengthened. But during the process your subjective consciousness is in abeyance; you are not master of the situation; how can you paint it?

So the great masters of modern landscape have all sought their subjects in the *paysage intime;* among pastures and cultivated lands, by the side of navigable streams or in the unordered woods that fringe the rural civilization; never straying far from the human life and interest of the neighborhood. Nature, in her relation to humanity, directly or indirectly, is the prevailing theme. Indirectly, often; for, as in Corot's finest pictures, it is human sentiment rather than human agency that is felt. This same quality of sentiment, as one examines it, appears a little more complex than one had thought. There are the two broad distinctions of subjective and objective sentiment, and many indiscriminate gradations between. Thus Corot's sentiment seems purely subjective. The buoyant perennial freshness of his temperament made him love in nature her daily renewal of life, the vibrant freshness, the purity and spiritual tranquility of waxing and waning light. He looked for them and idealized them by his own poetic, creative power. Daubigny, on the other hand, seems much more fascinated with the objective charm of nature. He did not seek to make her interpret his own dreams, but took her as he found her, loving her for her own sake under every phase. The measure of his greatness was the fulness of the disinterested love and the clarity of observation and sympathy of record which resulted from it. I find the same quality of almost purely objective sentiment in the landscapes of George Inness. His inspiration consisted in the impulse that constantly came upon him to paint; then he bent all the concentration of his effort upon reproducing the scene before him, as he saw it, not as he might have wished to see it; but with such a fervid glance of vision and with no hindrance from his hand, for he had made technique his ready slave, that he renders much more than we should have noticed in the scene, catching and setting on his canvas its very spirit. On the other hand, Alexander Wyant, in his delicate, poetical way, and Homer Martin, in his tremendous intensity of personal feeling, make the scene before them interpret their respective moods.

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This distinction of sentiment in a picture is worth consideration; for many people are inclined to look only for what they suppose to be the evidence of strong personal feeling on the part of the artist; by which they mean his making nature interpret his own mood, forgetting that the strength of feeling may quite as well be shown in the abnegation of self and in the increased vitality and meaning thereby extracted from the scene. The tendency to consider only subjective sentiment is fostered by the practice of so many novelists and poets, who make nature a sympathetic background to their heroes and heroines; dreary and threatening in response to their reverses, or bright when they are happy. All of which is an expression of sentimentalism rather than of sentiment, for nature is quite relentless in her laws, and will storm upon a bridal party, or be radiant at a funeral, with perfect impartiality.

This difference in the painter's point of view produces the broadest differences in the character of the landscapes. Compare, for example, those by Englishmen, whether executed in color or monochrome, with the work of our own landscapists. The former are, almost without exception, frankly objective; the latter almost as exclusively subjective. And the Englishman's point of view is not only objective, but for the most part superficially so; overlooking the inwardness of the subject in his satisfaction over the more obvious facts. Hence the subject he selects to paint or photograph is nearly always more obviously beautiful than the American's, but lacks the artistic qualities which make the latter's a more beautiful picture. Nature absorbs the one, art the other. The Englishman is satisfied with nature in her broadest and simplest phenomena, for her own sake, while the American rather uses nature as a means to an artistic end; carrying his purpose so far, that he will often deliberately choose an ugly scene, in order to prove the triumph of art over material nature.

But, while admitting the intrinsic inferiority of the English picture or print as a work of art, let us not fail to note the big cause behind it, which goes far to compensate the Englishman. That cause is the national fondness for out of door life. In no other country are there such facilities for it. With a climate, never very hot or very cold, with twilights in summer time extending to nine or ten o'clock, with no mosquitoes to worry them, Englishmen and women live and love the open-air life to an extent that is not dreamed of in this country. They know intimately every spot of beauty in their neighborhood, walk to them frequently just for the pleasure of seeing the view; their very intimacy with the material phenomenon blinding them to the subtle aspects, but giving them, on the other hand, a companionship with their surroundings that forms one of the most beautiful traits of English life. The habitual fondness for nature in this way is so universal, that the artists also come under its influence. They paint the landscape as the Englishman loves it and sees it, and the Englishman buys it. The American's canvas is finer, very likely, as a work of art; but too often it stands in a stack of others, with its face to the studio-wall, covered with dust; neglected, for the average American's love of nature is practically non-existent.

While on the subject of national characteristics, one notes how the landscape differs in different countries, and in a large country like ours, in different

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"AN INDIAN GIRL."
By
Joseph T. Keiley.

parts of it. It is a point almost entirely overlooked by the public and often ignored by the artist. The configuration and flora vary, but still more the atmospheric conditions. From the view-point of artistic feeling, the former are the physical qualities; a stranger may readily perceive and record them; but, the latter are the spiritual, and only long and patient study can reach and render them. English atmosphere, for example, is very blue; compared with it, that of New York State, in the vicinity of the metropolis, is conspicuously white; in New England it seems to approximate in color to that of the old country, but on the other hand contains a nimbleness of feeling in the sunlight and a plaintiveness on grayer days that seem entirely local. Again, I may not be wrong in believing that the characteristic sky in northern France is grayer than our own; while most typical of the Val d'Arno may be that elusive silvery blue in which the Robbias dipped their ware. However, I only suggest these differences hesitatingly; for my point is that they are subtle,

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difficult to detect and harder still to describe. But when the artist does succeed in rendering the spirituality of atmosphere; expressed in color, the quality and texture of his lights and shades and in the individual suggestiveness of air, he gives us something indeed precious. It is often said that music is the only art that can give expression to the subtlety of emotion which characterizes modern times. But I feel sure that in the best American landscapes an equal subtlety is reached, and under greater difficulties of medium. The analysis has been keen and searching; the synthetical arrangement, really so mysteriously involved appears so simple and conclusive, that it is a delight both to one's intelligence and emotions.

But who are the artists producing such work? Invariably, those who are living with nature, constantly in some one locality which is endeared to them by long companionship; until they know not only its physiognomy, but its inward spirit. This living in the country leads also to sympathy with the dwellers in the country, human and animal. Thus the landscapes of such painters express not only the subtle local characteristics, but the equally subtle relations of those to human life, and represent the very animals as related to the scheme of nature and humanity. These finer qualities will not be found in the pictures of the globe-trotting artist. He may catch the obvious phenomena, but for lack of acquaintanceship and sympathy misses the deeper vision. I ventured this remark to one of our painters. He admitted its truth; but pleaded, firstly, that the charm of country life is more fascinating in the old world, and, secondly, that the sky here is so uniformly clear in summer that it was almost impossible to secure grand cloud effects. There is much in his reasons; but it is also a fact that what his landscapes gain in vigor they lose in individuality and intimacy. He has painted them from the point of view of a sympathetic *stranger.*

Just one more point. There is a perennial freshness in the vision of some landscape artists, while others seem to see in nature only one phase, reproducing it with most tiresome iteration. It is so difficult to escape the suspicion that they have discovered a recipe, as another man does for pills, and are using it for commercial purposes solely. What a contrast to such men is Monet! Nearly half a century, devoted to intimate companionship with nature and a tireless sympathy with innumerable phases of her beauty! No one has analyzed more searchingly, concentrating upon the fleeting impression of a few minutes of the day, and returning day after day to continue his study at the same place and time. The result is a verisimilitude to the phenomena and spirit of nature that fill one with increasing wonder and enthusiasm. His finest landscapes have brought landscape art to a pitch of perfection inconceivable until he achieved it. The Dutch and English painters established the true relation of landscapes to human life, and the Fontainbleau-Barbizon men infused a poetical significance into that relation. The modern artist strives to preserve those qualities; but to attain them through a closer fidelity to the subtler, because more evanescent, characteristics of nature. It is in this direction that Monet excels, and that the development of the art is trending more and more. It is realism, made to yield up its ideal essence; sentiment distilled from truth

CHARLES H. CAFFIN

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Joseph T. Keiley.

Color and Texture in Photography.

Eccentricity in itself can never make a photographic print a work of art, but eccentricity is frequently of some use in calling attention to less patent qualities, which are generally artistic. That eccentricity, for instance, is a very prominent note in the work of Frank Eugene, very few will feel inclined to deny.

Mr. Frank Eugene never was in quest of photography pure and simple—he has not even the slightest conception about it—but he simply sought to express what there is of pictorial qualities in photography. He introduced two elements which were hitherto unknown, or, at least, ignored in artistic photography, namely: Color and texture. As color and texture are too diverse in character to be talked about at the same time, I shall first explore the domain of color.

Take up at random a few prints of our best artistic photographers, and scrutinize them for color effect; for instance, Eickemeyer's "Young Faun," Keiley's "Arabian Nobleman," Miss Johnston's "La Cigarette" and C. H. White's "Spring."

Do they suggest any color to you? Not to me. I do not remember of ever having seen a monochrome more monotonous than Mr. Keiley's "Arabian Nobleman." The shadows in the turban, in the sleeve and under the mustache, are actually of the same strength. The whole print only contains four tints; white, two shades of light gray, and dark gray. The same applies to Miss Johnston's picture. I happen to know the model, whom I always admired for the delicacy of her complexion, which was, poetically speaking, like "rose leaves floating in milk." Is this in any way suggested in the print? Certainly not; the high lights in forehead and cheekbone are of the same quality as that of the white drapery, while the shadows of the kimona are just as opaque as those of her hair.

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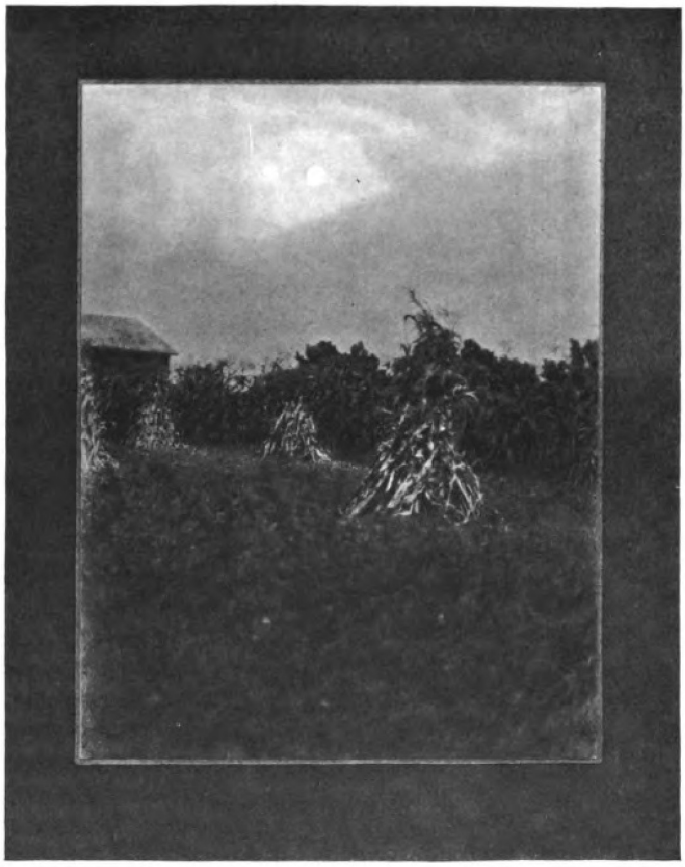
The "Young Faun" does not show any such imperfections of value, but nevertheless fails to convey even the most ordinary truth of local color, and from a painter's point of view the "Spring" of Mr. White can boast of a certain largeness of composition and decorative unity, but not of any reasoned color scheme.

Even Mr. Stieglitz falls short in this respect. I, at least, do not think of color when I look at his "Scurrying Home," "Fifth Avenue," or his "Decorative Panel." Perhaps they are the better for it; they are true achievements in the realistic rendering or decorative adaptation of nature, that is sufficient. They suggest a true scale of discrimination by the means of distance. The relative force of objects and figures, of foregrounds and backgrounds are logically apportioned so as to suggest that the photographer saw everything together, directed his attention to nothing separately, and held to a single general impression. Everything in his treatment is subordinated to a certain uniformity of conception, without giving any undue share of attention to any special quality. Mr. Stieglitz knows that color belongs to the art of painting and not to photography, and is satisfied in realizing it only when it suggests itself by its own effort, for instance, in the yellowish murkiness of the atmosphere in his "Winter, Fifth Avenue."

Mr. Eugene, on the contrary, very often makes color his leading theme, involuntarily true enough, because he does not belong to that type of men who



"TWILIGHT."

By

Joseph T. Keiley.

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study and reason out everything they undertake. I do not believe that he ever had a special conception in his mind when he took "La Cigale." The setting of the soft luminous figure in a deep, shadowy background, rich in mellow tints, was merely an accident, and yet the commonplace person accepts its beauty and the visionary feels the strange vein of poetry and the dreamy voluptuousness it expresses, realized by an amplitude of masses, broken by speckles, flashes, passing shimmers and accidental lights. Here we think we have the realization of color, as far as it is possible in photography.

But looking at his "A Portrait of Miss Jones," we realize that even more can be achieved in that direction. Here you have a photograph which gives all the natural facts in decorative unity. Notice the range of tone in the straw of her hat with its chiffon and flower embellishments, in her face, the collar, the tie, the shirt front, the star-flecked vest and the collar and sleeve of the jacket; each detail has at close discrimination an individual local tint. One can almost guess the color of each separate part. How was it accomplished! One might come to the conclusion that Mr. Eugene took special pains with the picture and had the model robe herself according to his directions. I do not think so. True enough the high tone of the tie tells, thereby keeping back sufficient force in reserve to give to all the other parts their due importance and true definition without any exaggeration of painful emptiness, which we so often find in Eickemeyer's cold and overstudied figure compositions. But this does not explain the mystery. As far as I am acquainted with Mr. Eugene's method of working, he is never guilty of scientific observation and over-timid artistic conscience; he merely obeys his impulse—in which, true enough, he at times enlists all his knowledge—and therefore I believe I have a right to say that the success of the picture was largely due to the way in which the lady was dressed when she had herself photographed; the colors of her make-up were of such a character that they created a perfect harmony when reproduced by the lens. With the insufficient technical knowledge Mr. Eugene has, it was impossible for him to know the result at the start. At the same time we must not overlook the fact that Mr. Eugene is first of all a painter, and a painter of considerable ability (not an amateur as Mrs. Käsebier was), and that his way of looking at a scene is always that of a painter, namely, taking a delight in form and color, and an unconscious mental absorption of proportion and value. His poetic temperament is to him what a completer training is to others. His eye, but poorly satisfied with the results of commonplace realism, always selects something which looks artistic or reminds one of the art of painting. Therefore, the charm of his "unphotographic photography," as Mr. Wells Champney has so aptly said.

Strange that nobody else has ever realized color to that extent. If a man is at once a keen observer and a master of photographic technique, it should be easy enough; for color in photography is nothing but *contrast and arrangement of values.* Without destroying the dignity and breadth of the general aspect, each part of the picture should suggest its local color, and this can only be accomplished, in my opinion, by knowing exactly how every color effect in real life will look on the plate, and to arrange all details accordingly, and by such a juxtaposition of lighter and darker tones a scheme of values can be attained which will suggest color.

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As to texture, that is quite a different problem. First of all, there are two meanings to the word texture. It can mean either the exact representation of a fabric, with every thread stealing in and out, or it can mean a peculiar method of handling the surface of a work of art.

The first can in no other art be so easily attained as in photography. The camera is only too accurate. It even exaggerates at times absolutely unnecessary details. The photographer is apt to consider this a grievous shortcoming of the medium he is compelled to work in. I am of a different opinion; I think it offers a wide field to the ingenuity of a thinking mind, as it could be used to good advantage in all work when modification and suppression are applied; it could help the composition and enable one to obtain Whistleresque effects, that is, exaggerating details here and scorning them there. I have never yet seen velvet, satin or silk as realistically and beautifully represented in photography as, for instance, Carolus Duran universally does in his portraits of French mondaines. Craig Annan almost succeeded in his "Little Princess." So do Day and Demachy at times. But the average artistic photographer absolutely fails in this. Miss Johnston apparently never realized the pictorial possibilities of a Japanese kimona, and yet it seems to be the *raison d'être* of her picture, for the cigarette, although a very good title, plays only a very subordinate part in it. With a more sensitive treatment the gloss and shine of the silk, set off by the rich embroidery, might have revealed both poetry and mystery, by handling some parts with breadth and others here and there with charming and refined details. What is the use of making such a picture, if it does not portray a peculiar mood, "emotions in the presence of a Japanese gown," for instance, as Mr. Albert Herter once painted, a scheme of subdued color patches and shimmering flesh in a twilight atmosphere. He had also nothing else but a kimona and a model, not even a cigarette.

Mr. Eugene is at times quite successful in suggesting the material, as for instance, in his "Portrait of Miss Jones." There one feels that the sleeve is made of some woolen fabric of a medium tint, the collar of some dark, smooth cloth, and the vest of what is called in the dry-goods store pique. You may laugh at this, but show me another picture where you can discover such details, without their becoming obtrusive. This quality, however, is only perceivable in very few of his prints, while the second kind of texture can be found in nearly all his works. And strangely enough, no one approaches him in this respect; he stands alone.

Let me explain what the painters mean by texture. An attractive brushwork, a certain peculiar way of laying on the colors different from the conventional academic ways. Nearly all the great painters of our age have developed a style of their own, which in a sense reflects their personality and is recognizable by the connoisseur at the first glance. Raffaelli, Zorn, Sargent, Boldini, Lenbach, Menzel, to mention only a few, all have adopted a certain mannerism. (I call it mannerism of using their brush, because the greatest ones, like Whistler and Böcklin, do not need such exceptional methods; true enough also Gérome, Bouguereau, etc., have none, but rather you feel too much individuality.)

This Mr. Eugene has introduced into photography by the means of all sorts of furious manipulations on the plate. It is an interesting innovation, but a

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"I'LL HAVE THE HEART OF HIM IF HE FORFEIT!"
—Merchant of Venice.

By

Joseph T. Keiley.

very perilous one to imitators. Only men who have the training of a painter, as he has, can venture it without becoming hopelessly sloppy. He himself is at times more so than is agreeable. Nevertheless there was a decided demand for just such artistic effects as his process provides.

Photography from its very nature implies a flat treatment, but who has not grown tired of the everlasting monotony of the general appearance of prints? They all seem to look alike. The artistic photographers realized this, and began experimenting with the gum and glycerine and other processes, with printing on rough paper, etc. The result is a veritable deluge of peculiar prints, which look like etchings, mezzotints, wash drawings, reproductions of paintings, etc. And then, just at the right moment, Mr. Eugene appeared upon the scene and presented us genuine "texture." Although I do not endorse his etching on the negative and daubing color on it, I must confess that it fills a long felt want. It is not legitimate from the "purists'" point of view, but that is the only fault one can find with it. Each of his prints shows how the most insignificant splash, thumbmark or jumble of oversketched lines often explains, suggests, and interprets nature far more clearly and vividly than anything else could possibly do. Yes, it often tells more about a form than could be expressed with much more labor; there is a sort of language in his "muddiness" which enables the artist to convey a good deal to an intelligent person, already acquainted with the art of painting. His method is of all methods of modification and suppression the

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most free, it offers slighter hindrance to the immediate expression than by other retouching processes; indeed, it is so perfectly free as to offer no delay or obstacle of any kind whatever. The slightest accent or deviation, even the most transient hesitation or trembling of the retoucher's hand, is at once registered. In a word, his daubs and lines are vital, and as the eye sees them, it reads the varying thoughts and moods of the artist.

The mechanical shortcomings of photography are thereby partly overcome. If they should be overcome in such a manner is, however, an open question, which other practitioners have to decide for themselves.

Photography, with its wide range of possibilities, is essentially a craft which any man may use; if he can do it in such a way as to impress his own individuality on it, the better—no matter whether the result is good or bad—individuality alone gives any art its value for this age or for ages to come.

SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

A Method of Toning Lantern Slides.

The production of warm toned lantern slides by the well known method of long exposure and restrained development is a process that is wearisome to many amateurs, and, further, one that in their hands is not always an absolute success. There are, however, other methods that can be carried out with ease and certainty and at the expenditure of very little time or trouble.

The image in an ordinary black toned slide, made on any of the usual brands of gelatine emulsion lantern plates, if thoroughly fixed and washed, should consist of metallic silver imbedded in gelatine. By various processes we can convert this metallic image into one consisting of a salt of silver, and the color will then vary with the nature of the salt. These salts are, however, sensitive to light, exposure, in some cases, very materially altering their color, and while this sensitiveness lasts the tone is liable to change slightly every time the slide is exhibited in the lantern. The remedy for this instability is, fortunately, very simple. There is a limit to the visible change that can be produced by light, and, if by prolonged exposure to sunlight this limit is reached, the result is not then likely to be affected by any number of brief exposures in the lantern. Upon these principles the methods of toning that I am about to describe are based.

We take a developed, fixed and washed slide, convert the metallic image into a salt of silver, wash, dry, and then expose to sunlight for a period which, naturally, varies with the time of year. In London I find that the required effect is produced if the slide is left exposed in a window looking due south for a period of two days in winter, or one in summer. The actual necessary time of exposure of course varies considerably with the weather, but a guide to the minimum amount of sunning required is afforded in a manner that will presently be described. The sunning process cannot be overdone, so the slides require no attention during exposure. The result of the first treatment of the slide is the production of an image which appears of a white or yellow color by reflected light; the conversion of the image is therefore generally styled a "bleaching" process. At this stage, seen by transmitted light, or on the lantern screen, the image is of a brown tone, the exact shade varying according to the process

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Frank C Baker.

adopted. After the sunning operation the tones vary most decidedly, however viewed, and we have red, brown, or gray images, according to the particular form of silver salts produced. Either the red or gray images can then be modified so as to produce a number of intermediate tones.

The advantage of converting a black toned image into a gray one may not be apparent at first sight, but the particular tone produced is a deep, soft gray of very pleasing quality, and suits some subjects extremely well. Further, if a slide is a little harsh, from being too dense in the shadows, it may be vastly improved by converting the black deposit into a gray one. All these toning processes have the effect of increasing transparency in the shadows, and are therefore specially suited to fully developed and rather dense images.

Red Tones.—Make a stock solution of potassium bichromate containing ten grains of the salt in every ounce of solution (this is approximately a 2 per cent. solution), and to two ounces of stock solution add five to ten drops of hydrochloric acid. Soak the lantern plate in this solution until the image is completely bleached, then rinse the plate well under the tap and transfer it to a weak solution of potassium metabisulphite, or sulphite of soda with a few drops of any mineral acid. This bath will rapidly remove all traces of the yellow stain left by the bichromate, and, after a final good washing, the plate can be set up to dry in a dark corner. When quite dry, *but not before,* it can be exposed to sunlight.

The sulphite solution is not absolutely essential, for the yellow stain may be removed by prolonged washing only; the process is, however, hastened by the adoption of the sulphite bath. The bleaching solution should not contain too much acid, only just enough to start the bleaching process. It is best to com-

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mence with only five drops, adding more if required. This bath may be used a number of times in succession, and so may the sulphite solution.

The white image, resulting from the bleaching process, consists of *chloride of silver,* and has a brown tone when looked through against the light. By the sunning process it becomes a bright red brown, not a pure red, but a somewhat softer and more pleasing tone than that produced by uranium. It should be noted that the tone of the image upon the lantern screen is slightly different to the tone seen by transmitted light. In all cases, tone can only be properly judged in the lantern.

Gray Tones.—The process for obtaining gray tones is exactly similar to that for red tones, with the exception that the constitution of the bleaching solution is altered. Again take two ounces of the stock bichromate solution, but, instead of hydrochloric acid, add ten grains of potassium bromide, and five to ten drops of nitric acid. The treatment is precisely the same in all other respects, and the acid must be added as cautiously as before.

The bleached white image now consists of *bromide of silver,* and, as the result of sunning, it acquires a cool soft gray tone. The time of exposure required to produce this definite tone is about the same as that necessary to render the red chloride image permanent, and, thus, one bromide slide may be employed to fix the time necessary to effectually sun any number of chloride slides.

Brown Tones.—To obtain these we can substitute potassium iodide for the bromide used in the bleaching bath for gray tones, and then proceed in precisely the same manner, in all respects.

The bleached yellow image consists of *iodide of silver* and it is not very appreciably affected by sunning, though it is a desirable precaution to carry out the process. The tone of the image is a yellow brown upon the lantern screen.

These three tones of red, gray, and brown, can be obtained with certainty if you keep to the same developer and brand of plates for the production of the original black toned slide, and develop each plate to about the same density. Variations in plates, developer, and density may cause slight variations in tone. One of the advantages of this method of toning is, that, with certain limitations, the tones can be altered as easily as they were produced.

The red chloride image can be turned into gray bromide by simply soaking the plate in a solution of potassium bromide, then washing, and again sunning the result. By soaking in potassium iodide solution, either the red chloride or gray bromide images can be turned into yellow brown iodide. A red chloride image cannot, however, be produced from either of the others; nor can the brown iodide image be further changed by similar easy means. On this account it is advisable, when there is any doubt as to the tone that is likely to best suit the subject, to first produce a red chloride image, since this can be easily turned into either of the others.

By employing weak bromide and iodide solutions (sav ½ per cent.), the conversion takes place gradually and can be stopped at intermediate stages. Thus a red image is gradually cooled down by a weak bromide solution until gray is reached, and during the process it passes through a series of brown and warm gray tones. Similarly, a very weak iodide solution will gradually warm up a cold gray bromide image until the normal yellow brown is reached. It is therefore possible by varying the strength of the solutions, and the times of immersion, to produce a great variety of shades of brown, the most pleasant series of browns, perhaps, being met with between the red and gray tones.

After any of these secondary toning processes thorough washing and sunning are necessary to insure permanency.

C. WELBORNE PIPER.

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Joseph T. Keiley.

Art in the Foreground.

Treatment of the close foreground and particularly the lower corners of a picture is a matter which probably comes last to the attention of the photographic amateur, who, without any special art education, is feeling his way toward good work. The reason of this is that the whole object of treating these parts of a picture is to make them inconspicuous and unnoticed, and in studying the successful work of others, its very excellence in this respect is the cause of the student's lack of notice. One of the old canons of art was that the picture should appear somewhat as if one stood looking out of a tunnel, the high light near the center with tones grading off into darkness at the sides and corners. This rule was never very strictly lived up to and seems to have been a strong way of stating that the highest lights should not, except for some very special reason, be close to the margin of the scene. When this device is adopted it effectually disposes of our subject. In most pictures, however, the matter is not so easily gotten rid of, nor will it readily take care of itself. Unlimited and unrelieved foreground of beach or roadway or grass or street, whatever it may be, jars upon the artistic sense and calls the eye to the spot as strongly as if some startling object were placed there. It is interesting to look over a series of good prints and note the various and successful ways in which the difficulty is overcome. A patch of light, not too strong, or else of shadow, not too dense, varies the monotony of the corners; a few small stones, not too conspicuous, or a tuft of weeds, a slight break of the pavement, a crack in the floor or a bit of wave crest fills the space appropriately and slips the eye readily along to the main subject of the picture. In focusing, the corners of the ground glass do

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not show the picture quite as well as the other parts, and they are very apt to be overlooked. More or less of the foreground of the print has generally to be cut away to make the picture, and it is sometimes possible, by judicious cutting, to take advantage of chance conditions and to give the corners and lower foreground their proper character. It seems probable that many good foregrounds have been produced through a proper instinct as to the right place to cut rather than through a deliberate knowledge of the subject and previous intention when the picture was taken to obtain just the result arrived at.

CHARLES E. MANTIERRE.

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The Pictorial Movement in Photography and the Significance of the Modern Photographic Salon.

BY JOSEPH T. KEILEY.

(An address delivered before the Orange Camera Club, April 20, 1900.)

The pictorial movement in photography is of comparatively recent origin and justly may be said to be still in its infancy. It is a movement having for its object the creation of pictures through the medium of photography that will stand the test of being judged by the canons of art and which will be not simply mechanical productions, but pictures in the highest sense of the word, possessed of distinct individuality and positive artistic merit. It is the result of an agitation in this direction originated by a small circle of men, who, having beheld drowsing in the frozen clasp of science the beautiful spirit of art, strove to awaken it from its icy slumber to add new beauty to the world.

Through the tireless energy of this group of workers a definite pictorial movement was established, one of the first positive results being the creation of the Linked Ring, of London, a very cosmopolitan body, pledged to labor in the interest of the cause of pictorial photography. The movement met with opposition here and abroad from within and without the photographic world. The opposition was traceable to the allied forces of ignorance, self-interest, prejudice and misunderstanding.

For example; among those who used photography, the makers of portraits chiefly, there was a large element quite innocent of the significance of the term "composition" as applied to picture making, to whom the word "tonality" conveyed as much meaning as an Aztec hieroglyph and who were as devoid of any feeling for the artistic as it is possible for a human being to be.

This element, with an instinct that was born of a sense of self-preservation, combatted the movement with unrelenting bitterness; for though few of them fully appreciated its real significance, it was for this class as the writing upon the wall that presaged approaching doom. The success of the movement meant the education of the public taste and the consequent refusal of the public longer to accept the inartistic wares of this class of workers.

The less liberal and more dogmatic of the painters also ranged themselves with the opposition. They saw in photography a purely mechanical process, of which the photographer was simply a part of the mechanism; and when from time to time they were forced to admit the positive artistic merit of certain pho-

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BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN From a Platinotype By Gertrude Käsebier

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tographs, they would, with a naive disregard for logical consequences, observe that the person who made the pictures under consideration had a positive genius for doing work in charcoal, india-ink or paint; forgetting all the while that this attitude was an admission of a distinct individuality in the work that they had already pronounced mechanical, and consequently a positive contradiction of their original position.

The artist, they held, must select the best from nature, compose it into such a picture as his taste and imagination may dictate and present it through the medium of his own sense of color and line: passive nature, immobile and insensate, presents many incidental facts, all of which are interesting, each of which may be suggestive of the beautiful, and every one of which will excite some sort of interest or appreciation; but which, presented literally and collectively just as they appear in nature, will not compose into a picture, nature requiring for this purpose the co-operation of the imaginative mind of man.

Photography, being in their opinion purely mechanical and quite devoid of any power of selection, and the photographer part of the mechanism, it was not possible for a photograph to be truly artistic, because it was simply a mechanically exact copy of nature.

To admit after this that any photograph from nature possesses distinct artistic merit and charm, was to admit that it differed in character from other photographs, and also that it did not interpret nature literally.

To admit this is to admit the existence somewhere of a power of selection and composition, and this involves a denial of the proposition that photography is a purely mechanical medium. Such denial compels the admission that it is a more or less pliant tool in the hands of the photographic worker; and such an admission leads to the irresistible conclusion that photography is entitled to an honorable place among the graphic arts.

The purely technical and scientific photographer, misunderstanding its purpose and laboring under the mistaken impression that the movement made mortal assault upon technical and scientific photography, also ranged himself with the forces that opposed it. But despite all opposition and undeterred by the ridicule and abuse that was heaped upon all those who displayed any activity in its behalf, it has spread its influence slowly but surely throughout Europe and finally taken root in America. The development of the movement here is watched with the closest attention by all who are interested in the advance of photographic art. It has taken root so firmly and so quickly in so many different sections of the country that no doubt can be entertained either as to the seriousness of its purpose or the comprehensiveness of its scope: and the conviction is growing that it is the beginning of a distinctly American school of artistic photography, which eventually will do more for the advancement of photography as an art than ever elsewhere has been accomplished. Here as elsewhere there has been and still is opposition; but slowly, irresistibly, almost imperceptibly, the forces of ignorance, provincialism and prejudice have been crushed to the dust and no longer bar the advance of progress.

The modern photographic Salon is the offspring of this pictorial movement, and as such has a significance that is quite apart and distinct from all other photographic exhibitions. It stands for one thing only, the artistic pictorial possi-

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bilities of photography. In speaking of a photographic *Salon* there must be no misunderstanding as to what is meant. Such exhibitions as have been held in Philadelphia, and recently in Chicago—the seriousness of whose purpose cannot be called in question—are referred to.

The frequent misuse of the term *Salon* by those engaged in organizing popular photographic exhibitions has misled not only the general public but likewise many members of the photographic world as to the purpose and meaning of the real photographic Salon, properly so called.

Misled by these pseudo-salons many persons have imagined that the salons gotten up in the interest of pictorial photography were to be popular exhibitions merely, along the old pseudo-salonistic lines; and rather flattered by the prospect of having their work exhibited in a *real* art gallery, submitted examples of it to the juries of these pictorial-salons; having disregarded or failed to comprehend the significance of the statement contained in the prospectus of every such Salon that:

"The purpose of the Salon is to exhibit that class of work only in which there is distinct evidence of individual artistic feeling and execution, the pictures to be rigidly selected by a competent jury."

When it is the fortune of such to have their work rejected their vanity is wounded, and instead of allowing that the jury was not altogether wrong nor entirely partisan, and without reflecting that perhaps in rejecting their work the jury saved them from the greater humiliation of having their pictures publicly branded as mediocre or imperfect by permitting them to hang on the same walls with pictures so infinitely superior that the shortcomings of inferior work are by contrast forced into prominence, the disappointed ones immediately begin to seek some explanation for the rejection of their pictures that is far from flattering to the exhibition in question or the members of its jury of selection.

First, they declare that the judges were narrow-minded and that no technically good photograph could by any chance win their approval—forgetting in their warmth that such a post-facto characterization of the judges must make themselves appear ridiculous, as they knew perfectly well who the judges were to be before submitting their pictures; and that as for the statement concerning the non-eligibility of a technically good photograph—it must appear absurd in any light—for on the one hand if a picture had no other merit to recommend it than its technical excellence, it was clearly barred by the very terms governing the character of the exhibition, to which they had submitted and subscribed; while if on the other hand it was intended to charge the jury with having barred out all technically excellent pictures because of their technical excellence, and in spite of their artistic merit, the argument would carry little weight for two reasons—because it had been made without having seen the pictures accepted, and because in photography artistic perfection involves corresponding technical correctness.

Then again it will be declared that the judges are arrogant persons, who have declared themselves leaders without the consent of the entire photographic world, and that any picture that does not conform to their arbitrary ideas is thrown out. This is but a repetition of the first part of the first objection, with the additional one as to leadership, and when proof of a single instance in which

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any of the persons accused has by written or spoken word been guilty of the outrageous crime of having usurped photographic leadership without the consent of the entire photographic world is called for, it is not forthcoming.

Some one else will then chime in, and after frankly admitting that he deliberately copied the work of another, object because his picture was not accepted as original work; and this argument will be followed by the somewhat irrelevant one that photographic juries should govern their choice of pictures by the same rules that painters use in selecting pictures for exhibitions—entirely regardless of the fact that no such rules exist. And still another may declare that if Smith had only put the name of Jones to his pictures they would all have gotten into the exhibition, no matter how poor they might be, thereby calling in question the honesty of the jury; and thereupon one or more members of it is held up to ridicule to the general satisfaction of all the disappointed would be exhibitors.

All this is quite human and under the circumstances inevitable and should not be taken seriously. Yet such trivialities as this too often do irreparable harm. They give rise, too frequently, to ill-feeling, and often call into being personal enmities that by their consuming bitterness retard or defeat some of the noblest ambitions. Indeed, more than one really great cause has miscarried or been lost from opposition growing out of just such misunderstandings and trivial circumstances. On that account I have taken up your time with matters that otherwise I would have passed over. Let us understand each other and let there be no misunderstanding of the purpose of the photographic Salon.

The modern photographic Salon stands for art and art alone.

Art, broadly speaking, is the universal language of beautiful conceptions and noble thoughts. If one be impressed by the rare beauty of a theme—beauty of thought or feeling, or both—and can produce a picture thereof that will excite the same or nearly the same sense of pleasure in those who behold it, he stands a very excellent chance of winning entrance to the most advanced Salon and of being recognized an artist in the true sense of the word. If on the other hand his highest aim is that of making simply technically perfect pictures, his business is not with the Salon but with exhibitions that have to do solely with craftsmanship. Let this be thoroughly understood and let each choose in accordance with his ability and inclination, and do all in his power to conserve the progress of all.

The photographic world is big enough for all. In the great universe of progress there is scarce a calling or occupation, science or art, to which photography has not played its part of slave, hand-maiden or helping friend. Its fields of usefulness are daily broadening and growing in number, and there need be none who, if he sincerely wish, cannot find ample means of satisfying all his photographic inclinations wilthout falling afoul of his fellow workers in the mighty world that owes its allegiance to the sun.

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Proceedings.

At the regular monthly meeting held on March 13, President Murphy presided. After the presentation of the usual reports of the standing committees, and of the Committee on the Auction of Prints, none of which call for special notice, Mr. Hoge made a motion that the trustees be recommended to make an appropriation for the purchase of desirable prints and lantern slides at the coming club auction, and it was voted accordingly.

A vote of appreciation and thanks was tendered to Mr. Joseph F. Keiley for the exhibition of his collection of prints which are now on view.

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Fourth Annual Meeting of the Camera Club.

The annual meeting was held on April 10, when fifty-five members were present. Reports were presented by the officers and the standing committees, and these will be found in another portion of this issue of CAMERA NOTES.

Mr. Schram, representing the trustees, presented a report recommending that the club engage Mr. Walter E. Woodbury as curator. In explanation of this recommendation Mr. Schram stated that the large amount of valuable apparatus owned by the club required the care and supervision of a competent man to preserve it and to keep it in effective order. The same was the case with the studio; and also it had become necessary to have some official representative who would meet and deal with the many strangers who presented themselves at the club rooms. No more capable or efficient man than Mr. Woodbury could be found, and besides the above services his wide experience would enable him to render much other valuable assistance, besides acting as adviser in technical matters to any members who desired his aid. The recommendation was voted upon, and accepted by the club.

At this point the chairman interrupted the proceedings to perform a very pleasant duty, in presenting to the secretary, Mr. Harry B. Reid, on behalf of one hundred members of the club, a handsome gold watch and fob in recognition of valuable services which he has gratuitously rendered for several years in his official capacity. The front case bore a handsome monogram, while the back was decorated with a reproduction of the club seal. An appropriate inscription was engraved within the cover. In making the presentation Mr. Murphy said:

MR. REID:

For three years you have served this club as secretary with a fidelity and constancy rarely found in this fickle world.

Had every detail of business and every item of expense been at your own personal charge, you could not have exercised a greater vigilance.

In this organization, yours had not been "the primrose path of dalliance," but rather the rough riding of a disciple of the "strenuous life."

You have heard more of "kicking" than of kindness; more of protest than of praise, and often has the electric voltage of your righteous wrath completed its circuit through the ears of some reckless waster of light, or water.

Absorbed in the faithful discharge of your duties you have borne a charmed life. Resolutions, loving cups and gavels have fallen in your immediate vicinity and never touched you. In view of these facts you may perhaps have sought mental comfort from the Emersonian philosophy that: "The silence that accepts merit as the most natural thing in the world is the highest applause."

But while you have been the watch dog of the club your fellow members

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have not slumbered, and now they propose to put a watch upon you for the balance of your natural life.

And now on behalf of a hundred of the members of the club I have the honor to hand you this testimonial of their high appreciation of your services in the secretarial office which you have so long and so ably filled.

Although completely surprised by the proceeding, Mr. Reid succeeded in expressing his appreciation and gratitude for the gift.

The election of officers for the ensuing year then took place and the following gentlemen were elected, there being no opposition: William D. Murphy, president; Alfred Stieglitz, vice-president; Harry B. Reid, secretary, and William E. Wilmerding, treasurer, were re-elected. William P. Agnew and John Beeby were elected trustees for three years. J. F. Strauss, Theo. Dwight and F. N. Waterman were elected as the committee on admissions.

The meeting then adjourned to partake of refreshments with the president, who had provided a handsome collation in the adjoining room.

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Report of the President.

In the long, up-hill journey that must necessarily precede the safe entrenchment of a club upon the *kopje* of a permanent and unassailable success, it would not be surprising to occasionally find that small actual advance had been made in some single year. This general rule renders all the more notable the steady and continuous advancement of the fortunes of the Camera Club during each successive year of corporate existence, and to-night our club, a lusty four-year-old, meets to celebrate its birthday and to plant another milestone on the broad highway of progress.

Stronger in membership, richer in cash, and with a broader influence in the photographic world at large, well may we pause to cast a retrospective glance over the detail of the year.

The printed reports of the Secretary, Treasurer and Auditing Committee, together with the formal report of the several committees to be presented to-night, relieve the president of the task of a lengthy recital of the facts, though a brief analysis of the situation may not be superflous.

Our total membership, up to April 1, numbers 344. During the year sixty-seven new members were elected; thirty-seven resignations accepted and eleven names were dropped from the rolls, while we must sadly record that two members were taken from us by death, Commander Howell, U. S. N., and Mr. James L. Truslow, Jr., the balance giving a net gain of twenty-two for the year, as against thirty-six for the preceding year. As the list shows 215 active members, our attention is called to the fact that only thirty-five more are needed to reach the constitutional limit. It would seem that with a little individual effort thirty-five desirable applicants for admission could be rallied in a few weeks, and your president most earnestly calls for a hearty move in this direction. In such work the assistance of our newer members is especially valuable.

A glance at the Treasurer's statement shows a highly satisfactory financial condition, with a cash balance of $2.502 on hand, a net gain for the year of $1,167, compared with $326 for the previous year.

The club has no outstanding debts and no member owes it a single dollar of arrears in dues.

Too much praise cannot be given to our Secretary and our Treasurer for their exceptional devotion to the interests of the club, and their annual reports in detail are models of businesslike administration of club affairs.

The several committees, on Admissions, Publication, House, Prints, Meetings, Lantern Slides and Audit, have each and all contributed distinguished services, and if space permitted a full statement of their work, it would be easy to demonstrate the fact that never in the history of our club have the various departments been more efficiently administered.

The Admission Committee has proved that character and fitness are conditions precedent to a favorable report upon any candidate for admission to the club, and to-day the standard of membership in the Camera Club is distinctly higher, because of the work of this committee.

CAMERA NOTES, the chief glory of the club, has continued its triumphal march, winning encomiums at home and abroad, but there is only time for a brief congratulatory word to the Publication Committee upon the brilliant editing of the magazine. To Alfred Stieglitz and his associates the club is deeply indebted.

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The House Committee, subject to troubles of its own, has daily labored to keep the club apparatus from being reduced to splinters by over enthusiastic members. In view of the general disposition in all clubs to find fault with house committeemen, perhaps the gentle admonition conveyed by that historic sign hung up in a Leadville concert hall might well be blazoned on our walls:

"Don't shoot at the Pianist, he is doing his Best!"

The Print Committee has been most diligent, securing an unbroken sequence of exhibitions, keeping us in touch with the current phases of photographic achievement.

The Committee on Meetings has also scored a marked success in the high character of the lectures given.

The Lantern Slide Committee has succeeded in awakening a revival in slide making that promises many more attractive Wednesday evenings. In this connection the newly appointed critic, Mr. J. Wells Champney, has added greatly to the value of the "Test Nights" by his luminous and instructive criticisms.

The annual dinner of the club in December was well attended, and was made especially memorable to your president by the presentation to him of the handsome and historic gavel, made from the wood of the sunken Spanish cruiser "Reina Mercedes," a testimonial valued by him as one of his choicest possessions, on account of its historical interest and more especially because of the sentiment behind the gift.

The one new ripple on the placid surface of our club life was occasioned by the recent show and sale of prints and slides, including the "Fake" pictures entered in competition for the silver cup, donated by the committee chairman, Mr. Hoge. The affair was a pronounced success, promising to set the pace for more of its kind. Modesty prevents any extended reference to the fate of the mammoth vase above mentioned.

As usual, interest in the competitions for the fixed prizes of the year excited little interest, and while two new cups were awarded for prints in portrait and landscape classes, it is discouraging to note that the "Fin de Siècle" Lantern Slide Cup, offered by Mr. J. Edgar Bull, has twice failed to secure a sufficient number of entries, but as it was only one short in the second instance, the donor has generously waived the condition.

In outside events our members have been highly successful, winning many of the highest honors of the year, both in Europe and America.

Turning from the recital of things accomplished to things omitted, we must chronicle the failure to hold the annual auction of photo materials, which was vetoed by the board, but such action must not be thought to indicate any plan for the extinction of that jolly feature of our club life.

The "smoker," usually held in January, was also passed over, because, in the rush of matters at that time it did not seem possible to arrange a creditable function, with a programme sufficiently comprehensive to satisfy the literary, artistic, terpsichorean and dramatic tastes of our membership; but the omission was only one of expediency and does not indicate hostility to such entertainments.

Now, turning from the past to the future, a matter of great weight in the development of the club has received the serious consideration of your Board of Trustees. The growing demands upon the time of your officers and committees, coupled with the natural desire to place at the disposal of members every possible aid, have led to a definite proposition, to be submitted in regular order to-night, the question being the wisdom of securing a competent superintendent of the rooms and affairs of the club.

In conclusion, it may be pardonable to say a few words regarding the policy pursued by your trustees in their unceasing efforts to manage the affairs of the club within established lines.

No group of members can be more conscious of official shortcomings than are the officers themselves, but probably no one outside of the board appreciates the difficulties that are almost daily presented for solution.

To provide each and every member with just what he may want at any given time is an obvious impossibility, and, with the limited resources at our disposal, the best that can be accomplished is to fill the needs in the order of their apparent necessity, the first object being to keep the club upon an absolutely solvent basis.

For three successive years your president has strenuously endeavored to mould and give expression to a broad policy of toleration and mutual concession in the best interests of the club. In the nature of things, in a club of more than three hundred members, serious and honest differences of opinion must often arise, and the discussion of such differences is not to be regretted or prevented.

All that can be expected is that vexed questions shall be temperately debated, for from such debate only good results can come.

A club, open to all artistic suggestions, styles and schools, but definitely committed to no one cult or clique, should be, and is, the chief plank in our platform. On this broad base we may safely face the future with its doubts and hopes, drawing comfort in moments of disappointment from Ruskin's aphorism, which relates to other things as well as art: "Greater completion marks the progress in art, absolute completion usually its decline."

Respectfully submitted,

WM. D. MURPHY, *President.*

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Treasurer's Report for the Year Ending March 31, 1900.

Receipts.	1899–1900	1898–1899
Balance April 1st	$1,335.06	$1,008.62
Members' Dues	4,819.84	4,242.65
Locker Rents	979.05	879.51
Entrance Fees	765.00	735.00
Studio	335.00	231.00
Telephone	59.75	34.83
Incidentals, Donation by Mr. Herbert	10.00	.....
Fitting up Studio, Donation by Mr. Russak	50.00	.....
Annual Dinner	231.05	191.25
Auction	.....	69.21
Smoker	.....	178.50
Library	.....	5.50
Sale of Furniture	.....	103.04
Surplus	.....	4.00
Donations to Moving Fund	.....	2,302.00
	$8,584.75	$9,985.11

Disbursements.	1899–1900	1898–1899
Camera Notes	$300.00	$200.00
Services (Custodian)	477.00	510.85
Mail Chute	17.00	.....
Rent 8th Floor	3,000.00	2,916.66
Studio Rent	154.75	101.00
Telephone	105.62	95.43
Incidentals	192.83	106.78
Fitting up Studio	74.23	218.90
Annual Dinner	231.05	186.03
Light and Current	386.94	284.29
Smoker	.....	157.00
Library	158.22	109.62
Furniture	114.79	221 61
Stationery and Printing	338.42	284.17
Print Committee	51.21	46.25
Chemicals	93.32	96.28
Ice and Laundry	28.51	34.26
Insurance	21.35	10.00
Cleaning Rooms	121.50	104.30
Elevator	80.00	47.00
Postage	118.80	101.61
L. S. Interchange	11.72	.....
Print Auction	5.00	.....
Moving	.....	82.45
Fitting up Rooms	.....	2,536.34
New Apparatus	.....	184.28
Print Collection	.....	15.00
	$6,082.26	$8,650.05
Balance on hand	2,502.49	1,335.06
	$8,584.75	$9,985.11

Approved:

L. B. SCHRAM, *Chairman*,
C. C. ROUMAGE,
HENRY H. MAN,
Auditing Committee.

March 31, 1900.

In Bank of New Amsterdam	$1,502.49
In Union Trust Co.	1,000.00
	$2,502.49

WM. E. WILMERDING,
Treasurer.

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Report of the Auditing Committee.

To the Board of Trustees of the Camera Club:

The Auditing Committee herewith submit their report as follows:

We have examined the books of account and vouchers of the Treasurer covering the fiscal year ending March 31, 1900, and the bank balances at that date and find the same to be correct.

The Treasurer's books are well and systematically kept.

The total receipts for the year were as follows:

Cash on hand at the beginning of the year	$1,335.06
Receipts from all sources	7,249.69
Total	$8,584.75
Disbursements	$6,082.26
Balance on hand March 31, 1900	$2,502.49
Showing an excess of receipts over expenditures for the year of	$1,167.43

The funds of the club are deposited as follows:

Bank of New Amsterdam	$1,502.49
Union Trust Co.	1,000.00
Total	$2,502.49

Respectfully submitted,

LOUIS B. SCHRAM, *Chairman.*
C. C. ROUMAGE.
HENRY H. MAN.

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Report of the Committee on Meeting.

The following lectures illustrated by lantern slides were given during the past year:

April 24, 1899—"The Flora of Central Park," by Mr. Cornelius Van Brunt.

May 12—"Exhibition of Lantern Slides," the work of Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, explained by Mr. Wm. D. Murphy.

May 18—"Moving Pictures," by American Vitagraph Company.

October 4—"A Trip to the Philippines," by Mr. L. M. McCormick.

November 17—"A Demonstration of the McDonough Process of Color Photography."

December 5—"A Visit to South Africa," by Dr. J. N. Bishop.

December 28—"New Orleans to the Pacific," by Mr. John Aspinwall.

January 2, 1900—"A Vacation in Northern Italy," by Prof. A. D. F. Hamlin.

January 23—"The Birth of the Butterfly Among the Autumn Flowers," by Mr. Cornelius Van Brunt.

February 6—"Microscopical Projection with Polarized Light," by Dr. Skeel.

February 27—"Demonstration of the Ives Kromskop," by Mr. F. E. Ives.

March 5—"Our Wild Neighbors" (the four-footed animals of the United States), by Mr. Ernest Ingersoll.

March 22—"Habits of the Honey Bee," by Mr. John Aspinwall.

April 19—"Hawaiian Islands," by Prof. Albert S. Bickmore.

April 26—"The Black Sea and Thereabouts," by Mr. Frank La Manna.

At the regular monthly meetings photographic apparatus and demonstrations of printing were given by the following:

May 9, 1899—"The Nehring Copying and Enlarging Lens," by Mr. U. Nehring.

June 13—"Demonstration of Dekko Paper," by the Eastman Company.

November 14—"Demonstration of Aristo Platino Paper."

December 12—Dr. James H. Stebbins, Jr., read a paper entitled "Recent Progress in Photographic Chemistry, Emulsions and Dry Plates," illustrated by lantern slides.

January 9, 1900—The Folmer & Schwing Company exhibited cameras, magazine plate holders, etc.

February 13—Mr. John Bradley gave a demonstration of "Bradley Platinotype Paper."

Respectfully submitted,

HARRY B. REID, *Chairman.*

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ITALIAN LANDSCAPE

From a "Gum-Print"

By Hugo Henneberg

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Secretary's Report.

MEMBERSHIP.

	1899 Apr. 1	Resigned	Drop'd.	Died	Trans. from Non-Res.	Trans. to Active	Trans. to Non-res.	Trans. from Active	Trans. from Corresp.	Elected and Qualified.	March 31, 1900	Gain	Loss
Active members	194	19	8	..	1	..	4	..	..	51	215	21	..
Non-resident members.	76	10	3	2	..	1	..	4	12	16	92	16	..
Correspond'g members.	15	3	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	15
Life members	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..
Honorary members ..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..
Total members	322	32	11	2	1	1	16	4	12	67	344	37	15
Net gain	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	..

Total membership, March 31, 1900, 344.

There were held one special and ten regular meetings of the Board of Trustees, one special and ten regular club meetings. HARRY B. REID, *Secretary.*

April 1, 1900.

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Report of the Print Committee.

The Print Committee for the Camera Club respectfully reports as follows:

Since the last annual report it has arranged for the members and their friends, ten exhibitions:

	Number of Exhibits.
1899.—From April 12 to April 22: Mr. John E. Dumont	34
" From May 1 to May 15: Mr. Alfred Stieglitz	93
" From May 22 to June 3: Collection of prints by members of the Camera Club	169
" From October 10 to 28: Mr. Clarence H. White, of Newark, Ohio	121
" From November 15 to 30: Mr. Frank Eugene, of New York	77
" From December 4 to 16: Supplementary Exhibition of Photographic Studies by Mr. J. Dunbar Wright	151
December 20 to January 5, 1900: Loan Exhibition from Private Collections of Eva L. Watson, Mathilde Weil, J. Wesley Allison, Alfred Stieglitz, Charles I. Berg, Joseph Obermeyer, John Beeby, Joseph T. Keiley	108
1900.—January 10 to February 3: Mr. Rudolph Eickemeyer	125
" February 14 to March 3: Mr. Charles I. Berg	116
" March 13 to March 31: Mr. Joseph T. Keiley	75

The Print Committee have arranged for April the Photographic Studies of Miss Eva L. Watson, and in May the Members' Exhibition, and it is proposed to have an exhibition on the walls during the summer months.

The Committee feel much gratified at the interest taken, both by the public at large and the members as well, in the monthly exhibits, and particularly at the responsiveness to the invitations issued to the several exhibitions. In no case was an invitation declined.

As to the merit of the several exhibitions, the Committee respectfully refers to the comments and criticisms which appear regularly in CAMERA NOTES.

The Committee is of the opinion that it would be well to buy from time to time certain prints for a permanent collection, and hopes that the Club may find its way to set aside an appropriation for this purpose. CHARLES I. BERG, *Chairman.*

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Report of Lantern Slide Committee.

Some months ago it became evident to the members of this committee as well as to those intimate with affairs of the club that the Wednesday evening test nights had become far from satisfactory. Few slides were shown on the screen, the attendance of members was small and the general interest in slides and slide-making seemed to have materially declined. It therefore became the duty of the present committee to revive this flagging interest and to do all in their power to place the test nights on their old footing, as these nights not only were a very pleasant feature of Camera Club life, but in the opinion of the committee their success or failure was a matter of great importance to the interests of the club.

Three factors have been predominant in this revival. In the first place, personal appeals were made by the committee to those of the members who had in the past been interested in slide-making to induce them to show their slides, either old or new, on the screen and thus increase the number of slides shown. We have also attempted to abolish the past formality of these evenings by encouraging freedom of speech and requesting members to describe and discuss their own work on the screen.

The second factor is one of great importance. That is the revival of criticism. This importance has already been shown by the increase in the number of new slides and also the larger attendance on criticism nights. The committee feel that the club should be congratulated on the choice of critics made by the trustees.

The last factor has been the re-entrance of the club in the American Lantern Slide Interchange, which brings us in touch with the work being done by other photographic clubs throughout the country.

We hope that some advance has been made in bringing the Wednesday test nights back to their old standing, but there is still much to be done, and the hearty co-operation of all the members in this matter is desired.

Your committee are endeavoring to form a club collection of slides, which can be shown on the screen when desired, or loaned to the members for private exhibition. An appeal is made to all the slide makers of the club to aid us by presentation of slides. This collection should not be confined merely to slides of artistic merit, but should also contain historical and scientific subjects, and, in short, anything which would be of general interest. We hope that the time will come when the committee will be supplied with a regular appropriation for the purchase of slides by eminent makers outside of the club.

The chairman of the committee wishes to take this opportunity to express his gratitude for the active and efficient co-operation of his fellow committee members.

CHAS. M. STEVENS, *Chairman.*

Report of the Committee on Research.

Your Committee on Research has, during the past year, investigated various new chemicals that have appeared upon the market and have also looked into the value of various new lenses and paper. We would report that the following articles have been carefully considered, and the results of the deliberation of this committee upon them have appeared in CAMERA NOTES during the past year. The articles examined lately are as follows: Acknowledging auxiliary lenses and tele-photography combination, both made by Nehring; Vinco Platino-Bromide Paper, Hydrochinon, Adurol, Agfa, McDonough process of color photography.

Your committee would have been pleased to have taken up other matters had they been submitted to them by the members of the club.

Numerous inquiries have been made and answers given on the various fundamental processes of photography, but no other scientific inquiries were taken up and reported upon except those above mentioned.

JOHN ASPINWALL, *Chairman.*

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Library Report.

The Librarian reports that during the year past seventy-three new books have been added, forty-six volumes bound and eighteen donated, making a total of 137 volumes. The following sets have been completed, viz.: "Photography Annual," "Photographic Club of Paris" and the "French Annual."

The library now contains over 500 volumes, and includes the most recent works published, and forty-eight magazines. Donations of books have been received from Dr. James Douglas, W. A. Fraser, W. E. Carlin, Cassier Company, J. C. Abel, Obrig Camera Company, Alfred Stieglitz, George L. Ronalds, J. F. Strauss and Sidney Herbert.

JOHN BEENY, *Librarian.*

Report of the House Committee.

Your House Committee respectfully submits the following report:

We have received $200 appropriated from the funds of the club and $10 donated by Mr. Sydney Herbert, making a total of $210. Of this amount we have expended $102.83 for the incidental expenses of the club, leaving a credit balance of $17.17.

The rooms and apparatus of the club are in fairly good condition, although we realize that some improvements might be made. These improvements we hope to make during the coming summer, and they will be made in direct proportion to the amount of money which the Board of Trustees may decide that they can afford to appropriate for this purpose from the funds of the club. Your committee would have less difficulty in keeping the club apparatus in order if more stringent rules were made to restrain those members who most grossly misuse the club property.

During the twelve months from April 1, 1899, to April 1, 1900, there has been received from members for the use of the studio the sum of $335, a donation of $50 from Mr. Russak and $50 appropriated from the club funds for fitting up the studio, making a total of $435. Deducting from this amount the sums of $150 for rent and the $50 appropriation shows a profit from the studio of $180; $74.23 has been expended in fitting up the studio, which leaves the studio account with a credit of $211.77.

W. P. AGNEW, *Chairman.*

Report of the Publication Committee.

Mr. Stieglitz, Chairman of the Publication Committee, made a lengthy verbal report on CAMERA NOTES, going into full particulars of the business methods of the magazine.

He showed that, notwithstanding the increased expense, the four numbers of Volume III having cost over $3,000.00, that the policy originally planned to make the undertaking self-supporting, without aiming at profit, had been strictly adhered to, and that the income of the year had somewhat more than covered the outlay.

He also showed that the Club had, during the three years of the existence of the magazine, appropriated $750.00 for the maintenance of the same, in return for which all members of the Club received copies *gratis*.

The *full appropriations*, plus about one hundred dollars, were now in the bank to the credit of CAMERA NOTES, and all bills paid.

It was also shown that since the origin of the magazine that one hundred cents on the dollar had been collected on every bill rendered, so that thus far CAMERA NOTES had not lost a single penny in bad debts, a truly unique showing in a business undertaking.

It was pointed out that the property had become a valuable one, but that the Publication Committee, in estimating its assets, only considered the actual dollars and cents in the bank as an asset.

As for the policy of the magazine, it has been true to itself, in trying to raise its own standard and thus help in raising the standard of photography generally.

Notwithstanding the belittling of the magazine in certain quarters, its influence has been very great, as the subscription list includes names from all parts of the world.

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The one thousand copies issued quarterly have probably more readers than some of the magazines claiming a much larger circulation.

Mr. Stieglitz also pointed out that no sample copies were ever sent out, and that the exchange list was limited to twenty.

During the year full sets of the magazine brought as high as thirty dollars, over four hundred dollars having been in that way collected in premiums.

The portfolio, "American Pictorial Photography, Series I.," was also reported as having been a financial success. A second series is in contemplation.

Mr. Stieglitz warmly thanked his associates for the cordial and active support they had given him, and emphasized the fact that without their faithful co-operation, the magazine as it stands, would have been an impossibility.

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At the regular monthly meeting, held on May 8, President Murphy presided. After the usual formal business the Secretary announced that the Championship Cup for Lantern Slides had been won this year by the President, Mr. Wm. D. Murphy; it was also announced that Mr. Alfred Stieglitz was the winner of the Championship Cup for prints, and that Mr. T. J. Preston, Jr., had been awarded the Bull Cup.

Dr. Stevens, reporting for the Lantern Slide Committee, stated that he had been informed by Mr. Champney that, as he was about to go abroad for at least six months, he would not be able to act as Critic further this year. Mr. Champney suggested that criticisms should be made but once each month, and that some artist of prominence should be asked to act as critic on such evenings, a different person each time, thus giving the Club the benefit of the views of different artists, and bringing the artist and the photographer into closer relations. The proposition was referred to the Lantern Slide Committee with power to act.

The President announced with regret, on behalf of the Trustees, that, on account of the many demands upon his time, and the condition of his health, Mr. Stieglitz had felt it incumbent on him to tender his resignation as Vice-President of the Camera Club. On the motion of Mr. Schram that a committee be appointed to take appropriate action, and to express the regrets of the club on the loss of so valuable an officer, the chair appointed Messrs. Hapgood, Schram and Stevens. This committee expressed the sentiments of the Club in the following presentment, a copy of which was later transmitted to Mr. Stieglitz:

The Camera Club, having received the resignation of Mr. Alfred Stieglitz as Vice-President of the Club, herewith makes record of its appreciation of the excellent work done by Mr. Stieglitz in that capacity, and expresses its sincere regret that the Club must lose the benefit of his efforts as an officer.

Since the organization of the Club Mr. Stieglitz has devoted the greater part of his time to the promotion of its welfare, and has brought to his work the signal ability, the enthusiasm and the devotion to artistic photography which have served more than words can express, to advance not only the standard of the Club, but also the level of photography in this country.

Appreciated, as his merits are, by photographers here and abroad, recognized by our government as the man best fitted to represent officially American photography at the Congress of Photographers of all nations, soon to convene at Paris, the members of the Camera Club are most deeply conscious of his admirable qualities and gladly bear tribute to his sterling worth.

Regret that the condition of Mr. Stieglitz's health makes his retirement from office imperative is tempered with gratitude that his activity as the responsible head of CAMERA NOTES will continue.

In behalf of every member of the Camera Club we express to Mr. Stieglitz every assurance of appreciation, and the hope that a partial respite from exacting work may result in his restoration to perfect health, to be accompanied by a resumption on his part of the work which he now, we hope, only temporarily lays down.

After the adjournment of the meeting Mr. Chas. F. Becker delivered a short talk on Aristo Photographic Papers, illustrating his remarks by a number of prints showing the results of the processes he described.

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Kromskop Color Photography.

On Tuesday evening, February 27, Mr. Frederic Ives gave a most interesting lecture demonstration of Kromskop Color Photography. He began by giving a general review of the history of attempts to solve the problem of color photography, showing why all the earlier attempts had failed, and followed with an exposition of the principles of scientific trichromatic photography, and descriptions of the special devices designed by him for carrying out the process with no more trouble than ordinary stereoscopic photography. Screen projections in colors were shown by his ingenious "Lantern Kromskop," employing a single source of light, and permitting of separating the colored images upon the screen and bringing them into register again by the movement of a lever, thus demonstrating the method with a spectacular effect which was very striking and evidently greatly enjoyed by all present.

The lecturer then pointed out the limitations of the screen projection method, and advocated as the most practicable and generally available method of color photography the system comprising a "one-plate-one-exposure" camera for making the trichromatic color record, and a viewing device, the Kromskop, used like a stereoscope, for blending the images of the color record to the eye. The result, obtained by means as simple in practice as stereoscopic photography, was an absolutely permanent color record, and a reproduction to the eye which was almost like a mirrored reflection of the objects themselves, all the qualities of color, texture, sheen, translucency, atmosphere, solidity, being reproduced without the surface reflections and distracting surroundings which would detract from the realism of even the most perfect color print upon paper.

Since giving the demonstration, Mr. Ives has described, at a meeting of the Philadelphia Photographic Society, two new devices, by which the problem of successful trichromatic photography would seem to be reduced to its very simplest terms. One of these new devices is a camera which, although competent to produce a perfect trichromatic color record by one exposure upon a single sensitive plate, contains, in addition to the essential parts of an ordinary camera, nothing more than two prisms and three color screens. The other new device is a "Miniature" Kromskop, which is remarkably simple in construction and operation, and can be made and sold at a low price. The construction of the new camera is shown in Fig. 1, in which A is a simple achromatic lens, focusing by means of a slip tube or rack and pinion in front of a diaphragm aperture B. This lens focuses an image at C, which is perfectly defined to the edges of the small image required; but in order to divide the light and form other images at D and E, the

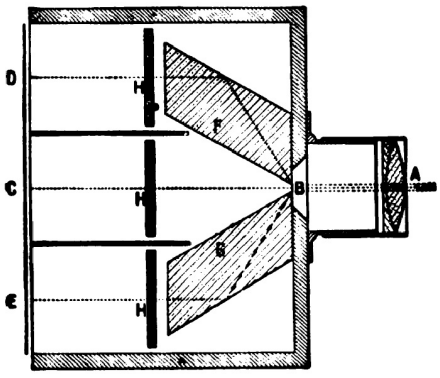

FIG. 1.

prisms F and G are so placed that their inner front edges partly cover the diaphragm aperture, which then appears like three juxtaposed slits, giving three practically coincident points of view. The light passing into the prisms is twice reflected, producing unreversed images at D and E, which, owing to the greater distance from B to D and E than from B to G, would be of larger size than the middle image and much out of focus, but for the fact that the greater refractive index of the glass as compared with air extends the focal point, so that the images are equal, except for the differences of light and shade introduced by the color screens, H, H, H.

The construction of the "Miniature" Kromskop is shown in Fig. 2, in which R, B, G are the three pure color screens respectively, red, blue and green, in front of which the Kromogram, which is on a single piece of glass, is placed. The light passes through the Kromogram images and color screens in the direction of the dotted lines R', B' and G', the green being re-

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flected by the silvered mirror C, and the other colors by the transparent colored glass mirrors D and E, along one line, through

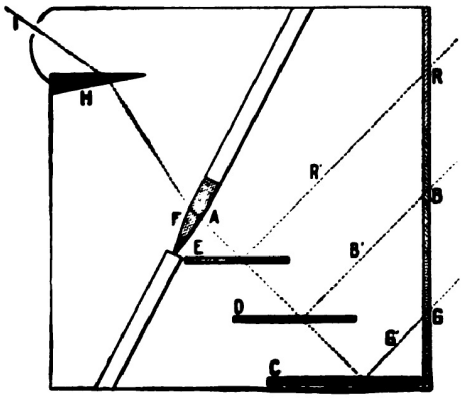

FIG. 2.

the prismatic lens F and the prism H, to the eye at I. The images are seen at an angle of 45° to their plane, but the foreshortening and distortion which would ordinarily result from this angle of vision, is corrected by the prismatic lens and prism. The images in the Miniature Kromskop appear much smaller than those in the other Kromskops, but otherwise equally as perfect, and the single plate kromogram and the simplicity of the manipulations, as well as its low price, make it very attractive.

The Kromskop View Camera is preferably made to suit the "Junior" monocular Kromskop, but by double printing positives can be made to show in the stereo Kromskop; and stereoscopic records can also readily be made by exposing two plates, with a lateral movement of the camera between the exposures. It can also be specially adapted for the miniature Kromskop, in which case the positives are ready for viewing in color without cutting and mounting on the folding cardboard frames which are used in the larger Kromskops.

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Club Entertainments.

During the spring months the club has been entertained by several unusually interesting lectures, which have proved so popular that there is no doubt the speakers will be pressed to appear again next season.

On March 5 Mr. Ernest Ingersoll spoke on "Our Wild Neighbors, the Four-Footed Animals of the United States." Mr. Ingersoll is not only noted as a naturalist, but is an easy and interesting speaker, and as he illustrated his lecture with slides from Mr. W. G. Carlin's excellent negatives the entertainment was a pronounced success. The lecture, we understand, is one of a series on the subject of birds and animals which Mr. Ingersoll has delivered with marked success before a number of societies and educational institutions.

On March 22 Mr. John Aspinwall spoke on "The Habits of the Honey Bee," and illustrated his remarks by numerous photomicrographic and other slides, which he has prepared with considerable labor. Mr. Aspinwall's graphic descriptions and ready wit are well known to his fellow members of the club, and his lectures are always most popular with his audiences; moreover, as he is not only a skilled microscopist and photographer, but also an expert apiarist, he proved himself a thorough master of his subject in all its branches.

Professor Albert S. Bickmore favored the club with an illustrated lecture on the "Hawaiian Islands" on April 9, when a large and appreciative audience was present. Many facts entirely new to most of those present were brought out, and the professor's descriptions gave the audience a greatly enlarged understanding of this portion of our new possessions. The slides were interesting, and those illustrating the volcanoes increased our appreciation of this feature of the islands.

On April 26 Mr. Frank La Manna gave an illustrated account of an unusually interesting trip which he recently made abroad. His subject was "The Black Sea and Thereabouts." Starting at Gibraltar, the speaker took his audience along the shores of the Mediterranean to Constantinople, and thence to the Black Sea, enlivening the way by a fund of anecdotes which kept the audience in sympathy with the speaker, and held their interest to the end. Mr. La Manna is well known as an unusually clever photographer and happy speaker, and it is hoped he may be induced to appear before the club more frequently.

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Reviews of the Exhibition of Photographic Studies by Charles I. Berg.

(February 14—March 13, 1900.)

In these days many men and most women have a real affection for pretty things, things which are pretty in a trivial sense, but have no claim at all to be considered beautiful. If the artist can achieve this standard of prettiness, and can content himself with it, he reaps a golden harvest, as do all those who supply a demand. But there are some whose minds cannot be satisfied with accomplishing anything short of the best, and yet whose actual ability is never sufficient to create something very original and beautiful.

Mr. Charles I. Berg is one of these. He strives hard, he seems to have resolved to appear new. It would be wrong to deny his good intentions—but the results of his patient labor, as shown in this exhibition, reveal no very strong characteristics nor a style of his own.

He has succeeded in making half a dozen good pictures, among them the "Odalisque," the "Cigarette Girl," the "Weeping Magdalen" and the "Water Nymph." They show pleasant qualities, many people would like to own and frame them, and even the critic might at the first glance find no particular fault with them. If, however, he should take the trouble of examining them more carefully, he would find many traces of imitation. How many French painters have excelled in charming Oriental arrangement: would Mr. Berg ever have succeeded without their help? And I am almost certain that I have seen the pose of his "Weeping Magdalen" in some French painting.

Mr. Berg apparently has been satisfied as far as composition is concerned with mumbling old formulæ, and as he even lacks the power to re-create, which is the keynote of Mr. Eugene's work, the hackneyed has become still more hackneyed. Henner is indisputably a great colorist and chiaroscurist, but what is the use of reproducing, however faithfully, one of his pictures? There can be no claim for any originality whatever in this homage of pure imitation. We can only appreciate the cleverness and knowledge in the photographer.

In the little announcement of his exhibition I read the following:

"Perhaps the greatest part of Mr. Berg's work has been with the professional model in the direction of classic lines to be used as suggestions for sculpture, or architectural effects, to which he naturally turns. Many of the pictures were taken at the two Sculpture Society exhibitions."

This statement is worthy of consideration. It is a paradox, true and false at the same time. If the writer means by "classic lines" the work of well-known painters, very well; but I fail to see how the photographer can suggest anything but the original sources from which his inspiration flowed. If I see a Henner reproduced I involuntarily think of the original, and of how much more satisfactory it is than any reproduction, even the very best, could possibly be. That Mr. Berg strives for "suggestions for sculpture or architectural effects," I do not doubt for a moment. He is an architect by profession, and never denies it. One only needs to look at the general arrangement of his exhibition to be convinced of it. But also his posing, lighting and draping reveal it. They are always stiff and architectonic, never soft and pictorial. This is the only way in which one might say that his personality is reflected in his work, and it proves rather a drawback than an advantage. And yet what wonderful opportunities Mr. Berg has had. What photographer had ever such suggestive backgrounds for figure studies as the two Sculpture Society exhibitions afforded? Imagine an artist like Monsieur Le Begue with his camera and models in such surroundings. Mr. Berg absolutely failed; the pictures he took in the Vanderbilt Gallery are the most commonplace of his collection.

His nudes, taken in the open air, are more genuine, although not always pleasant to look at. He at least deserves praise for the enterprise he displays in making them amid appropriate surroundings, as the impressionist painters do.

If his nudes were only less realistic! The naked form, independent of any sentiment, is not particularly interesting, and as he never succeeds in eliminating the physical short-

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comings of his model, to show the form to the best advantage—not to mention any attempt at spiritualization, as that is far out of the reach of Mr. Berg—his photographs cannot be compared with the efforts in this direction of Messrs. Eugene and Day.

Very charming are his two Japanese semi-nudes with heavy renaissance mouldings as background; and his recent portrait studies of a young lady in a sort of Trelawny gown with flounces, who was graceful enough to make him forget his profession and simply to photograph what he saw before him. They really represent his best work.

With Mr. Berg's chemical experiments I do not sympathize. I also do not agree with his biographer that he has shown "much new in style." Mr. Keiley has worked in the glycerine process for years; the only difference is in the way they employ it. Mr. Keiley uses it to correct shortcomings of tone, while Mr. Berg uses it to eliminate entire backgrounds, and thereby to produce with faulty negatives tolerably good prints. It may be desirable to have unsightly adjuncts suppressed by glycerine and the brush, even very desirable, but it is no longer legitimate photography. Plates without any unsightly adjuncts would be by far more desirable. Also his wholesale production of flesh tints with mercury can hardly be called æsthetic. They are first of all not true to life. I would be exceedingly sorry for any human being who had such a muddy complexion as Mr. Berg has so generously bestowed upon most of his sitters. Mr. Stieglitz, I am sorry to say, also experimented with the process, but he was at least merciful and satisfied with showing us one example, while Mr. Berg found it necessary to color and spoil dozens and dozens of prints by this most ungraceful of all photographic manipulations. All that I can admire in it is the patience which was necessary to accomplish these dire results. It must have taken weeks. How much better could the time have been employed. Nevertheless there is one mercury print of a little baby against a dark background that is quite artistic, and makes us pardon many of the other sins, committed in this exhibition, in the name of artistic photography.

SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

From Another Point of View.

Photography begins with a sensitive film and a pin-hole, or its equivalent, but where does it end? Is the word "legitimate" (in some modified sense, perhaps) to be retained in the vocabulary photographic, or is it to be banished entirely? I ask for information, because I do not know. I see my brethren all about me taking off their hats to those whose devious ways were denominated in recent and simpler days as "faking."

The truth is, photography occupies an anomalous position. It stands at the cross-roads of science and art. The camera is no less an instrument of precision than an implement of artistic expression. Everything in anything is, for the most part, a matter of point of view, and to enumerate the points from which photography may be viewed is like boxing the mariner's compass. That which to the mundane scientific gentleman appears to be a heinous crime, to his artistic friend, whose views of crime are more or less obscured by the vaporous and elevated medium in which he doth for the most part abide, appears to be a legitimate means to a desirable end.

Possessing nothing but a judicial instinct, without pretensions to either scientific or artistic qualifications, to me anything which does not involve the element of fraud or deception is entitled to be regarded as legitimate and may even be worthy of applause. The painter may employ photography, so long as he does not pretend that the drawing is his own, and the photographer may use the pencil, the stylus and the brush *ad libitum*, so long as he does not conceal his wiles. In art the end always justifies the means, and, for my part, I wish those painters who cannot draw would let the sun do it for them, and those photographers who can paint would conceal from our view nature's asperities and distractions. It is a question of morals—not of means. Hypocrisy is the only unpardonable sin.

Had a creed as broad as this been adopted at the beginning, much time wasted in surveying and setting up monuments to mark the line which divides orthodoxy from heterodoxy might have been devoted to more fruitful pursuits. Not many calends have gone by since the days when anyone daring to practice the black arts frankly resorted to by many of the recent exhibitors at the Camera Club would have been burned at the stake

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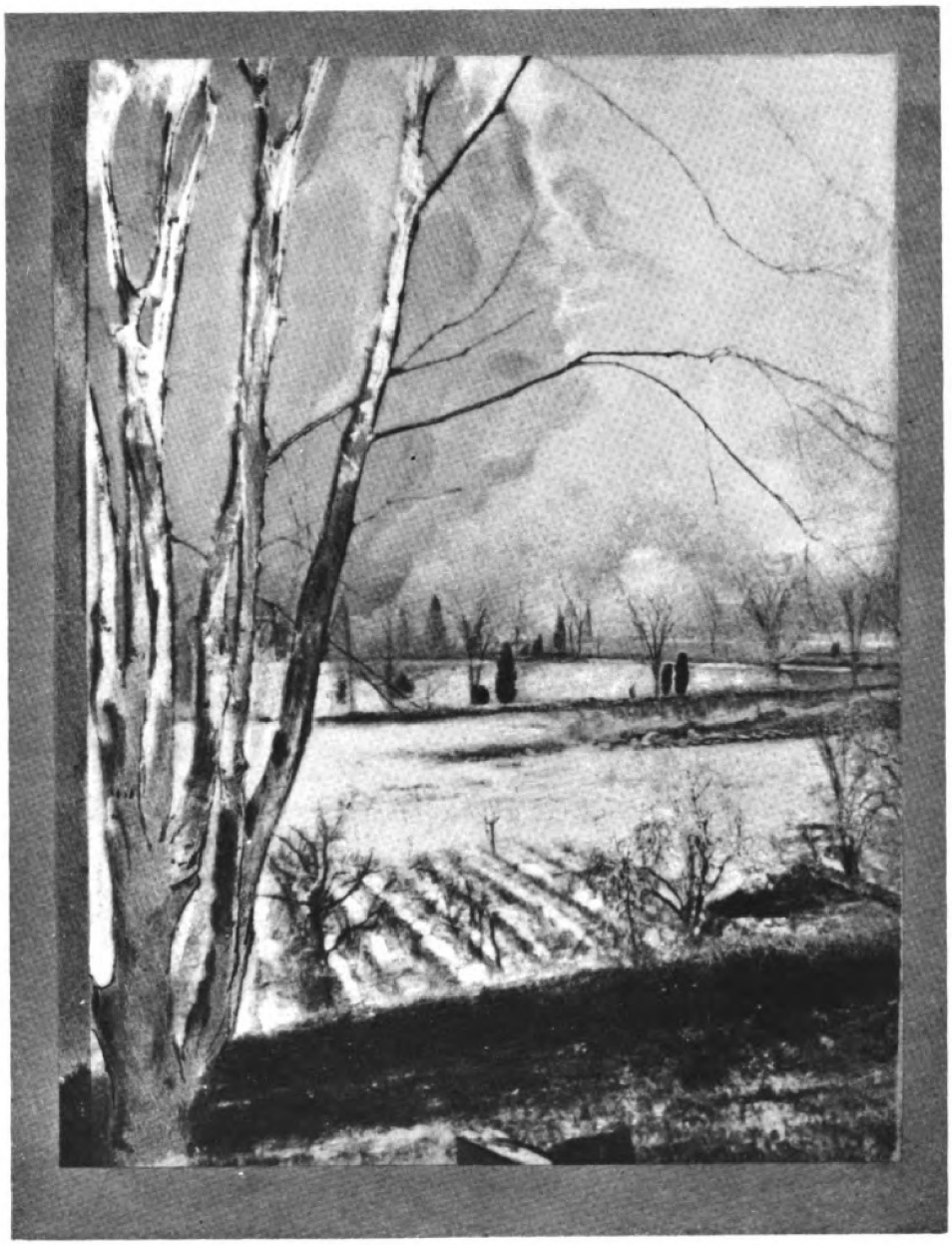

WINTER LANDSCAPE

From "Glycerine" Print

By Joseph T. Keiley

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as a warning to prospective heretics, and in vindication of our own exclusive right to formulate for others infallible codes of morals.

Mr. Berg, the efficient chairman of our print committee, is no hypocrite. In his recent exhibition, he painted backgrounds and accessories in and he painted them out, with perfect frankness and charming impartiality. There was a certain atmosphere of jollity about some of his glycerine brush-work which was suggestive of other things. To create from the same negative a three-quarter portrait of Carmen standing up and another of Carmen sitting down had in it an element of caricature which, while doubtless shocking to the profoundly serious, appeals in quite a different way to those whose yearning for tragedy is satisfied in the everyday struggle to survive as one of the fittest, and whose appreciation of pictures is in direct proportion to the pleasurable sensations which they can induce in a weary brain. Whether the lady posed standing or sitting, only she and Mr. Berg know, and it matters not; nor would it interest me at this time, if it did not raise an absorbing question. It is undeniably art; but is it photography—below the waist line?

Mr. Berg's work is so widely known through the medium of published reproductions that a systematic review of it is unnecessary. Its characteristics are simplicity and directness. Its charm resides in beauty of modeling, skillful handling of draperies and a fine display of balance and proportion. He does not aim to startle by vagaries and he does not leave the beholder guessing as to what he sees. He neither produces pictures which are reversible, nor does he strive to photograph a chapter of the Apocalypse. He seems to think that poses and effects which have been reproduced with only trifling modifications by the masters for centuries, and are being reproduced by the best painters to-day, are quite good enough for the photographer's model; and he believes that if by means of a lens he can fairly approach the beauty or fairly catch the sentiment of the originals, he is justifying the title of photography to a seat in the congress of fine arts and a place in the hearts of those who love beauty for beauty's sake. The purely transcendental and those who have a taste for puzzle pictures only are warned to pass by on the other side, lest their tender sensibilities be too rudely shocked.

Mr. Berg's work, as I translate it, is full of serious purpose, and like all purposeful work, has a strongly marked and consistently-sustained individuality. His training in Paris as a student has imbued him with a reverential love of the beautiful as expressed in graceful lines and in the language of classic simplicity. His studies for decorative purposes, particularly those of architectural design, are probably least admired because the motive of their serious conventionalism is least understood. Is he a copyist? In a shallow sense, yes: but only in the sense that co-workers in a school are all copyists. To copy in this sense is not plagiarism. It requires brains. I know, because I have tried it—and never once has my best friend discovered what I was aiming at, without a descriptive title to direct his imagination! I should be vastly pleased to be caught red-handed in such a crime. To copy successfully in the broad sense means that gray-matter behind the ground-glass has somehow managed by the direction of chemical agencies to express the thought which the painter has expressed with implements far more facile. In my judgment there are, for example, in photography very, very few things finer than Mr. Berg's Magdalen (with the Japanese background mercifully eliminated) and his Water Nymph, contrasting the exquisite modeling and delicate tones of a nude figure with the broad and extremely simple treatment of foreground.

The taste for the too indefinite and obscure in photography is merely the evidence of a natural revolt against the too sharp and microscopic methods which preceded it. Originality is not synonomous with art.

As if to satisfy the curious that perhaps he too might, if he tried, make prints from overtimed and undeveloped negatives, Mr. Berg included in his exhibit a picture which, when one managed to make it out, disclosed a naked infant sitting in a posture indicative of sudden and excruciating pain, and which certainly must have appealed for aid to the maternal instinct of every right-minded woman who saw it. I am glad to say I heard this unintelligible and muddy little affair more than once praised as the gem of the exhibition. I say I am glad to have heard the praise, because honest and frankly expressed differences of opinion are the pre-requisite of advancement, and deserve encouragement as the best evidence of a condition out of which healthy progress grows.

I have never seen anything unintelligible in the work of Hinton in England, or Demachy in France, or Stieglitz in America; and yet I may admit that it would be a bad thing for photography if we should all swarm about the same point of view.

J. EDGAR BULL.

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Reviews of the Exhibition of Prints by Joseph T. Keiley.

(March 14-31, 1900.)

A Man and a Method.

The exhibition of prints by Mr. Joseph T. Keiley, like certain of the former exhibitions, was not ordinary photography, as photography has heretofore been known. It is a strengthening thought to an unpretentious critic, too well aware of his fallibility, that at least he has work well worth strict criticism. So, the standards of this exhibition being set on a high plane, judged by artistic aims and ideals, some of these prints must be recorded as attempts rather than successful achievements. But we are immensely indebted to Mr. Keiley even for the failures, for he and we can found successes on the truths thus negatively as well as positively shown. He has dared go pioneering in many an unexploited region; to don his armor and, with focal as well as vocal fulgerations, do up the philistines. If he has sometimes come into collision with the eternal verities it has never been in an extremely disastrous crash, for he has too much chivalry to treat Dame Nature outrageously, and too great a love of beauty to continue long on any pursuit that leads away from true art.

Those acquainted with Mr. Keiley's earlier work hoped to see more examples of it here, and even to find a sort of exposition of his development through a series of years. His landscape work has always been considered by his older friends to be rather secondary in importance to his figure and portrait work. In landscape he has always sought a poetical rendition and had an eye for effects. Most of his early productions were straightforward, and were rightly prized by his friends. His portraits have always been pleasing as well as strong, and have showed the subtle rendering of character which betokens on the part of the maker the insight and personality that discern and bring out the traits of his sitters, and are the inborn qualifications of a good portraitist.

In this exhibition there was only one notable print in Mr. Keiley's earlier style—a small portrait of the photographer's father. It had much of the quality of a fine steel engraving and was generally noticed and justly admired. Its only fault, if it could be said to have one, was that it had some of that heaviness of shadow in the eyes that is found with the tendency to top-lighting observable in open-air portraiture. The greater part of the prints shown had been glycerined, and even those that had not were of a pleasing quality very similar to the kind of softness obtained by glycerine. Some of the glycerined prints could have been made as well without, for they were not manipulated, and the finer texture of a floated print would have suited the subjects at least as well as the grain gotten by the precipitation of platinum in the pores of the paper, due to slow development with glycerine.

It is to be noted that some of these prints—as several of the smaller ones of Mr. Sidney Herbert in the character of Shylock—were of that charming gray that suggests color so well. This is usually to be obtained by direct development of prints from soft, thin negatives; the glycerine process gives more of the beautiful brown-black gradations of ivory black—though these may also be obtained by floating the ordinary paper on a hot oxalate developing bath. As glycerine acts as a restrainer, it gives more contrast than the hot developer, unless the very greatest care and luck enable us to bring up all the high-lights first, or the development is prolonged, so that the platinum salts not used in forming the image have time to be reduced and precipitated, muddying the whites. This Mr. Keiley now partly avoids, by continual blotting off of developer and application of fresh glycerine.

I have, as it were, slipped into the discussion of the glycerine method, and, indeed, I think this review must include it. This exhibition was in a way devoted to the exposition of the glycerined platinotype, and was the biggest argument yet given for the process of which Mr. Keiley has been the chief exponent. This seems also the fitting place to speak a word of warning. Mr. Keiley's work is so interesting and his enthusiasm so catching, that I suppose we are bound to have a large school of glycerine-swabbers. I have already seen and made many questionable effects and had some happier results. But the glycerine process is not, like the gold cure, a faith cure for what we have neglected in ourselves, nor

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a cure for lack of feeling. Those who have temperament to express, as Mr. Keiley has may manage to make good use of the Keileytype method in some ways.

The present striving to get what we hear described as unphotographic photographs is most admirable when that means to make consistent, artistic photographs. But there is danger of another tendency working with or without the truly artistic one—namely, that prints may be made unphotographic by mannerisms, astonishing and *outré* effects, and primitive attempts at imitating art processes that are beyond our technique. Imitation is not necessarily sinful, and in this connection it is so mainly when the efforts are crude and the results bad. A platinotype that looks like a wash-drawing, made by a tyro, is no more worthy of consideration than it would be if it were merely the bad wash-drawing—although a photograph that looked like a good drawing might be very pleasing. But the practiser unlearned in art could never acquire any knowledge of drawing from making Keileytypes forever. However, it is conceivable that for those who can think and compare, but who still need a realizing sense of the importance of correct light-and-shade, of values, and of harmonious simplicity of line and mass, it might prove valuable. But so will all photographic methods if we have the ability to learn from them.

Many would down the Keileytype with the argument that it is not legitimate photography, but just where they would draw the line of legitimacy it would puzzle them to say. Under the old way of competitions for prizes, it was necessary to draw a line somewhere, and the only safe way was to be a little strict about it. But it was an entirely arbitrary distinction, based on scientific principles. Art was little consulted. Now, legitimate is a word that sounds very big, but means merely "according to law"; and if there is no definite, concrete law on the subject, legitimate does not apply at all. But the only law that art requires photography or any other process to observe, is that its results shall be beautiful. If certain processes cannot be made to give pleasing results, according to the rules of taste formulated by man from long experience, then those processes do not meet the requirements of art; but if they do fulfil the demands, they are legitimate enough. Merely for reason of acceptance for exhibition the question may come up as to whether some results are photography or not, but instead of drawing the line strictly art would make it a lax one. While art would not reject a good photograph that was good art for an equally artistic thing that was doubtful photography, the question more likely to arise and be decided affirmatively would be whether to take the more manipulated, but at the same time more artistic print. But this is not a problem to worry over, it will take care of itself; the extremists and the inartistic in either camp will find themselves sooner or later shut out.

As gum bichromate has won a place as good photography, there would seem little reason, besides ignorance, for objecting to the glycerined platinotype. However, a slight distinction can be made. In the gum print we start with a dark surface, leave parts, reduce parts and wash parts away. In the platinotype we reverse the process and can not only restrain or bring out whatever parts we wish, to whatever extent we desire (at least in theory), but we can also to some extent practically create, as much as if we used brushes loaded with color, because we are working on a considerably over-printed and very responsive proof. We may call this a departure from the old photographic methods towards monochrome water-color, and the logical extreme of the method would be to work on a piece of platinotype paper that had been exposed to light, but not under a negatives. No one who has the training and skill to do real water-color work would devote time to this mongrel process; if for no more artistic reason than merely because the results would not be nearly so certain.

The highest and most complete utterance attained through graphic art is by oil painting in colors, for in that medium we can get the greatest number of manifestations of truth and beauty. Every other process concerns itself with those things it can do most thoroughly and satisfactorily—water-color, pastel, etching, pen and ink, each in its more humble way strives for the beauties it can best represent. Barring the vital points of color and freedom of selection, photography can, as well as any of them, humbly follow the examples and ideals of oil painting and, in so far, to say that a photograph looks like the copy of a painting is a word in its favor.

But instead of an effort towards the aims and possibilities of the highest form of

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graphic art, workers with glycerine often elect to parallel the effects of water monochrome, and so produce less ambitious things in imitation of wash work. These can be very pleasing, but are necessarily lighter, less serious, less in the grand style. But the glycerine process will give other effects also. We may get either the breadth and delicacy of charcoal, or the breadth and strength of oil, the better by aid of its artistic use; and therein lies a danger. For instance, very charming vignettes can be made with appropriate subjects; but white edges on more serious, pretentious or stronger subjects look merely unfinished and are unpleasant. A combination of the wrong qualities in this manner, as any such vignetting, or wash edges on a portrait head having some of the strength and solidity of oil painting, is very disastrous. Hence the process is bound to be extra dangerous to its users, and a "dead give-away" for the inartistic, because it gives a power that only an artist could always use with due moderation and relevancy. It will also more surely than the ordinary processes betray any lack of trained appreciation of values, of ability in the due co-ordination and unification of details, or want of training in drawing, especially when one makes an attempt at line work. The subtleties of the line should be tried by none but the trained artist.

We are told that with this process we can print negatives that we could not use otherwise—those poor technically, poorly spaced or lighted, or with objectionable accessories. To a certain extent this is true, but we must remember two things: We must not take too great artistic credit to ourselves for being able to get something out of a negative wherein we have made technical or artistic blunders; and we must not expect out of two wrongs to make a perfect thing—an incomplete print from a poor negative does not give the kind of simplicity and unity necessary in a serious work. Naturally there are many things in the line of correcting faults in a negative that can be tried with glycerine but could also be effected by treating the negative, or with more certainty by making another negative. But we do not like to risk the original one by attempts at alteration, nor do we wish the trouble of making another.

Exquisite gradation and fineness of texture are among the possibilities of photography. Some sacrifice these as one way of avoiding minutiæ of detail and diffusion of interest. They would concentrate attention on the main object by this method, more fully than they can by composition, selection of subject and accessories, and appropriate illumination. In a portrait or figure piece, where the surroundings are of secondary importance, this works very well. In landscape or other work, where the concentration or, in proper term, the unity, of interest is the result of a harmonious balance of parts, in form and light-and-shade, the glycerine method is apt to be hazardous. You are playing with bottled lightning, and while you are developing one part to your liking, another portion of equal value is likely to be thrown out of key involuntarily, even if you do not do it by your own act, through losing sight of the desired result as a whole. Even good artists are apt to do that, and in more leisurely kinds of work. There is also a certain heaviness of shadow, almost always induced by this process, because the darks have been so overprinted; if this is carried to solarization a worse, because a contradictory, result ensues.

It has even been made a vaunt in this and certain other processes that you cannot get two prints alike. This is thought to prove the artistic value of such methods and their results, because they make a good print in its way as unique as a good painting. But in struggling to pull the scientific leg of poor photography out of the slough of technical process, let us take care that we do not bemire the artistic foot. A painter may not be able to paint twice exactly alike because of emotional and mental changes, although he does not duplicate canvases mainly because he has new ideas to express. He would be justly ridiculed if he argued that because he could not control the spreading and mingling of his colors, each painting must be a work of art, as his technique was not under his control sufficiently to admit of reduplication. When pieces of pottery do not come out from the firing finished in the form, glaze and colors which the makers intended, they are called freaks. There are kilns run hap-hazard in France and Japan, especially for freaks, and very lovely some of them are. But the art potteries with names to maintain do not try for freaks, and when they accidentally obtain them they are destroyed or kept for private consideration. It is hardly necessary that photographic freaks be thus severely

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treated, but on the other hand we must not claim any special merit merely because of their freakishness. Their money value may be enhanced; uniques—even ugly ones—command a vogue from many, and especially from those who care little for every-day beauties.

The photographer's way of working is more nearly comparable to the etcher's or lithographer's than to the painter's. We prepare a negative as they do their plate or stone; some of the prints struck off will be better than others. We have, however, a little more power to vary the prints.

The main danger in the use of glycerine lies in trying to make of it a cure-all for every light-registered photographic ill. There are other methods by which failings can also be treated, perhaps not always so rapidly, but with more certainty and control over results. Glycerine development of a print is only one means of dodging, and, as I have said elsewhere, the thorough artist is a good technician, with all the tools and tricks of his art at his command.

Mr. Keiley was very cautious about exhibiting examples of the chromo effects obtained by the use of mercury in tinting parts of prints. One of these could not but compel admiration from all, especially by artificial light, when the effect of the double toning was minimized. I think that a sepia print would have been at least as charming, and a good red-chalk gum print more so. A small print showing a gray sky and a brown, solarized foreground was inharmonious to me, as are prints developed with mercury, which show bricky-sepia half-tones and black shadows. Such things have not even the excuse of delicate two color prints; they simply are not "chromatically harmonious, as every monochrome ought to be."

Now let us examine Mr. Keiley's exhibition as exemplifying the merits and faults of the glycerine process. The results were very varied and the standard variable. Many of the faults which we have discussed were to be seen to some degree. Showing poetic, unacademical feeling, even when in error, these prints suggested things to us, taught us, led us to think, perhaps to combat, but also to enjoy and long to possess them. Several of the extremely out-of-focus ones made my eyes dazzle a bit; they were probably intended to represent what a water-colorist would call a "blot," a first, wet sketch of a head or scene with the masses washed in hastily. Many other prints reminded one of more or less finished sketches; some were pleasing on this account, others one would rather have had finished out with body-color, as it were. Now and then Mr. Keiley had apparently sketched in a supporting line or two very hastily and nonchalantly, when perhaps the development of the face or other main part was getting away from him and he had to fix the print. But it looked too much as if he were carelessly indulging an instinct for drawing, in attempts that were probably intentionally naive. This occurred in prints where much manipulation was undertaken; the straighter prints sinned less in this way. For instance, of the Indian heads, all fine in breadth and textures, the largest and strongest had, unfortunately, a few crude lines and spaces, instead of a shoulder in consistent tone. Very differently carried out was the bolder of the large Shylock prints, which was rendered in a fine, painty way with much solidity. The center print on the west wall—the Meissonnier-like *de Guiche*—was a delightful bit of character work, delicately done except for what appeared to be the black outlook from a window, and a black bit of wall underneath it. The photograph hanging right below the *de Guiche*, of a woman's hair, neck and shoulder, was charming in its simplicity and exquisite in its rendering, especially of the flesh. The two photographs of Mr. Zolnay's model for a bust of Poe were masterly in their interpretive qualities, and I do not wonder that the sculptor was delighted with them, and that his friends abroad were, as he said, astounded by such photography.

At times Mr. Keiley was extreme and arbitrary in his values. Perhaps this was shown most plainly in his larger landscapes, where his lights and darks were sometimes so forced, to express his meaning, as to be boldly artificial. A notable exception was the scene with a grassy, rising foreground and a cottage amid trees. This had excellently sustained values, both of color rendition and light-and-shade, and hence good, coherent tone (or tonality, as some say), and as it was well composed as to form also, it made in all ways a most pleasing picture. The cornfield print had similar points of merit. The

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little water-fall landscape was not so perfect in tone; it rather suggested an old engraving, was very poetic, and—as one observer said—lacked only the naiad. The bit of lily-padded water with the curving stone coping sweeping away to the mysterious trees—above which a line of clouds faintly paralleled the curve below—was very decorative in feeling, if a little too heavy in tone for the decorative idea. As typical of Mr. Keiley's ideas and methods as any of the prints, were, on the one hand. the Bacchante pictures, both of which had charming qualities, and on the other hand, the mountain view with cloud and mist. This was broad and atmospheric, even if we felt that it was a little too forced in values.

In one way the exhibition was quite a relief, for at least Mr. Keiley did not overhang himself. The arrangements were also in the extreme of simplicity, with pleasing results. The absence of catalogue and titles made many of the pictures difficult to allude to specifically, and may have left most of those who saw the exhibition in a puzzled state of mind as to the meaning of a few of the exhibits, but a picture that is not satisfying without the aid of a title is a failure anyhow. But though there were some things whose meaning might be questioned, there were many more that were lucid and explicit in pictorial idea. If any there were who could not understand from the exhibition for what Mr. Keiley has been striving, or any that considered his standards too high, their quarrel should be with themselves and not with him. He has in no way made the standards of art (no photographer has); he has only helped introduce them in photography, and in so far he has done only good work in his efforts to live up to artistic ideals as he feels them, in his own work, just as he has done well in withholding praise from the work of others which does not merit it.

The exhibition as a whole suggested a seeking for beauty that was even restless, so that there was perhaps too little repose and poise. But even this has been invaluable to others, urging on not only his associates, but even those who had misapprehended the value of his work, and called it by more or less appropriate names, inappropriately used, as the production of an impressionist, symbolist, mystic and idealist. All these things those who thoroughly understand the terms ought to be able to call this photographer, so I hope they will come forth in their glory and go deeply into subjects I shall for the present leave to them.

DALLETT FUGUET.

April 1, 1900.

Through Semi-Japanese Eyes.

Mr. Joseph T. Keiley is one of those artistically wrought natures who deviated from the trodden paths of photography and produced a number of prints which, both in conception and execution, represent a distinct departure from the ordinary studio work.

He has given up the quest for beauty pure and simple, and has sought rather to express what there is of beauty in the whimsical and far-fetched. He is indisputably a man of power and distinction, but I do not comprehend why he insists on looking at the universe through Oriental spectacles. All that he produces shows originality, and is yet deeply impregnated with Dowesque Japanese ideas and feelings.

Mr. Keiley is no mere ingenious copyist, reproducing the mannerisms and carefully overlooking the essential merits of Japanese art. His talent is too personal to permit him to condescend to mere unbridled imitation of "notan."

But the æsthetic canons of Japanese art, in which he prefers to roam, are in my opinion beyond the pale of conception for an American mind. Japanese art, with its peculiar world of thought and tradition, is a sealed book to Westerners, and, notwithstanding its embarrassing popularity and decadence of late years, its essence is still as unknown as ever, despite all foreign analysis. I do not believe Mr. Keiley has solved the mystery.

Each nation may be regarded as an individual whose talents are of a distinct stamp. The nation has, like the individual, its own predispositions and its own likings, just as also it possesses its own train of ideas. Each nation naturally feeds on spiritual nourishment from without, and, according to its temperament, derives good from it or otherwise.

But, in my opinion, it is as absurd for a Japanese to take lessons from Chase as for an American to explore the fundamental laws of art by studying Japanese wood engravings.

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Mr. Keiley's exhibition was the best proof of this. There was photography at its best, photo-scientifically speaking, and yet entirely appreciating its merits, and even owning that only few could surpass this work on its chosen ground, one realizes more clearly that the most perfect work of this kind lacks the elusive charm, the discriminative selection and the translation of facts to art which must always leave the true artist room to beat its best record. That his photographs are more artistic, however, in every way, than the majority, may be readily admitted.

It is far more amusing to dwell upon one's pleasure in a man's work (that is, if it contains any) than upon what may seem its weaknesses, and though he has allowed a number of prints to leave his workshop which are not worthy to be signed by him, some of the little studies of female anatomy, notably one of a coiffure and a cheek bone, seem to me, in execution as well as design, quite equal to the best work shown at the Camera Club. Then, too, his little landscapes are altogether delightful; though they are flat-tinted in the right sense, they are not imitations. But most interesting of all is his use of empty space, with which he weaves his ideas into an harmonious whole. He has obtained in them a singularly interesting quality, and always disposes them so as to make a—if not scientifically spaced—at least suggestive arabesque. Certainly, with the comparatively small amount of work which Mr. Keiley has produced he has managed to appeal to the connoisseur—and what more could he wish?

The art critic, however, is forced to investigate his case more closely. I cannot pass in silence the signs of Japomania, recently a very obstinate and contagious disease among artists, which I can trace in all of Mr. Keiley's prints that interest me—I do not consider photographic reproductions of romantic actors with false beards and Arabian bric-à-brac peddlers represented as noblemen, works of art. I know no reason why this influence should not be apparent, as hardly any modern artist from Whistler to Aubrey Beardsley has escaped it. But the majority of them have digested and absorbed it better than Mr. Keiley. Their power of assimilation is superior to his.

One cannot charge him with blindness to broad effects; he persistently tries to avoid niggling effects and to throw a glamor over things with a filmy, suggestive and mysterious manner. But his observation often mistakes the trivial for the essential, and often over-states the small and lets the large go unexpressed. He is blind to values and small shades of local color. He endeavors to show us largeness by being observant only of small corners; his breadth thereby becomes mere wilful emptiness and confusion. To equip a man for treating more ethereal kinds of impressions, there is need of something else: those researches into effects of focus and definition by which artists suit nature to the conditions of a framed composition, by which they obtain an effective scale of relative importances in color, tone, air and detail, and so secure their fleeting impressions of grandeur, size, space and mystery. Without it (I mean the painter's technique), even the cleverest handling of the scientific part of photography cannot become a part of the imagination. It will take a more piece-meal view of things, and so more willingly put up with rugged or haphazard handling. This is why so many disciples of Edouard Monet failed, while he, in full possession of the technical achievement of all ages and nations, succeeded in initiating the impressionistic quality that characterizes the new schools.

One must be a very powerful personality to walk successfully on such "forbidden grounds" as Mr. Keiley does. Mediocrities look more or less ridiculous. I am unable to judge from the few prints whether Mr. Keiley belongs to the powerful or to the ridiculous, and I believe the majority of those few who are acquainted with the idiosyncracies of his muse find themselves in the same dilemma.

People, therefore, are justified in calling his departure "a baseless novelty," "an ephemeral fashion," or "an utter eccentricity." Art is something serious, not a fad. He must prove his superiority by other more competent work. It may be with him, after all, a logical outcome of his artistically wrought nature aspiring to climb Parnassian heights. Until that day of accomplishment God speed! In the meantime, I shall always be very grateful to him, as his art has afforded me many pleasant hours. I must confess I have seen few men represent Nothing as interestingly as Mr. Keiley.

SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

April 1, 1900.

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Camera Club Competitions.

The Fin-de-Siecle Lantern Slide Competition.

The undersigned beg to announce that they award the cup donated for the purpose by Mr. J. Edgar Bull to the set *"Arcturus,"* the pseudonym for Mr. Thomas J. Preston. The set by *"Montauk"* (W. P. Agnew) ranks second in merit.

(Signed) W. M. Murray.
Chas. I. Berg.
Alfred Stieglitz.

When this competition originally failed to fill, it was sincerely hoped that such would not be its fate when re-opened. One of the conditions called for seven entries or no contest. Nevertheless, but six entries were received. Rather than again re-open the competition, the donor of the cup, Mr. J. Edgar Bull, requested that the judges, Messrs. Murray, Berg and Stieglitz, judge the submitted slides and make the award.

The slides were duly tested. Most of the competitors spoiled their sets with some very poor slides, thus ruining their averages and their chances. Even the winning set contained two decidedly mediocre slides, and for that reason the highest average obtained is exceptionally low; in fact, so low that one of the judges was in favor of withholding the award. Upon opening the envelope of *"Arcturus,"* who had received 53 per cent., it was found to contain the name of Thomas J. Preston, who thus becomes the winner of the handsome cup. *"Montauk"* (W. P. Agnew) was second, with an average of 47 3-4 per cent.

Lantern Slide Championship Cup.

The judges in the Lantern Slide Championship Cup respectfully report that they have awarded the Cup to Mr. W. B. Murphy.

(Signed) J. Wells Champney.
May 8, 1900. John Aspinwall.

Presidential Print Prize Competition.

The judges as appointed to decide on the prints submitted in the Competition for the Presidential Print Prize met on Tuesday, May 2, and beg to report as follows:

There were but two contestants, and the prize was awarded to Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, he having received 84 1-3 per cent., against Mr. Arthur Scott, 62 2-3 per cent.

Respectfully submitted,
(Signed) Chas. I. Berg.
R. W. Craigie,
Jos. T. Keiley.

✦ ✦ ✦

Exhibitions.

The Philadelphia Photographic Salon, 1900.

Entry forms and full particulars for the third annual Philadelphia Salon have been published and are now ready for distribution. This important exhibition promises to be even more successful than its predecessors, and deserves the support of all those earnestly striving to raise the standard of pictorial photography.

As heretofore, *the purpose of the Salon is to exhibit that class of work only in which there is distinct evidence of individual artistic feeling and execution.*

The Jury of Selection will be Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, of New York; Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier, of Brooklyn; Mr. Clarence H. White, of Newark, Ohio; Mr. Frank Eugene, of New York, and Miss Eva Lawrence Watson, of Philadelphia. Entry blanks may be had by addressing Camera Notes.

The "Royal."

The 45th Annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society will be held in London, from October 1 to November 3.

The judges for the Pictorial Section will be: Messrs. P. H. Emerson, M. A., M. B., Col. J. Gale, A. Horsley Hinton, B. W. Leader, R. A., and J. B. B. Wellington.

The Technical Section will be judged by Messrs. Thos. Bolas, F. I. C., F. C. S., Chapman Jones, F. I. C., F. C. S., and J. W. Swan, M. A., F. R. S.

Entries must be in the hands of the Secretary, Royal Photographic Society, 66 Russell Square, London, W. C., England, on or before September 11.

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Catalogue of the Print and Slide Auction, Together with the Fake Competition.

Prints.

1.	The Fagot Gatherer	Anonymous
2.	Old Roman Road, Whitby, Eng.	W. P. Agnew
3.	Water Nymph	Chas. I. Berg
4.	Study of a girl's head	"
5.	" " " "	"
6.	" " " "	"
7.	Whittier Elm, Haverhill, Mass.	R. L. Bracklow
8.	Artichoke River, above Curzon's Mill	"
9.	Surf and Rocks, Marblehead	"
10.	Haying on the Salt Marshes	"
11.	Sunset, Narragansett Bay	"
12.	Home of an "Early Settler"	"
13.	Windmill at East Hampton	"
14.	A Study	L. W. Brownell
15.	Red-eyed Vireo	"
16.	Long-billed Marsh Wren	"
17.	Grizzly Bear	"
18.	Dewey Arch	G. F. Basset
19.	Regent's Park, London	John Beeby
20.	Winter, New York	"
21.	White Tail Deer	Wm. E. Carlin
*22.	*Camera Notes* Portfolio	"
23.	One of Our Sweet Girls	F. Colburn Clark
24.	M. Emile Faure	"
25.	A Spanish General	"
26.	The Coming Storm	Harry Coutant
27.	(No Title)	"
28.	"	"
29.	The Old and the New	D. Fuguet
30.	In the West Pasture-Late	"
31.	Hill Pasture	"
32.	On the Delaware River	Henry Galoupean
33.	Waterfall, Central Park	"
34.	In Central Park	"
35.	Portrait of a Boy	F. Huber Hoge
36.	Portrait of Mr. H——	"
37.	Brooklyn High School Camera Club	"
38.	Girl's Head	"
39.	Scene at Windsor Hotel Fire	W. C. Harris
40.	" " "	"
41.	" " "	"
42.	" " "	"

* Sold in 19 lots.

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43.	Scene at Windsor Hotel Fire	W. C. Harris
44.	" " "	"
45.	" " "	"
46.	A Rescue " "	"
47.	The Falling of the Walls	"
48.	Great Falls of the Yellowstone	L. S. Jacobus
49.	Adirondacks	"
50.	Adirondacks	"
51.	A Panel	Gertrude Käsebier
52.	By the Brook	Alphonse Montant
53.	Autumn	"
54.	A Country Road	"
55.	A Cosy Corner	"
56.	The Evening Hour Draws Near	"
57.	"Moving Pictures"	"
58.	When a Pair Beats "Three"	"
59.	Recessional	Wm. D. Murphy
60.	American Falls, Niagara	"
61.	At the Foot of the Horseshoe Falls	"
62.	In the Yosemite	"
63.	Mirror Lake, Yosemite	"
64.	Surf Study	"
65.	A Mill by a Dam Site	W. G. Oppenheim
66.	Moonlight on Casco Bay	"
67.	The Breaking Waves	"
68.	Cloudland	"
69.	War Bulletins, June, '98	"
70.	The Battle of the Swans	"
71.	The Hermit's Home	"
72.	Mother and Child	Virginia M. Prall
73.	Portrait of a Lady	"
74.	A Head	"
75.	The Spinner	"
76.	A Head	S. S. Palmer
77.	A Study	"
78.	Study of a Girl	"
79.	A Portrait	"
80.	The Shepherd	T. Henry Quinn
81.	The Path in the Woods	F. S. Ray
82.	After Sunset in November	"
83.	Snowstorm on Fifth Avenue	Geo. L. Ronalds
84.	A Heavy Snowfall	"
85.	October	Alfred Stieglitz
86.	A Study	"
87.	Gossip—Venice	"
88.	The Old Mill	"
89.	A Panel	"

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90.	A Wet Day on the Boulevarde	Alfred Stieglitz
91.	An Icy Night	"
92.	A Black Forest Studio	"
93.	A Venetian Stairway	"
94.	Road in the Bronx	J. F. Strauss
95.	Snow in the Bronx	"
96.	On the Delaware	A. W. Scott
97.	The Joke—Its Results	"
98.	Two Souls with but a Single Thought	"
99.	Skiagraph of Knee Containing Bullet	C. W. Stevens
100.	" " a Man's Body	"
101.	" " a Woman's Body	"
102.	A Winter Morning	J. F. Strauss
103.	Road—Pelham	"
104.	The Torrent	"
105.	An Arm of the Sound	"
106.	The Dunes	"
107.	Fountain in Larchmont	A. Tuckerman
108.	Corner in a Parlor	"
109.	A Summer Landscape	Edw. H. Wiswell
110.	A Street Scene	"
111.	Sheep	S. S. Webber
112.	A Courtier	Jos. T. Keiley
113.	Head of an Indian	"
114.	Head of Arab	"
115.	Shylock	"
116.	Daisies	F. Colburn Clark
117.	Portrait of a Child	"
118.	Dolly's Tea-party	"
119.	All Coons Look Alike	"
120.	A Nude	"
121.	A Dreary Morn	Jno. Beeby
122.	Stormy Morning, Fifth Avenue	"
123.	Mist on the Hills	"
124.	The Morning Walk	"
125.	A Lily	Chas. W. Traver
126.	Miss Marlow	Frances B. Johnstone
127.	The Gainsborough Girl	"
128.	The Woman in a Veil	"
129.	The Critic	"
130.	A Pasture	"
131.	Wind Swept Sedges	"
132.	Mistress Anne	"
133.	Lynemouth, Eng.	Jno. Beeby

Lantern Slides.

134.	A Venetian Bit	A. Stieglitz

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135.	Breaking of the Clouds	A. Stieglitz
136.	Approaching Storm	"
137.	Portrait (after Berg)	"
138.	Snow, Foreground	"
139.	Snow (after Montant)	"
140.	A Landscape	"
141.	————	A. Scott
142.	President McKinley and General Porter	"
143.	Cradling	"
144.	The Brookside Drive	J. F. Strauss
145.	Moonlight on the Bay	"
146.	The Roadside	"
147.	Regent's Park, London	J. Beeby
148.	————	"
149.	————	"
150.	A Rainy Day in Harlem	"
151.	The Man With the Hoe	"
152.	Cleaning Up Snow	"
153.	Tree Lightning	"
154.	Loading Snow, Winter '99	"
155.	Ruins of a Fire in Pittsburg	"
156.	On the Thames, London	"
157.	On the Beach	W. D. Murphy
158.	Easter Lilies	W. A. Fraser
159.	Roses, Baroness Rothschild	"
160.	Chrysanthemums	"
161.	Daisies	"
162.	After the Snow Storm	"
163.	Fifth Avenue by Night	"
164.	A Wet Night	"
165.	Broadway, South from Union Square	"
166.	Thames Embankment, London	C. H. Crosby
167.	Resting	"
168.	On the East River	"
169.	A Hazy Sunset	Wm. D. Murphy
170.	Cathedral at Chicontimi	"
171.	Prince of the Dark Room	"
172.	Young Rose-breasted Grosbeak	L. W. Brownell
173.	Fire Engine in Operation	"
174.	Nest and Eggs of Wilson's Thrush	"
175.	Moonlight on Hudson	"
176.	Black Creek, Ulster Co.	"
177.	Gray Squirrel	"
178.	Red-eyed Vireo on Nest	"
179.	Snowy Day in Madison Square	"
180.	Grizzly Bear	"
181.	Red-eyed Vireo, Young on Nest	"

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182.	Nest and Eggs of Brown Thrasher	L. W. Brownell
183.	Wood Pewees, Nest and Eggs	"
184.	Water Tower in Operation	"
185.	Grizzly Bear	"
186.	Gray Squirrel	"
187.	Gen. Wheeler and Gov. Roosevelt	S. M. Campbell
188.	Woodbury Kane's Troops Landing at Camp Wyckoff	"
189.	Head by Greuze	C. E. Manierre
190.	" " "	"
191.	" " "	"
192.	Fountain of Neptune, Wash.	W. P. Agnew
193.	Congressional Library, Interior	"
194.	Fountain of Neptune, Wash.	"
195.	Congressional Library, Interior	"
196.	" " "	"

Fake Competition.

197.	"Go-Sip"	Chas. I. Berg
198.	Landscape After Taking Keely Cure	L. W. Brownell
199.	"Sunny Day on the Hudson"	F. Huber Hoge
200.	Arabian Chief (a long way after Keiley)	Sam. F. Holzman
201.	The Adoration of the Rose	"
202.	Repentant Magdaleni, *à la* Hollandaise	"
203.	Alfred Stieglitz after a "Case of Beer"	"
204.	The Glad Hand	Alphonse Montant
205.	Photograph of a Sound—"The Ring of a Bell"	"
206.	Features and Expression of One of Our Visitors	"
207.	Snap-shot of a Bung-hole	"
208.	Composition Keileyesque	Wm. D. Murphy
209.	Snowy Night on Fifth Avenue, by Freezer	"
210.	The Color-Blind Process	"
211.	A Gum Print	"
212.	Impression of What is it Woods	"
213.	Katwyck	"
214.	"Skurrying Home"	"
215.	Foreground Effect After Iky Meyer	"
216.	A Daughter of the Nile	"

The auction was held at the rooms on the evening of April 6, President Murphy acting as auctioneer.

He managed to keep the fairly good sized attendance in good humor, and the bidding was consequently brisk and spirited.

As an initial attempt the auction was an undoubted success, and the committee, Messrs. Hoge, Arthur Scott, Carlin and Montant, deserve great credit for it. It ought surely be followed up by still greater successes in years to come.

The highest prices realized for prints were $8.25 for Gertrude Käsebier's "Woman and Child," No. 51, bought by Mr. Hoge, and $8.00 for No. 92, "A Black Forest Studio," by Alfred Stieglitz, and bought by Mrs. Käsebier.

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The "American Pictorial Photography, Series I." portfolio, No. 22, donated by Mr. Carlin, was sold in 19 lots, and brought $14.25, or $9.25 more than the original subscription price.

The lowest price for a print was 15 cents.

The lantern slide bidding was the most spirited of the evening, for many very choice slides were sold. The highest price realized was $4.00, for No. 138, "Snow, Foreground," by Alfred Stieglitz, and bought by Mr. Fraser. No. 134, "A Venetian Bit," also by Mr. Stieglitz, was bought by Mr. Aspinwall for $3.75. Two of Mr. Fraser's slides each brought $3.00, one going to Mr. Murphy, and the other to Mr. Carlin.

The lowest priced slide brought 5 cents.

In the Fake Competition, Mr. Murphy was awarded the Hoge cup for the best "fake" picture, No. 211, "A Gum Print." This brought $2.00, the purchaser being Mr. Heim. A similar price was paid by Mrs. Alfred Stieglitz for Berg's "Go-sip," No. 197. These were the highest prices realized for the "fakes."

The total amount realized from the auction was $268.22, about one hundred dollars of which go to the club as clear profit.

Gavel Presented to Wm. D. Murphy from His Fellow-Members of the Camera Club, at the Club Dinner, December 16, 1899.

The wood of this gavel was obtained from the Spanish warship "Reina Mercedes," sunk in the Harbor of Santiago de Cuba by the U. S. fleet, June 6, 1898.

Notes.

Those interested in the gum-bichromate printing method should send to the Haller-Kemper Company, of Chicago, for their little booklet, which they have just published on the subject. It also contains some points on the use of "Sensitol," with which the pictorial photographer can get some stunning effects.

The Kodak, that faithful friend of the traveler, will be admitted to the Paris Exposition grounds free of charge at all times of the day. Tripod cameras will be allowed on the grounds only until 1 P. M. The use of these will be permitted upon payment for the privilege, the charge for a season ticket being 1,000 francs.

The Photo-Miniature is deserving of support. The series of booklets published in that form are capital, and have our hearty recommendation.

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Secretary's Notes.

The following members have been elected since the issue of the last number of CAMERA NOTES: Messrs. George B. Magoun, Babylon, L. I.; Myron P. Denton, 33 East Thirty-third street, City; J. M. Emery, 43 Seventh avenue, City; Dr. M. Degenhardt, 175 East Seventy-ninth street, City; Dr. T. A. Ryan, 149 West Ninety-sixth street, City; J. F. Palmer, Riverside, Cook County, Ill.; Dr. E. A. De Wolfe, 1730 Broadway, City; George M. Knight, 3 East Thirtieth street, City; Juan C. Abel, 62 East Eleventh street, City; Hubert Vos, Honolulu; Thos. Doliber, Boston, Mass.; Howard Richmond, Providence, R. I.; Lenox Banks, New Hamburgh, N. Y.; Dr. B. A. Ottolengui, 115 Madison avenue, City; Gustav Schwarz, New Rochelle, N. Y., and Miss Helen Shaw, 243 West Ninety-ninth street, City.

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It does not necessarily follow that because a negative has produced a print which would pass a strict Salon jury that every other print from the same negative would also prove acceptable. Exhibitors do not seem to grasp the fact that there is a decided difference in prints made from a negative, whether straight or manipulated, and that while the one may possess the "quality" which gives the print a pictorial value, the others may lack that factor. The inability to appreciate these subtle differences in results is the cause of many of the disappointments experienced by numerous intending exhibitors in recent Salons.

A. S.

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How Our Neighbors View Us.

American photography, taken as a whole, is one of the very funniest things going, and if studied keeps one's nerves in a perpetual switchback kind of condition, alternating between the heights of real intellectual and æsthetic enjoyment and the lowest depths of depression and outraged senses. If you chance to have a strong sense of humor which rises superior to the shock, then an inspection of the month's illustrated American photographic journals will afford great amusement, but if you take your photography seriously then, I promise you, you will turn away sighing or disgusted, and thank Heaven for our Annans and Warneukes, our Stuarts and our Ralstons. This piece of pious reflection is the outcome of a leisure Easter, during which period, in addition to "spring-cleaning" the dark-room, I spent a little time with a budget of American magazines, which came in apparently by the same mail as brought the number of CAMERA NOTES, to which I referred last week.

Now for CAMERA NOTES, letterpress and illustrations, I have no end of praise. It occupies at the present time the premier position amongst photographic serial publications throughout the world. As to that I believe there are no two opinions; so New York may take credit for "licking creation" in this matter; but, unless we take the *Photographic Times* as the bright and particular exception, which appears to achieve a sort of compromise between the tasteful and the intensely commonplace, one looks in vain for anything amongst the other magazines to make a good second. Of course, it is notorious that the American photographic magazines are run by extracting—"lifting" is the technical term—articles solid from their English contemporaries, and when this time-honored and economical plan is departed from and a member of the editorial staff takes off his coat, so to speak, to do something original, the result does not usually contribute to the honor either of American photography or literature.

A New York Magazine, *The Photo-American*, publishes a satirical attack on our friends, Messrs. Alfred Stieglitz and Joseph T. Keiley, and the New York Camera Club. Is it a case of the fox and the grapes, or are these two gentlemen, with some three or four others, really so far in advance of their generation as to be misunderstood? Anyway, they are appreciated in Great Britain.—*Evening Times (Glasgow, Scotland), April 19, 1900.*

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The Keely Cure; or, How It Came to be Written.

A Commedy in Two Acts.

By A. Smiler.

Act I.

Scene: The reception room of a western camera club.

(The President and members of the club are found seated around a table in the reception room. A knock is heard at the door, and a gentleman enters, handsomely attired.)

Visitor: Ah, pardon me, but is this the Suburban Camera Club?

President: Yes, sir; walk in and take a seat.

Visitor: Ah, pardon me, but I am a member of the *Camera Club* (emphasizing), and as I was spending the evening in your city, I thought I would stop in and make myself known to you.

President:: Very glad to see you, sir. Always glad to see members of our sister clubs. Fraternizing is a good thing—helps the cause along. What club did you say you belonged to?

Visitor: The Camera Club.

President: Yes, yes. What city—Chicago?

Visitor (slightly abashed): No, sir; the Camera Club of New York.

President: Ah, indeed. They have a camera club there then, have they? Strange I had never heard of it. New club, I dare say. Well, sir, we should be very glad to give your club the benefit of any experience that we may possess. We always believe in helping along new institutions, and no doubt if you are just starting our experience will be of some value to you. In the first place——

Visitor (interrupting): But, sir, we *have* started. In fact, I might say we have finished. Our club is known the world over as being the birthplace of art in photography, the cradle of all scientific discoveries made since the days of Daguerre. Some of our members knew all about photography before Daguerre was born, but, sir, we are exclusive, and they wouldn't tell. We have solved the problem of the chemical action of light on the sensitive silver film of the dry plate, the hitherto unsolved problem of the ages, and put it in terms which the most unenlightened can grasp. We have discovered the modern method of control in the development of platinotype paper by the use of glycerine. We have discovered the system of the compensating cover-glass in lantern-slide work, by which the glaring high lights of the ordinary slide are converted into most beautiful and harmonious translucency. We have brought night photography to a point of perfection, which makes the birds, which in days gone by were content to pick at the fruit on the artist's canvas, now go off to roost at the sight of one of our night pictures. We have——

President (interrupting, the members in the meantime having gathered around the visitor in the utmost confusion): But, sir; who are the men who have done all these things?

Visitor: The men? How can you ask such a question? Have you never heard of the Keely-Litstig platinotype process? Have you never heard of the Litstig and Frazier night scenes? Have you never heard of the Litstig compensating cover-glass? Have you never heard of the Iseberg nudes?

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A PORTRAIT

From a Platinotype

By Gertrude Käsebier

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And more than all, have you never heard of that peerless publication *Camera Notes*—that Kohinoor of photographic literature, the magazine a complete file of which is worth a king's ransom, the magazine which the public libraries of the country are falling over each other to get on their shelves?

President (turning to Librarian): Mr. Librarian, how is it that this club doesn't get *Camera Notes*?

Librarian: Never heard of it, sir. From what the gentleman says it must be very rare, and I had my instructions from the club not to purchase rare photographic works of any kind unless there was a demand for them.

President (turning to a member): Mr. —— you keep well posted on current photographic literature, can you tell us anything about this Camera Club or these gentlemen, Keely, Litstig, Iseberg, etc.?

Member: Well, Mr. President, all I know is that Mr. Litstig was one of the judges at the Philadelphia Salon in 1898, and I saw some of his work in *Sunlight and Shadow,* and the author of that book said he was a promising photographer. But then I saw some of the same pictures in *Scribner's* two or three years later, and he had taken out a coil of rope from one and a boardwalk from another and trimmed some more in different ways, so of course I thought he was just beginning to learn how to make photographs when *Sunlight and Shadow* was written. I may have heard of some of those other men, but there are so many pictures published now-a-days that we don't notice the names unless the pictures are very good. I suppose those men must publish all of theirs in that *Camera Notes* the gentleman speaks of.

(Visitor faints and is carried off the stage by waiting attendants. Slow music. Curtain falls.)

ACT II.

Scene: The assembly room of the Camera Club, New York.

(Scene opens with "Visitor" of last act narrating his experiences in the Suburban Camera Club.)

Mr. Litstig: And you say they never heard of *me*?

"Visitor:" No, I said one of them had heard of you and remembered seeing some of your work in *Sunlight and Shadow and Scribner's.*

Mr. Litstig (smelling a bottle of salts): And you say they never heard of *Camera Notes?*

"Visitor:" Never heard of it. Librarian thought it was an antiquated curio.

Mr. Litstig (throwing away smelling salts): Janitor—brandy and soda!

Janitor: Carbonate of soda or caustic soda? (Mr. Litstig explains that it is an invigorator and not an accelerator that he needs.)

Mr. Keely: And you say they never heard of me?

"Visitor:" Yep.

Mr. Keely: Litstig, we must do something to show these people what we are.

Mr. Litstig: What can we do? We've discovered everything in photography.

Mr. Keely: Then let's write. *Photograms* has asked me to write up the Progress of Photography in America. I'll put in something about ourselves.

Mr. Litstig: That's good. Make it warm.

Mr. Keely: Janitor—a ream of paper—writing paper, a pint of ink and a gross of pens. (Janitor departs with truck and Mr. Keely drops into deep thought.)

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Mr. Keely: Now, Litstig, this is all right, but where do I come in? I can't write about myself, but I've discovered too much not to be mentioned.

Mr. Litstig: Oh, that's all right. I'll write you up. (Enter Janitor with supplies. Mr. Keely and Mr. Litstig fall to work. Great scratching of pens. Orchestra plays rag-time music.)

Mr. Litstig: I'm through, how are you getting along?

Mr. Keely: Why, you can't be through yet.

Mr. Litstig: Yes, I am, I've said everything I could say.

Mr. Keely: Well, I'm down to you, now. I can wind it up in a minute.

Mr. Litstig: Oh, don't hurry yourself. I've plenty of time. (Scratching continues. More rag-time music. Mr. Keely finally concludes.)

Mr. Keely: Now I'll read it (reads): "By far the most important development of the year has been accomplished largely through the ceaseless efforts and tireless zeal of one man, and the instrumentality of the most unique photographic publication in the world. With an edition limited to one thousand, *Camera Notes*, the organ of the New York Camera Club, a quarterly magazine edited by Alfred Stieglitz in the interest of pictorial photography, has made itself known and felt throughout the entire country; has raised the standard of photographic excellence in both amateur and professional circles far above any previously established; has brought the leaders in touch with the students and with each other; has educated the public taste to an understanding of what really good work is; and finally, has created an art movement in the photographic world that gives every indication of maturing into a distinctly American school that will reflect, etc., etc." (and goes on for twenty minutes in same strain). Now you read yours.

Mr. Litstig (reads): "Mr. Keely's pictures are bold in conception and bolder still in treatment. The principal value of his work lies in the influence it will have on pictorial photography generally, for the technique of Mr. Keely's platinum prints has broadened the field of possibilities immeasurably. The methods he has evolved out of the glycerine method of platinum printing, though by no means originating with him (since they originated with me), have been made of practical value thro' his efforts, experimentally and pictorially. Let us give credit where credit is due —to Keely and me." (Mr. Litstig continues reading and then says): How does that suit you? If they don't publish it we will put it in *Camera Notes.*

Mr. Keely: That's fine. How did you like mine?

Mr. Litstig: Fine.

Mr. Keely: Let's hug.

(The actors embrace. Curtain falls, the orchestra playing "He Is Not the Only One" until Mr. Litstig and Mr. Keely put their heads around the respective ends of the curtain and cry out simultaneously:

"We are!" —*Photo-American.*

✦ ✦ ✦

For the benefit of our many friends, we reprint the above and next dialogues, which recently appeared in a New York contemporary. They are so really clever that it seems a pity that our clever ex-Scotch colleague and editor of a Chicago photographic journal, F. Dundas Todd, should not enjoy all the glory that follows in their wake. We do not, however, want to entirely deprive our Eastern friend, the editor of the "Photo-Error," of his possible share of the glory, no matter how remote that might be.

We are not responsible for the extra "m" in "Commedy" nor the extra "t" in "Talbott," as we reprint the articles as published. EDITORS.

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The Transcendentalists. A Comedy.

In a Prologue, Many Acts and an Epilogue.

By A. Smiler.

PROLOGUE.

Scene: The Galleries of the Art Institute of Chicago in March, A. D. 1900. A heavy storm raging outside, dark thunder clouds, vivid flashes of lightning.

Enter five figures draped in Oriental costumes, with bowed heads and reverential air, preceded by a naked Hindoo playing a weird march on a trombone. One, apparently a female, carries on her wrist a bird, which by reference to Shufeldt we find to be an owlet. It now and then hoots dismally. The walls and floor are covered with a collection of eleven hundred photographs, framed separately per specifications. The party halts in the centre of the room, and ranging around one, a dark-featured man, the other four bow low, *à la* the brethren of Joseph.

Chorus: Hail to the Chief!

The Owl emits a dismal and long-drawn hoot.

The Hindoo with trombone emits ditto.

The Chief, Litstig (taking a position on a pedestal): Brethren of the caste, this is a solemn and momentous occasion. We of the Far East have come into the unenlightened West (signs of dissent on the part of the Chicago member of the jury) to rear the standard of ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY! For thousands of years in my former states my other selves have been studying the possibilities of local development by the use of glycerine. A few hundred years since, I let my compatriot, the Right Honorable Lord High Chancellor Keely, into the secret, and we have since worked along the same lines, though Fate has at times kept us far apart. It has been but a few years since that we recognized each other at a festive board meeting of the New York Camera Club through our both mixing glycerine with our drinks. Since then we have both worked hand in hand and arm in arm to give to the world the greatest photographic process ever discovered. At the Philadelphia Salon of 1899 we threw our work open to the inspection of the public, and a few months later published full particulars of the process in our beloved *Camera Notes*, thus

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giving to the world free (protected by copyright) that which had cost us so much to acquire. We are now about to reap the benefits of our labors. On yon walls I see that our glorious lead has been followed by many of the exhibitors. The R. H. L. H. C. Keely and myself, the Art Minister Plenipotentiary and Photographic Ambassador Extraordinary of the United States to Paris, stand to-day as the highest living exponents of Art in Photography. Come up here on the pedestal with me, R. H. L. H. C. Keely.

Keely: Yea, A. M. P. P. E. E. U. S. P. Litstig, I am with you, and concur in all that you have said.

(Keely takes place beside Litstig on the pedestal and the owlet leaves lady's wrist and hovers over them, hooting dubiously. The Hindoo slave plays a triumphant Hindoo two-step.)

Chorus: And now to work!

Act I. (Including many).

Wight: And now, what plan shall we adopt in judging you array of frames?

Chorus: What?

Owlet: Hoot!

Hindoo: Hit!

Litstig: First, let us determine what shall remain. Out of honor to the peerless Demachy, whose bichromatized and gummy hands I am soon to clasp on the farther side of the broad Atlantic Ocean, I move that we admit all the gum-bichromates.

Keely: And I move that we admit all the locally developed platinotypes.

Litstig: Dost mean both good and bad, H. R. L. H. C.?

Keely: Why certainly, O, peerless A. M. P. P. E. E. U. S. P.! The prospectus only calls for evidences of individual artistic feeling and execution, and if any follow our glorious lead isn't that evidence of artistic feeling?

Litstig: Right, oh, my beloved. Thy training in thy profession of the law enables thee to reason out the most abstruse problems with ease.

Clark's Son: I move for the admission of the legitimate.

Chorus: What? Sacrilege! Barbarian! Antiquated one! Porkite!

The Owlet: Scoot!

The Hindoo: Shoot!

(The Chicago member takes the owlet's advice and leaves hurriedly.)

Wight (goes up to the wall and examines a beautiful landscape in platinotype printed by the Horseley Hinton method): It seems to me that this is good.

Keely: But it's double printing. Why waste an afternoon in printing in a sky, when one could in a few weeks' time and with a few dozen sheets of paper produce by my method such a gem as this South Carolina landscape of mine?

Litstig: "*My* method," did you say?

Keely: Oh, pardon, "*our* method," I meant to say.

Litstig: Yes, cast it out.

(Hindoo slave bears it off disdainfully.)

Wight: But here I see a beautiful study of an interior by midnight, with naught but a ray of sunlight entering the casement sash and falling upon the bowed head of a mother deep in prayer beside the bier of her dead child. Such things appeal to me.

Litstig: What's it in?

Wight: Straight platinotype.

Litstig and Keely: Take it away!

(Hindoo slave bears it away, shedding copious tears of grief as he gazes upon the subject. The owlet hoots long-drawn hoots of sorrow.)

Keely: Look, Litstig, look!

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Litstig (going over where Keely stands gazing at a symphony in brown and black with highly-polished headlights, speaking low so the others cannot hear): Hist! How do you think it was done?

Keely: Why, the developer was put on with a blacking brush, just as I did with that large landscape of mine; but the artist wanted to bring out the red disk of the sun, so it looks like he put some russet polish on with the mercury developer and then polished with another brush. That's too valuable an idea to let another man discover. We must turn this picture down and discover the process for ourselves. They'll be ripe for it next year.

(Keely bears picture off and places it with the others which have been discarded.)

Litstig: But, friends, we must hurry. Only three gone out of eleven hundred, and if we leave over one hundred these Chicago people will think we are no good. We must take out a thousand. Let's all to work.

(The Hindoo and the five judges fall rapidly to work removing the thousand straight photographs, leaving none but those of the classes designated by the New York Amalgamated Order of Discoverers. By an oversight one hundred and fourteen were left instead of one hundred, but apologies will be made for that in a forthcoming issue of *Camera Notes*.)

Curtain.

EPILOGUE.

SCENE: Same at night. Enter three shades, the first of Daguerre, the next of Niepce, and the third of Fox Talbott.

Daguerre: Well, gentlemen, we're in the wrong pew. Go back to the door, Fox, and ask that fellow where the photographs are.

(Exit Fox Talbott, while the others look around the room out of curiosity.)

Niepce: Pardon, bard, but how do ze dink zese pictures war made, and what are ze of?

Daguerre: Drop your English until Fox comes back. (In French): This thing here was evidently made by a painter who didn't know anything about painting. It's a regular daub. There isn't a good thing in it. The most of them are just as bad. In France we wouldn't have hung such paintings for a moment in our day. As to what they are pictures of, I should say from the colors that some of them are Chinamen; these, I mean, with the yellow faces. Some of them are Indians, a purely American race which you have never seen; and these with the brown faces are half-breed negroes—mulattoes, they call them in this country. In fact, most of them seem to be of this latter class. They haven't any Europeans in the lot.

(Enter the shade of Fox Talbott on the run.)

Talbott: The man at the gate says this is the photographic exhibition we came to see. They don't call it that; they call it a Salon. That sounds French, and you fellows ought to know what it is. He gave me a catalogue. Here it is.

Daguerre: These photographs.

Niepce: This a Salon?

Daguerre: Well, I'm glad it's pretty well settled now that I didn't discover photography. Niepce, it's up to you.

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Johnny Tennant says that you discovered it.

Niepce: He don't know what he's talking about. You discovered it yourself. There are half a dozen monuments to you all over the world. You can't put it on me.

Daguerre: Well, I didn't do it. Talbott must have done it. I didn't believe those articles in *Photograms* and the *Photographic Times,* but I'm beginning to believe them now. Talbott, you're to blame for this.

Talbott: May I never eat another shade of a saddle of Southdown if I did. Daguerre, you are to blame for this. One of the first things you ever said was that you were going to discover photography in colors, and now you've done it.

Daguerre: But I haven't. These aren't colors. They are smears. No man, woman or child ever had such a color as this thing (pointing to one of Litstig's masterpieces).

(Talbott has meanwhile picked up a magazine, April *Camera Notes,* from which he reads all about the process of local development, and proceeds to translate the same in French to the others.)

Daguerre and Niepce (in chorus): And they call that photography?

Talbott: *They* do; but I don't. And I move that we make a formal protest against it.

Daguerre and Niepce: We will.

(The three shades get their heads together and produce the following document, which they sign and seal):

STATEMENT.

We, the undersigned, the discoverers of photography, hereby certify that we have examined the within collection of so-called photographs, and that we never discovered or intended to discover any such thing.

While we are always glad to see discoveries made in connection with photography which will assist in the ease and certainty of results, and feel that if intelligent efforts are made in that direction, photography will in the course of time become an independent one of the fine arts, and the means of the fullest expression of all that is artistic in the worker, we do not feel that any efforts are for the real good of photography which make it in any way subservient to a sister art, like that of painting, and which require the methods, skill and training of the painter to produce desired results in color or tone.

We think that the man who paints with a brush, be his medium pigment or a chemical, is a painter and not a photographer. And we think that a picture the lines and shades of which are produced by the application of a brush charged with either a chemical or a pigment, is a painting or drawing and not a photograph.

We think, moreover and finally, that every effort which makes the latent photographic image merely subsidiary to the exercise of talents apart and aside from pure photography, and clearly within the domain of a sister art, is an effort in the wrong direction and destructive of the status of photography as an independent art.

[Signed] DAGUERRE,
NIEPCE,
TALBOTT.

The shades affix this statement to the walls of the galleries and sadly depart.
Curtain Falls. —*Photo-American.*

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Current Notes.

Temporary Mounting.—Various methods of mounting prints either for temporary preservation in albums or portfolios have been devised, none of which have seemed to me thoroughly satisfactory, such as, for instance, cutting small slits in thin manila paper and inserting the corners of the print—a method which results invariably in breaking the corners off. I have lately had occasion to mount a large number of foreign prints of large size, and a method has been used which with modifications to suit the occasion may be found advantageous.

The prints are mounted between two sheets of thin card, one used as a support and the other cut out as a mat of the desired size and shape. The two cards are fastened together with a strip of gummed paper along only one edge as a lantern slide binder would be used. The print is then fitted under the mat on the support and held in place by the following device:

Small narrow strips of gummed paper are cut, and in the middle of each strip on the gummed side is attached a small triangular piece of ordinary thin paper, the whole having the appearance and approximately the size of the accompanying diagram.

The print is held in place by four of these strips, one at each corner, so that the triangle of ordinary paper comes in contact with the print and the outlying wings of gummed paper are glued to the support. Mounted in this way the print can be in no way injured, and it can be removed from the mount at any time without detriment either to the print or the mount, which latter can be used repeatedly with a print of the proper size.

The gummed paper which I have used was obtained at an artists' supply shop. It comes in rolls about three-quarters of an inch wide, is quite thin, and can be used both as a binder and for the mounting strips. It is of French manufacture and called Papier gommé. Thin court plaster or such paper as is provided for stamp collectors could be equally well used.

Ammonium Persulphate.—Mr. C. S. Pudy, in *Photography*, February 8, describes a new action for persulphate of ammonium. If a small quantity of sulphocyanide of ammonium be added to the regular persulphate solution the action of the reducer is changed so that it increases contrast by eating away the "shadow detail" and acting very little on the denser portions of the negative. This action is more marked than with the ferricyanide developer. A good formula is ammonium persulphate 1.60 gm. dissolved in water 30 c. c. and add sulphocyanide of ammonium (10 per cent. sol.) 8 c. c.

Ceric Sulphate as a Reducer.—At a meeting of the Société Francais de Photographie in February Messrs. Lumière Frères and Seyewetz presented an interesting and important paper on reducing agents. It is frequently desired to employ an agent which acts in an inverse way from that of ammonium persulphate—that is, by increasing contrasts. As

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a fact, most reducers act in this way. They are, as a rule, of two classes, either two separate solutions or a single solution. The objection to the two solution formulæ is that they are not under sufficient control, and the one solution formulæ do not keep. The authors set themselves to work to discover some salt to take the place of the various known reducers. Iron salts, manganic salts, peroxide of titanium and mercuric salts were carefully experimented with and the results and faults of these salts as reducers discussed. The best results, however, were obtained with the sulphate of peroxide of cerium. A 10 per cent. solution of this salt is made, to which for each 100 c. c. of solution 4 c. c. of sulphuric acid is added. This strong solution acts very energetically and evenly, but its action can be regulated at will by dilution. A 5 per cent. solution acts very rapidly, and on the more opaque portions of the negative sooner than on the transparent portions. The solution keeps perfectly well. This reducer may be used on bromide papers without staining.

A Ferrous Oxalate Developer Which Keeps.—Ferrous oxalate developer, though but little used at present, is still considered by some to hold a first rank among developers. Its principal disadvantage is that it does not keep when the two solutions of ferrous sulphate and potassium oxalate are mixed. Extensive experiments, described in full in *Photographische Rundschau,* have been carried on by Dr. Georg Hauberisser to discover some preservative for this developer, and he finds that the addition of Rochelle salts (sodium potassio-tartrate) not only acts as a preservative, but has no deleterious effect on the developer. He recommends the following formula:

A. Neutral potassium oxalate	500 gm.
Hot water (preferably distilled)	1,500 c. c.
B. Ferrous sulphate	200 gm.
Water (boiled or distilled)	600 c. c.
Sulphuric acid	a few drops.
C. Rochelle salts	20 gm.
Water	100 c. c.
D. Potassium bromide	10 gm.
Water	100 c. c.

For use five parts of B are mixed with one to one and a half parts of C. The mixture is boiled and poured hot into seventeen and a half parts of A, turning the solution reddish brown. To each 100 c. c. of this developer from five to ten drops of D should be added, as required. This solution remains clear and will keep for a long time if well stoppered.

For dipping bath development the following is recommended:

Potassium oxalate (1 to 3 sol.)	25 parts
Ferrous sulphate (1 to 3 sol.)	5 parts
Rochelle salts solution	1 to 1½ parts
Water	100 to 200 parts
Potassium bromide	as required

CHARLES W. STEVENS.

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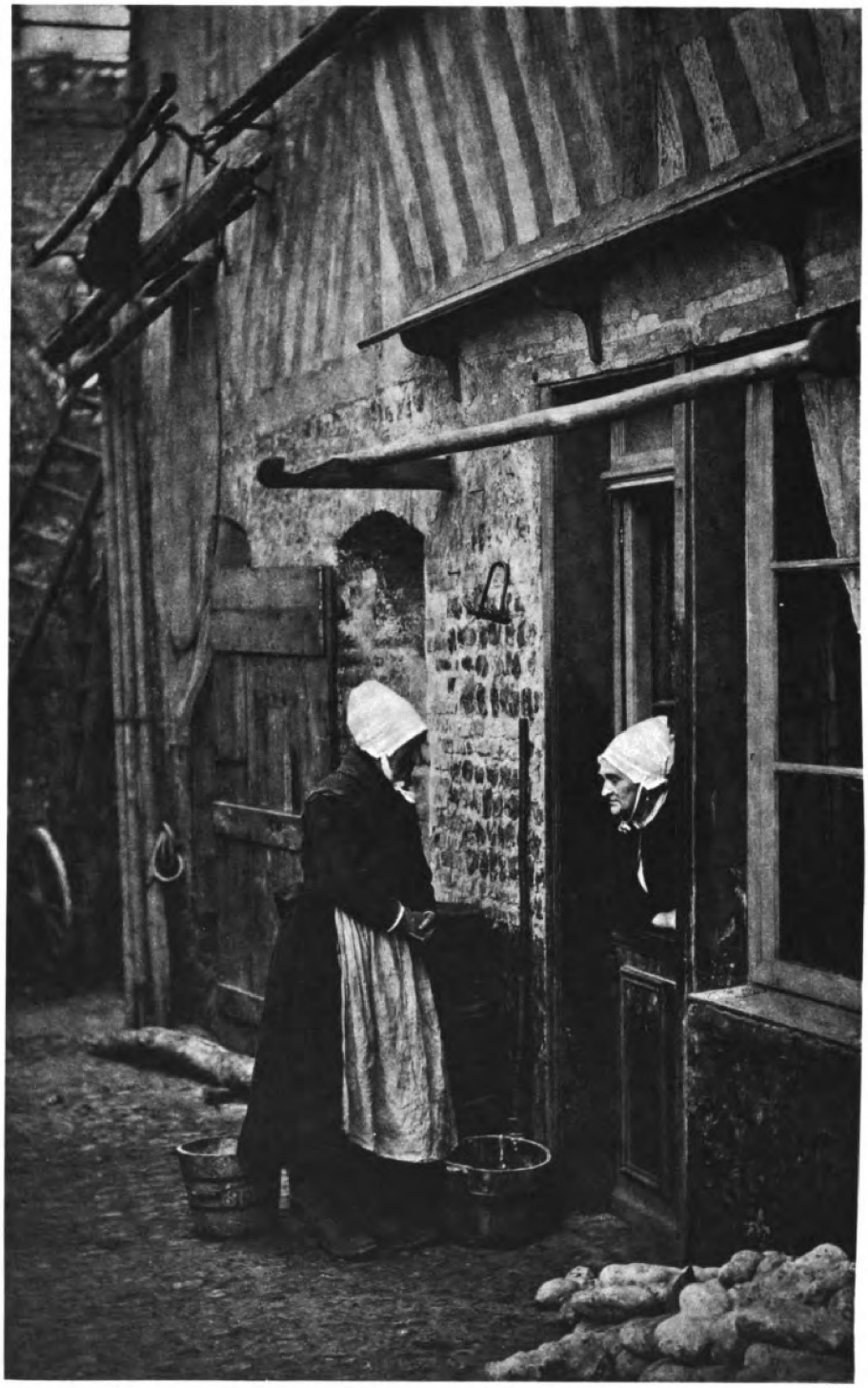

OLD CRONIES

By R. W. Robinson

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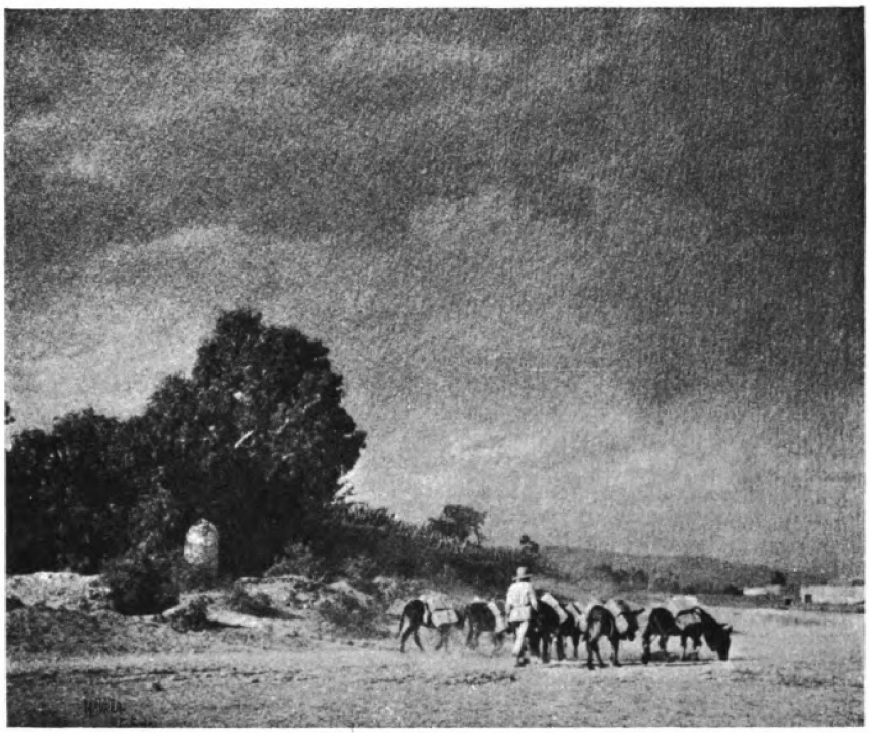

Oscar Maurer.

The Chicago Salon.

On the afternoon of March 19, in the rooms of the Chicago Society of Amateurs, during a few passing moments, there transpired an incident of most significant import to all of the best that is hoped for and striven for by those who have fought to have the photograph recognized as a work of art. For the first time in the deliberation of the juries of the photographic salons the painter asked the photographer, "By what standard shall I judge your work?"

The photographer replied, "By the standard of the highest artistic pictorial excellence."

The question was asked in deepest earnestness by a man who does not trifle; the reply was spoken by a man whom the photographic worker loves to honor and to emulate. His answer was Napoleonic, and at the same time placed a weighty responsibility upon the serious workers of the whole country.

It meant that, in attaining results artistic, in perfecting the salon picture, the scientific elements of the work are to be relegated to unconscious insignificance, and aught but the evidence of the human skill, the human thought, the

Note by the Editor.—Force of circumstances did not permit us to have a special review of the Chicago Salon written for CAMERA NOTES. This we regret, on account of the importance of the exhibition. With the kindness of the editor, we therefore reprint Mr. Dyer's review, published in the representative Western Art Magazine, *Brush and Pencil.* Mr. Dyer is Chicago's leading pictorial photographer, and his ten pictures in "gum" were one of the features of the Salon. Of some 900 pictures submitted, the judges accepted but 118—thereby establishing an average of excellence which surpassed that of Philadelphia.

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human heart, the man and the woman, were to be hereafter considered in the serious works of a national salon. Along this line, with remarkable unanimity of opinion, the judges prosecuted their work, and finally presented to the consideration and criticism of our people this, the first salon to be held in the West, distinguished by the highest standard of any previous exhibition.

Mr. Ralph Clarkson, of the jury, in a talk before the society on the evening of the opening day, stated that he had never served in the similar capacity of judging the pictures of the painter where the standard adopted was as uniformly maintained. A leading painter, who has visited the salon repeatedly, remarked that the exhibition thrilled him as no collection of paintings had done in many years. This same feeling rather prompts one to consider the salon first from a comprehensive, and subsequently from a contemplative, point of view.

From the first standpoint a delightful harmony is felt. There is a minimum of jarring notes. The unit of excellence preserves its integral value to a remarkable degree. The works are well hung. The scheme of hanging introduced by Mr. F. K. Lawrence has been productive of the best results. Not a picture is lost. Each one is given a distinctive position. About the rooms one feels an atmosphere bespeaking the thoughtful, serious purpose indicated by the pictures. Like finding old friends, one comes upon certain pieces previously shown in Philadelphia and New York. Regarding these it is a pleasure to indorse the thoughtful words written of the Eastern salons touching upon the work of Mrs. Käsebier, Miss Watson, Miss Johnston, Mr. Stieglitz, Mr. Keiley, Mr. White, Mr. Abbott, and Mr. Berg. Although a great pleasure to look upon certain well-known pieces by some of these workers, there was a fresh charm to be found in other work of theirs not seen in the Eastern exhibits. This pleasure was also found in prints submitted by Mr. Abbott and Mr. Von Rapp, of Philadelphia; Miss Austin, of Boston; Mr. Kunz, of Akron, Ohio; Mr. Peddinghaus, of Marietta, Ohio, and Mr. Steichen, of Milwaukee. There is a special attraction in the remarkable advance made by the latter. Here is a worker with a soul full of feeling, a thoughtful mind, and skilled hand. His future is sure to be most interesting. Miss Van Buren's collection of work possesses a distinct charm; a strong, characteristic quality distinguishes her pictures, and convinces one of greater things to follow.

The New York workers make a fine showing in contributions of a high order of merit. There is special cleverness shown in Mr. Berg's "Carmen." The reality and solidity of the figure, and its picturesque background, present a harmony so close that, handled less deftly, the result might easily have been a discord. The work sent by Mr. Fuguet, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Waterman, Mr. Carlin, and Mr. Chaffee has proven to be particularly attractive to both the ordinary visitor and the critic. Mr. Chaffee's "Now is the Year's Recessional" has been particularly admired. Mr. Gleason, of Everett, Mass.; Mr. Hess, of Northampton, Mass.; Mr. Sloane, of Orange, N. J.; Mr. Minns and Miss Walborn, of Akron, Ohio, and Miss Spencer and Miss Cherry, of Newark, contribute pictures of a high order.

"The Last Glow," by T. J. Preston, Jr., and H. P. Powell Rees, of East Orange, N. J., has been felt by many to be one of the best things in the salon.

Philadelphia is worthily represented by Miss Watson, Edmund Stirling,

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Anne Biddle Stirling, Mr. Troth, Mr. Adamson, Mr. Bullock, Mr. Redfield, Mr. Abbott, Miss Weil, Benjamin Sharp, and Virginia G. Sharp. To the latter has come the honor of having a picture bought by the Art Institute for its permanent collection. This, we believe, is the first instance in the history of the art institutions of the country where the photograph has been purchased purely as a work of art, and is most significant of what has been secured for the future. While the Chicago salon is honored by the presence of much of the best work by the acknowledged leaders, it is also distinguished by exceptionally fine work bearing names that we will certainly hear more of in the future. One of these names is that of Oscar Maurer, of San Francisco. He sends "The Storm," and it is one of the big things of the exhibition. This picture possesses rare feeling, exquisite tones, and the best of composition. All visitors seem to notice it. Another noteworthy contribution is the collection of work sent by Rose Clark and Elizabeth Flint Wade, of Buffalo, N. Y. Their work is most noteworthy and impressive, and fully deserves the commendatory remarks daily made concerning it. Chicago is worthily represented by landscapes by Mr. Lamb, Mr. Page, and Mr. Brownell, and a figure study by Mrs. Beman. The work of these ladies is especially refined and delicate.

Contemplatively viewing the exhibit, one cannot but feel that the Chicago Society of Amateurs is to be congratulated on the accomplishment of this fine result of its efforts to secure a salon of such exceptional merit. In it the artists of the city have found much to interest them, and the public show the keenest appreciation. Numerous pictures have been sold, and many inquiries are made as to prices, showing substantial appreciation of the pictures. The general style of the work shown indicates that to secure recognition for artistic work it is not necessary to follow any particular school. Individuality, good taste, seriousness of purpose, and intelligent handling of the media at the disposal of the worker will bring reward to the most ambitious.

The Chicago salon is full of significance for the future. It is of exceptional interest to find that in the judgment of those skilled in the other arts the photographic picture can be a thing of true and honest art, and the work be further developed and advanced with the finished product still a photograph. To meet the critical judgment of others, the purist and impressionist have an equal chance, so long as the heart and mind of the worker guide the effort in the accomplishment of serious and honest purpose. The salons of next fall and spring will doubtless show improvement all along the line, but just in what particular cannot be foretold. The pictorial idea must have room for healthy growth in the immediate future. Success has been achieved in infusing pictorial quality of high excellence into the portrait and the study. The next accomplishment must be pictures pregnant with meaning and significance. The study must give way to work of a wider scope, and pictures, difficult of accomplishment as they may be, pictures that tell the tales of human feelings and experiences, these must be the fruit of future endeavor, at least to a greater extent than heretofore.

The keynote of this future movement seems to have been struck by Mr. White in his delightful "Ring Toss," and Mr. Stirling, in his impressive "Bad News." Through them we catch a glimpse of the possibilities in the rendering of those pictures of home life that are always most interesting at the present

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time. Salon pictures of this type are wanting, likewise the painters' studies of cattle and much of the rare beauties of landscape and marine. Of course the production of these pictures brings us in contact with great difficulties, but the effort should be made. The success of the Philadelphia salon, the New York exhibition, and the Chicago salon impose an obligation upon the serious workers to accomplish this higher achievement.

The best art homes of the country have acknowledged the salon photograph to be a work of art. The photographer must continue to develop his work along serious lines, similar to those by which other artists find means for their best expression.

WILLIAM B. DYER.

(Brush and Pencil.)

GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER. By LIFSHEY.

The annual subscription price of "Camera Notes" has been raised to three dollars.

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* Official Club Publication, - - - - **"Camera Notes."**

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POSTSCRIPT.

The vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, as vice-president, was duly filled by the Board of Trustees, who unanimously elected Mr. J. Wells Champney to fill the position. Mr. Champney is now in Europe on an extended trip of six months.

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THE DANCE

From a Carbon Print

By Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.
(New York)

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Eva L. Watson.

Maker and Critic.

THAT critics are those who have failed as artists, has become a saying trite enough almost to be called an adage. So it should be regarded with suspicion, as of that misleading class of partial statements, called popular saws, which the world tickles itself by regarding as the quintessence of wisdom.

In this case there is this much truth in the saying: Men become critics who have mistaken their sensibility and discrimination for creative power and studied art, but as they cannot succeed as artists, they very naturally avail themselves of their special knowledge and sympathy through critical work. But the saying in no way proves either that artists cannot be critics, nor that critics ought to be good artists. Any popular maxim on the matter would surely be wrong, because the popular ideas of the critic's functions are mainly wrong; while in photography the critic is even expected to set the example in practice, much as if one should be required to write finer poetry than Tennyson's before being allowed to write a critique of the great laureate's work. Artistic creation is not a mere question of applying

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rules or of knowing how, but of originative force; while a good critic may have full powers to appreciate work he could not dream of equalling.

Another rather prevalent but mistaken idea is that the critic should guide and teach the artist; but it is just the other way; he is to teach the public. It is the artist who originates and so reveals new ideas and possibilities to the critic. The latter acts as a mediator between art and the public. He is a representative of the people, of greater sensibility and culture than most; and he usually speaks to, and of, the artist only as such a representative—not as a superior authority, but as a special expositor of the popular mind.

Of course there come infrequently minds of rare critical ability that treat of things so constructively and broadly as to teach all, makers as well as public —such we usually class as essayists and art-writers. But this kind of criticism is unusual, and many artists find it wise to ignore popular reviews and to labor for what they consider their best, unaffected and undeterred by popular comment. However, many on the contrary find a reference to semi-popular ideas a help when they would gauge their work as accurately as one may judge of one's self. But an artist who would complain that ordinary criticism does not teach him, should take further lessons from regular instructors, or give up the profession, because he has found himself one who lacks the inspiration that should be the maker's guide and his best mentor.

It is the way with artists to act rather than to reason, for they are trained to reach truth through feeling rather than logic. And indeed, the greatest truths are those reached by those highly organized beings whose reason is well developed, but so thoroughly overlaid and hidden by feeling that they act by processes of thought apparently too swift and prophetic to be in any way akin to the methods of ratiocination. Sir Joshua Reynolds was a good artist who had a fairly logical mind. He set forth the theory and practice in painting of the great Italian masters, and of that school founded on a study of them, which he started in England. This is dealt with in his "Discourses" very admirably and fully—except that, as Allan Cunningham says, he kept silent "concerning the domestic style and the mystery of portraiture, in which he himself was unequalled." Yet his contemporary, Gainsborough, was on the whole an even greater artist, as we regard things now-a-days, but he was anything rather than logical, and never attempted critical writing, however much he may have envied the esteem and fame his rival thus won.

It will always be a matter of doubt as to how much moral and how much merely mental obliquity Reynolds showed; the fact stands clear that by precept he sent his disciples to starve in following the grand style of Raphael and Michael Angelo, while he seems personally to have been more interested in Titian, and certainly obtained fame and fortune by portraiture. But it must not be forgotten that he said he ranked portrait-painting low among the various departments of painting; and that to the last he indulged the belief that he was inspired by the spirit of Michael Angelo. It is no disgrace if one's practice does not come up to one's precepts in art, if we are honest in preaching and sufficiently modest about our achievements. Indeed, it is utterly absurd to apply to critics what is at best an entirely ethical test of sincerity, for practice need not be commensurate with precept in æsthetics; and in fact cannot be equal to it if

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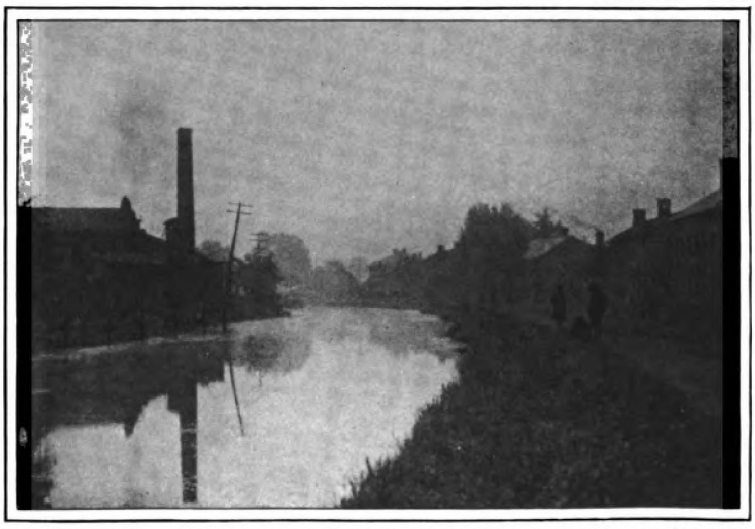
the critic's ideals be what they should. There is no attaining perfection in this world.

In fact, it is natural that good writers on art should rank, with rare exceptions, as second-rate or lower in actual artistic performance. The ability to record and convey emotions—whether by means of literary or graphic art—requires other talents than those needed to reason about what has caused pleasure and to make critical application of art theories. The one great gift that the good critic must have strongly developed in common with the maker, is the most important one of sincere and correct æsthetic sensibility. Though most people are little of either, all humanity must be divided potentially into makers and critics. Whether a man is more of one than the other depends on whether his emotional talents tend to overlie, or preponderate over, his logical faculties, or *vice versa.*

It may be said that many makers must have the critical side also well developed, but that those who have the ability to create prefer to do so and to experience the pleasure obtained in following the higher calling, rather than to place themselves in the barnacle-like, although useful, place in artistic progress which the critic occupies. But it seems self-evident that the maker is not likely to be a good all-round critic; for he must have strong individuality, well developed along his special lines; while the critic should rather be a sensitive man of general knowledge. It is true that if the genius can have the critical—the logical—side well developed, coördinately with the creative faculties of æsthetics, he is far and away the best critic; but otherwise he is such an unreliable rhapsodist and invective-monger as Swinburne.

On the other hand, experience shows that good critics are often but failures as creators—as painters or authors; perhaps it is their common-sense that weighs down their wings in the moment of creation, when the artist is guided by trained instinct rather than reason. Afterwards, it is true, the artist must be able to act as critic of himself and his new-born idea, if he is to complete it as



Clarence H. White.

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perfectly as possible; but he acts then as a specialist, in his own line of thought and feeling. In trying to criticise the work of others, the artist is likely to be too strict (if he is in earnest, and if a critic can be too strict), and so too severe on work similar to his own, unless it be so fine as to compel unlimited admiration. And he is likely also to be too lenient or unappreciative, and very possibly a poor critic, when examining work that takes him in other fields of life and interest than his own. He will probably be lenient if the change and variety offered be pleasant to him; unappreciative if it does not appeal to him; and a poor critic anyway, because he is outside of his specially well known ground.

For us in photography who (whatever we may be potentially) are neither clearly artists nor critics, it is well to remember that critical taste and artistic gifts must be developed by processes within ourselves, and mainly by ourselves. The poet is born, not made; but the poet that accomplishes great things has realized his possibilities by self-culture more painstaking and thorough than the care given the finest prize flower or fruit; and this is equally true of those who are successful in any kind of artistic work. It is worse than useless for us to run to others for criticism on every little snap-shot we make. Each worker must learn to depend a great deal on his own observation and taste. It has been said that art cannot be taught—that though skill and knowledge can be imparted, the "germ of art instinct" must be in the student. While that is true, modern educational experience suggests that this "germ" may exist to some degree in almost everyone—just as it is now said that nearly everyone has a "voice" and can be taught to sing. Elementary and industrial art education has indicated some aptitude in most children who are introduced, while young enough, to ideas of art by correct methods.

It is pathetic, as showing the still lowly state of photographers, that they are continually crying for official criticism that will teach the photographer. No one can object to the request that criticism shall, when possible, teach the one criticised something, but artists should be the real teachers of themselves and of the public, and the critics but commentators on their texts. Beginners in art need critical instruction, but it is not fair to expect general criticism of public exhibitions to be merely patient and thorough instruction in the elements of their craft to would-be artists. When it comes to the advanced stage of public exhibition, surely the artist should inspire the critic or else be ignored, unless fallacies in his work ought to be shown up for the benefit of the public. That is one of the most important and disagreeable duties of a critic. If he could only wing his way along airily, as a bee does, favoring solely what could reward him with sweets! But he must condemn faults as well as admire beauties, and must devote himself more especially to the less obvious and popular beauties and point a warning finger at the errors most likely to impose on the public—altogether a rather thankless task.

There has been many a fuss raised here and abroad, during the last few years, over work often merely of relative or historical value, and photographers who strive to further artistic aims have received freaky and cliquey names thereby. It is a general tendency and fault of the times to rush into exhibitions and into print before we should. The better photographers have followed the example of workers in other lines, and the button-shovers attempt to follow the

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Eva L. Watson.

bigger men. What is the critic to say about work submitted to him by those that know nothing of composition, or show no spark of artistic feeling? Is it hard-hearted to condemn them? But they have no right to expect the critic to stultify himself; he should say nothing, or the truth, kindly put, but as near as he can come to it. For after all, ordinary photography is rather very poor art than science. No amateur is purely scientific after his first few successful negatives, and, whatever his protestations, he would like the critic to consider his best photographs "pictures."

Then is the critic not kind-hearted to score those who deceive themselves by false classifications and distinctions? They will never improve if they content themselves with saying, "this picture is not artistic, but it was worth taking because it pleases me." If it is not artistic the taker should not tickle himself by a misuse of the word picture; and he should also be seriously worried as to why it was worth while and pleases him. If it is a photograph of anything that might have been done artistically, and was not, and yet that fact does not trouble him when he learns it, he is in a bad way. There is some chance for the exhibition of artistic culture in everything not necessarily entirely scientific.

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How many button-shovers realize that not only can much taste be exercised in the practice of their pet indulgence, but that the collections of prints which they so guilelessly exhibit, usually betray their lack of artistic culture and their incontinence of taste? When an artist said that the more exposures you made, the more pictures you probably would have to show, although most of the snap shots would be for your home use only—how many button-shovers and bulb-squeezers misunderstood him? Did he, perchance, misunderstand himself? Yet he undoubtedly would rather have a blind man shoot at him one hundred times, than a sharpshooter once.

Now we cannot become artistic sharpshooters by trying to remember and apply rules of composition and other critical laws at the moment of creation. In arranging for and making our exposures we must learn to depend largely on a nice feeling for the picturesque; and reserve our analytical and critical reasoning till we come to judge of the proof, and determine whether it is worth while, and if so, how to finish a print. It is by schooling ourselves in these practices, and by studying man and nature, together with the great examples of fine art, elucidated by the best critical writings, that we must educate our artistic feeling. But with all this the ordinary critic has little to do; his work comes last, and may prove very bracing medicine.

Pictorial photography has a great future before it as an educational influence. The day will come when myriads of long-haired photographers may be seen prowling around looking for masterpieces, when knowledge and love of beauty will be all-pervasive and infectious, and even Fifth Avenue stores will find it impossible to sell the glaringly inartistic prints which they exhibit now-a-days. The ordinary professional may in time be influenced. He has never reached the very elementary art stage of the young amateur, or perhaps he has fallen away from it into vice. Perchance he may cease to be entirely mechanical—that depends on his patrons, for the ordinary professional's idea is to satisfy his customers with the least work and wear and tear possible. What a delightful day it will be when the amateur is a seeker after beauty, the professional is less abnormally normal, and the critic has more to criticise and less proportionately to jump on.

DALLETT FUGUET

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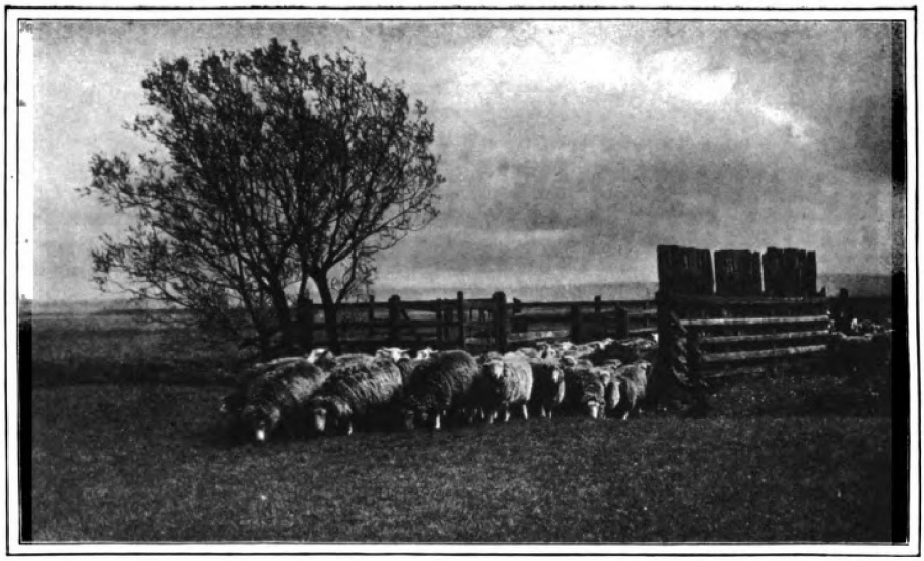

Karl Greger.

Naturalism in Photography.

Of all the many fallacies and misconceptions which, as pictorial protography has grown and flourished, have like noxious weeds sprung up around it with more than equal vigor, threatening its future development and enfeebling its present growth, there is none more injurious and more threatening than the erroneous ideas which commonly exist as to the relation in which nature stands to the application of photography to artistic ends.

It is now more than ten years since Dr. Emerson's book, "Naturalistic Photography," made its appearance to disturb the traditional and to not so much bestow new ideas as to direct the reader to go to nature as the fountain head, and by the help of a new light to see things as they are, and then to work under the direct influence of the knowledge acquired.

Soon after this book, with its strangely mingled essential truths and unessential dogmatism, was published, much was written by men of all shades of opinion on the subject of so-called "artistic focus," and frequent references in such writings to Dr. Emerson's book clearly show that to advocate the differentiation of focus and the suppression of excessive detail were considered to be its main purpose and to constitute its most significant doctrine.

Others again, appearing to read no further than the title page, and interpreting it literally and from their own conception of its meaning, assumed that Naturalistic Photography was merely the gospel of Truth to Nature, and not even the author's own photographs served to dispel this delusion.

Whatever may be said as to the merits of the book just referred to, whether or not, as some have been heard to say, the views therein expressed were not original, and that its possible good influence was neutralized by the general tone of intolerance, it can, by the unprejudiced, hardly be denied that it did serve in powerful manner to lift photographic ideas out of the rut of conventionalism;

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and if, as some would assert, the seeds had already been sown, then it surely quickened their germination, and probably the very excess of forceful language, the very dogmatism, which at times seems ill advised, were the means of arresting the tide, as a calmer and more deliberate address would have failed to do. Most revolutionary movements run to excess in the initial stages, but if one be good, the ebullitions of its youth give place to strength in maturity, and viewing things as they are now, and reviewing the growth of the pictorial movement, it is not easy to say how much of it is due to the book referred to, yet it is as difficult to my mind, to deny that it did have a powerful effect, and the reverberations of its thunders have not yet ceased, else should I not be now referring to it.

Amongst the many who discovered in Dr. Emerson's book inspiration for writing of a controversial character I find Mr. H. Dennis Taylor, who in an article contributed to *The Photographic Quarterly* (April, 1890), challenges the consistency of Dr. Emerson's arguments on this question of so-called naturalistic focusing. He enumerates the doctrine thus: "Naturalistic focusing is so called because it professes to be based upon the conditions of natural vision and certain other optical principles," and summarizes the three principal aims said to be attained by it as: First, differentiation of focus, by which the chief object is presented with the greatest degree of sharpness, other objects or planes being differently focused in accordance with their varying distances; secondly, the subordination of objects other than the principal one, and the destruction of irritating details by throwing them rather out of focus, and third, the suppression of detail in distance in order to simulate the effect given by the presence of atmosphere.

At about the same date, in more than one place, and often since, I find myself urging upon my reader that the solution of the problem of focus for pictorial effect is not to be found by scientific knowledge of the construction and powers of the human eye, nor of itself will the representation of objects precisely as the eyes see them, secure artistic satisfaction, the aspects and appearances from which we derive æsthetic pleasure being not so much as things are as what we imagine them, not actuality and physical fact, but a mental impression, distinctively moulded by personal sympathy and temperament.

In like manner Mr. Dennis Taylor traverses Dr. Emerson's arguments, and quotes his examples in order to show that the doctor is confusing optical focus and mental focus. The third chapter of Naturalistic Photography starts with the statement to which it is claimed the preceding ones logically lead, that the "best artists have always tried to interpret nature, and express by their art an impression of nature, as nearly as possible similar to that made *on the retina of the human eye.*" I have italicized the concluding words because it is this idea, which often recurs in the book, which seems to need discussing. In the opening of the same chapter we read, "Our contention is that a picture should be a translation of a scene as seen by the normal human eye," while later, in a chapter devoted to practical hints in focusing, we read, "Now our student, having sharply focused his picture with open aperture, must take his head from beneath the focusing cloth and look steadily at his picture; fixing his eye on the principal object, he should go through this mental analysis, and at the same

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A STORMY EVENING

By Lionel C. Bennett
(England)

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time note carefully how much detail he can see, both in the field of direct and indirect vision."

The student may well ask himself if the works of the great masters of painting do exhibit in any remarkable degree that exhaustive fidelity to what the eye sees, even in one plane, or over ever so limited an area in that plane, as would confirm the artist's claim to superiority if accuracy to the retinal image were the aim of art.

We know not through what circumstances and by what process Dr. Emerson arrived at his conclusions, but does it not look like a process of induction from certain facts to form principles? Deriving greater satisfaction and experiencing pleasure from certain photographs in which the delineation of detail and the rendering of the various planes were different from most photographs, both contemporaneous and thitherto (for remember that ten years ago the kind of "pictorial photograph" to the character and style of which we are all now quite accustomed, was hardly known, and when seen was always condemned and ridiculed), it looks as though the scientifically trained mind forthwith sought to establish something like a scientific principle which would account for these facts of pleasure and satisfaction, and then, being so carried away by the cleverness and more than plausibility of his own principle, he is so convinced of its truth that even some of the greatest in the history of art must be dethroned. The passionate belief in a new creed; the enthusiasm for a cause which in revolutionary times has prompted the most appalling iconoclasm; here in the name of naturalistic photography does not hesitate to overturn the pedestals of all those who do not appear to have reproduced their retinal image. Turner is described as "a great man gone wrong," an imitator, a competitor. Rubens and Van Dyck are "lacking in feeling and in truth." Raphael's paintings are sickly sentimentalities, puerile in composition, and showing lack of observation of nature. It is not my purpose to question the justice of these criticisms; the doctrine of naturalistic photography. according to the writer of that book, inevitably leads to such conclusion, and desecration though it may seem, must be accepted and held, if we are to believe that the "translation of a scene, as seen by the normal human eye," is the goal of the picture maker.

But the acceptance of such a creed leads to even more serious consequences than a disbelief in some whom the world rightly or wrongly has held in reverence, namely, to "an inquiry, on scientific grounds, what the normal human eye really does see," and when this is conducted by rule and measurement: by a study of light and physiology, a knowledge of the functions of the macula lutea, the forea centralis, and the physical characters of the eye as an optical instrument, we have presently a fixed law in accordance with which definition in our pictures is to be produced.

It is conceivable that from certain data the optician and physiologist could tell the exact degree of definition which one's eye would see in each plane of the scene, so that, provided that the lens were pointed directly towards the scene, the artist-photographer could, merely by a focusing scale, secure the image precisely as seen by the normal human eye without ever looking at the scene at all! It reduces the whole art of focusing and the determination of the degree of definition to be employed, to rule of thumb, and it is precisely this

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domination of artistic effort by scientific rule that too often imparts the mechanical character to photography, from which it seems so desirable to emancipate it.

Optical focus, the vision of the normal human eye, within certain limits and subject to inconsiderable variations, is as fixed and ascertainable a quantity as mental focus is variable and beyond the reach of rule and measurement, and I submit that the impression we carry away of a scene is a mental impression; it is an affair of the imagination, emotions, sympathy and temperament; a matter of purely personal response to some particular character or condition which appealed to us; hence the variety in representations of the same physical facts; a degree of individuality much more distinctive than the discrepancies between the eyesight of various artists.

Let me here disclaim any wish to tilt at "Naturalistic Photography," having, ever since its first publication, found it as a whole a great deal too interesting and useful, inconsistent as some parts of it may seem, and just as it is difficult to reconcile Mr. Ruskin's eulogium of Turner's works with his fanaticism for truth to nature, so is it hard to find in Dr. Emerson's own pictures more than a partial and occasional application of its favorite principle.

And yet another reason for not condemning the book because of some things we may not be able to accept, is on account of the new impetus it gave to endeavor, and the fresh channel to thought among photographers—its indirect and unintentional influence has perhaps been the more precious. Just as the Preraphaelite movement was a reaction from tradition which directed men to the fountain head, and some that went found springs of more enduring invigoration than did those that led the way, so perhaps the apostle of the renascence in artistic photography may be said to have built the bridge which helped others to find a surer road, and this while some contended with the teacher in the way. Thus in the article to which brief reference has been made, Mr. Dennis Taylor attempts to demolish the naturalistic method of representation in accordance with optical laws, by setting up in its place a different, though parallel, method.

I quote this article of ten years ago because it is quite typical of the kind of contention one meets with even to-day (and yet forever we hear the exclamation, "What wonderful advances photography has made!"). He says that although while intently gazing at the most attractive point in the scene we are indifferent to and partly unconscious of details elsewhere, if the eye and attention be diverted to any other part we shall be able to see this in turn quite clearly defined, from which he argues the accurate definition throughout the picture should not interfere with the mental impression of the scene. He continues: "Let all details throughout the photograph be nicely defined, so that they may satisfy the eye *when it looks at them.*" The italics are his, not mine, and perhaps, after all, we have made some progress in the past decade, for it seems hardly necessary to-day to point out that if details are sharply defined throughout we *can't help looking at them,* and involuntarily trying to look at them all at once, hence the absence of repose and concentration in the sharply focused picture. Doubtless Emerson's theory is right scientifically, and equally incontestable logically is Taylor's contention, but laws of optical focus and the conditions attendant upon mental con-

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centration or abstraction bring us no nearer to the true position in which the artist stands with respect to his picture and to nature.

Eva L. Watson.

In the first case conclusions are based upon scientific knowledge of the construction of the human eye and an analysis of our own visual sensations, both, it might be argued, not very stable, and not absolutely final: but assuming that physiological research has left nothing more to be learned as to the eye and optics, and that vision itself has been reduced to an incontrovertible and simple factor, the doctrine is that: Thus and thus the human eye sees nature, and the photographic lens must be controlled in its performance in proportion as it, being a more perfect optical instrument than the eye, excels its powers of definition, etc.

The second case contests the very manner in which the human eye sees nature, so that apparently a variety of opinion exists and vision is not axiomatic; and would have the picture represent the scene *as it is,* disallowing that apart from mental selection and exclusion, the eye sees one point better than another. In the first it is to be nature as we *see* it; in the second it is to be nature as it *exists;* and as it seems to me, both miss the vital principle of all the graphic arts.

I am not sure if it was playwright or novelist who found exercise for some ingenuity in describing the triple personality of a man. First, there is the man as he is; secondly, the man as he saw himself, or believed himself to be; and third, the man as others saw and understood him.

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Now, while the parallel is not quite complete, have we not a somewhat similar triple case to consider? There is nature as it actually is; there is our personal impression of nature, and then there is our representation of it, which conveys that impression more clearly than a *facsimile* of nature itself could do.

But is it possible to represent nature so as to be more intelligible than nature itself? Certainly it is, otherwise how is it that the ordinary man by means of a picture has his eyes opened to the beauties of a scene with which he is perfectly familiar, but never paused to consider?

In this way the artist, be he painter or photographer, becomes the interpreter or the expounder, and not the reproducer of nature. His brushings and pencilings, his scratchings on metal, his sun printings in metallic salts, should be but the deliberate arrangement of lights and darks in such a way that the spectator receives the impression he is intended to receive so fully and convincingly as to never need to question what are the objects represented.

The artist, by reason of his artistic temperament, *feels* nature more readily than another who examines the hidden mechanism of her various organisms, or than he who is too engrossed with the affairs of city or state. By constant, reverent study of her exterior, he becomes so that, as a tightly drawn wire or a hollow glass globe will resonate if a particular note is struck, so he quickly responds to an effect in nature, and by his art, his artifice and craft produces something which will make others feel or imagine something that perhaps had no actual physical existence, but was the offspring of visible nature and his own particular temperament.

The joyousness, the grandeur, the sadness of the landscape have no actual existence; they are the personal contribution of a human temperament. Brush strokes, pencil marks, dots and lines with the point of the pen, may with but little variation convey with equal success the idea of masses of foliage, boulders on the mountain side, or the rippled surface of a lake. If the highest aim of the picture be to represent these and other things in nature as they actually are, or as the human eye, as an optical instrument, sees them, then photography, by its very unbiassed and unpersonal character, should far surpass any other means. Yet he would be a bold man and blind to facts who asserted that photography was indeed greater than all the arts.

What brush, pencil and pen actually produce are more or less conventional signs or symbols, which under certain conditions we accept as representing definite objects, but the difference between the fine picture and the school girl's water-color sketch or copy is that subtle quality which moves the spectator more than his recognition of the objects portrayed. Much that in a painting stands for trees, or stones, or clouds, or running streams are purely arbitrary signs, which from their grouping and general manner as much as anything, fulfil their intention. That they really represent nature as the eye sees it cannot be entertained for a moment if we examine and analyze any painting of merit. Is it not a fact that with many a good painting, if it be placed upside down and so viewed, many features, but for previous acquaintance, would be incomprehensible. Nature similarly viewed is perfectly comprehensible. In rare instances, where with infinite labor the artist has striven to put into his picture every minutia, apeing as far as human skill may the image in a looking-glass, can it be said that

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that picture is more impressive, more appealing in proportion as it comes more nearly to depicting nature as we really see it?

If now, as many hold, the stirring of the feelings and emotions is no part for the picture to play, which should only please the eye, awakening a pleasurable sensation by its symmetry, its contrasts, its color, its forms, then again it is not nature, but the things suggested by nature, which the artist gives, but this were too long a train of thought to follow here.

Now the signs, the masses of light and dark on paper or glass, by which, with photography, we must strive to do what the artist does who employs brush or pencil, etc., are of a totally different character from the first. According to the skill and the purpose with which the lens has been constructed, the image is as close as may be to nature's actual existence, or as the human retina receives it, but if from a study of contemporary graphic means we agree that a purely arbitrary scheme may convey more forcibly than anything else the artist's impression, we are met by the problem as to how we may control the lens-made drawing to an almost unlimited degree, that all tones and forms may be produced at will. Viewed in this light, the relationship between nature and photography for pictorial purposes becomes less close than maybe we had believed. Is it true to nature? and Is that as the eye sees things? become no longer the test questions, a negative answer to which is the condemnation of the picture.

And the alternative? That the dainty goddess which has brought so much beauty into the world, has inspired imagination, giving birth to visible evidence of a soul which before was hidden in the merely animal, must in these later days veil herself in somber colors and keep company with her graver sister, Science. In the infatuation for truth, beauty will be forgotten and the æsthetic sense quiescent and extinct. Realism shall succeed naturalism, from which it is already hardly distinguishable, and hard-featured truth, no longer clothed in dainty garments borrowed from imagination, shall command our interest as much for disease, death, and decay as for many-hued flower and blushing youth.

A. Horsley Hinton.

✦ ✦ ✦

A Plea for the Picturesqueness of New York.

At every exhibition I am astonished at the limited range of subjects which the artistic photographers attempt to portray. One invariably finds numerous portraits, and studies of heads or draped figures, a number of landscapes, interiors and out-of-door snap-shots, and a few—very few—serious compositions, mostly genre subjects, which can claim a general pictorial quality. This paucity of ideas is really embarrassing to the lover of art, who is interested in the sights and scenes of our own times.

Occasionally an artist seems to have resolved to be new, and a few brilliant efforts are made, but, considering all, little has been done by the average amateur to exchange cheap portraiture and studio orientality and mediævalism for a style more true to his existing surroundings.

The passions of life and the passions of art are not the same to them.

They seem unaware that the best art is that which is most clearly the out-

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come of the time of its production, and the art signifying most in respect to the characteristics of its age, is that which ultimately becomes classic. To give to art the complexion of our time, boldly to express the actual, is the thing infinitely desirable. What artistic photography needs most is a Steinlen, who has succeeded in expressing in his weekly illustrations for the Gil Blas supplement —as valuable as any Japanese wood cuts—the heat, the hurry, the vexations, the lurid excitements and frivolous graces, the tragedies and comedies of Parisian life, and in a more perfect manner than Zola has in his long-drawn series of novels.

All these years our artistic photographers—and painters and sculptors as well—with a few exceptions have been mumbling old formulas, and have apparently combined in a gigantic trust of imitation.

The dignified vigor of the old masters, the restless desires of modern art, the incomparable suggestiveness of the Japanese, have all been mortgaged. No past effort has escaped their versatility for reproducing. Everything seems to have struck their fancy, even that which is only questionably good.

I know that a large majority will object to my arguments; those who do not feel that there is an imposing grandeur in the Brooklyn Bridge; who do not acknowledge the beauty of the large sweeping curves in the new Speedway, which would set a Munich Secessionist wild; who do not feel the poetry of our waterfronts, the semi-opaque water reflecting the gray sky, the confusion of square-rigged vessels with their rusty sides and the sunburnt faces peering from the deck; and who would laugh outright if anyone would dare to suggest that Paddy's market on Ninth Avenue or the Bowery could be reduced to decorative purposes.

Such men claim that there is nothing pictorial and picturesque in New York and our modern life, and continue their homage to imitation. The truth is that they lack the inspiration of the true artist, which wants to create and not merely to revive or adapt. They are satisfied with an incongruous mixture of what they know and see with what they have learned in school and what comes to them easily, no matter whether at second or at third hand; it saves them experiments and shields them from failures. They work as do the journalists, who write of things they know nothing about, and whose superficial knowledge is concealed by the rapid succession of publications. But for that reason their work can also be likened to the wake of a ship, it foams a little, to be seen no more.

To open new realms to art takes a good share of courage and patience. It always takes moral courage to do what the rest of the profession does not; that of course the man possesses who starts out to conquer the beauties of New York. It takes actual physical courage to go out into the crowd with your camera, and to be stared and laughed at on the most inopportune occasions. But that even Mr. J. G. Brown braved; why not you. It takes also a marvelous amount of patience to stand for hours at the same spot, perhaps in very bad weather—in rain, snow, or even in a thunder-storm—until at last one sees before him what he considers essential for a picture; or persistently to return at every opportunity to a subject—perhaps to something that may recur only once in a year, as the "May Festival" in Central Park—until he has at last mastered it.

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And even after one has succeeded, there is no harvest of praise to reap, for all those who are in quest of beauty will experience that the very people who said there could be no beauty there, will later on point out that it undoubtedly was there long before it was discovered.

But what does it matter? The true artist works for himself, and does not care a rap for the opinion of others, as long as he knows—if that should be his aim—that his work has been infused with the spirit of to-day, with something unmistakably the outcome of the present. I would like to make his acquaintance; I might feel inclined to become his Ruskin.

I am well aware that much is lacking here which makes European cities so interesting and inspiring to the sightseer and artist. No monuments of past glory, no cathedral spires of Gothic grandeur, no historic edifices, scarcely even masterpieces of modern architecture lift their imposing structures in our almost alarmingly democratic land.

Despite this, I stick to my assertion, and believe that I can prove its truth. For years I have made it my business to find all the various picturesque effects New York is capable of—effects which the eye has not yet got used to, nor discovered and applied in painting and literature, but which nevertheless exist.

Have you ever watched a dawn on the platform of an elevated railroad station, when the first rays of the rising sun lay glittering on the rails? This Vance Thompson compared to the waterways of Venice in pictorial effect. The morning mist, in strange shapes and forms, played in the distance where the lines of the houses on both sides of the street finally united.

Have you ever dined in one of the roof-garden restaurants and watched twilight descending on that sea of roofs, and seen light after light flame out, until all the distant windows began to glimmer like sparks, and the whole city seemed to be strewn with stars? If you have not, you are not yet acquainted with New York.

Then take Madison Square. Place yourself at one of its corners on a rainy night and you will see a picture of peculiar fascination: Dark silhouettes of buildings and trees, surrounded by numerous light reflections, are mirrored in the wet pavement as in a sheet of water. But also in daytime it is highly attractive. The paths are crowded with romping children, and their gay-colored garments make a charming contrast to the lawn and the foliage of the trees, to which the Diana's tower and the rows of houses with windows glittering in the sun, form a suitable background.

The Boulevard has many interesting parts. The rows of trees in the middle, the light brick fronts of the new apartment houses, and the many vehicles and bicyclists on a Sunday afternoon offer ample opportunity for snap-shots.

Comparing New York with other cities, it can boast of a decided strain of gayety and vitality in its architecture. The clear atmosphere has encouraged bright colors, which, when subdued by the mist that hovers at times over all large cities, afford delightful harmonies that can be suggested even by the photographer's black and white process.

Almost any wide street with an elevated station is interesting at those times when the populace goes to or returns from work. The nearer day approaches these hours, the more crowded are the sidewalks. Thousands and thousands climb up or down the stairs, reflecting in their varied appearance all the classes of society, all the different professions, the lights and shadows of a large city, and the joys and sorrows of its inhabitants.

In Central Park we meet with scenes of rare elegance and dignity. Many a tourist will find himself transported to the palace gardens of the old world, as

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his eyes gaze on these quiet lakes peopled with swans and on the edifices shimmering in the sun and rising from the autumnal foliage into the sky.

A peculiar sight can be enjoyed standing on a starlit night at the block house near the northwest entrance of the Park. One sees in the distance the illumined windows of the West Side, and the Elevated, which rises at the double curve at One Hundred and Tenth Street to dizzy heights, and whose construction is hardly visible in the dimness of night. A train passes by, like a fantastic fire-worm from some giant fairyland, crawling in mid-air. The little locomotive emits a cloud of smoke, and suddenly the commonplace and yet so mystic scene changes into a tumult of color, red and saffron, changing every moment into an unsteady gray and blue. This should be painted, but as our New York artists prefer to paint Paris and Munich reminiscences, the camera can at least suggest it.

A picture genuinely American in spirit is afforded by Riverside Park. Old towering trees stretch their branches towards the Hudson. Almost touching their trunks the trains on the railroad rush by. On the water heavily loaded canal boats pass on slowly, and now and then a white river steamboat glides by majestically, while the clouds change the chiaroscuro effects at every gust of wind.

Another picture of surprising beauty reveals itself when you approach New York by the Jersey City ferry. The gigantic parallelograms of office buildings and skyscrapers soar into the clear atmosphere like the towers, turrets and battlements of some ancient fortress, a modern Cathay, for whose favor all nations contend.

The traffic in the North and the East rivers and the harbor offers abundant material; only think of the graceful four-masted East Indiamen that anchor in the bay, laden with spices which recall even in these northern climes quaint Oriental legends, of indolent life under tropical suns. I am also very fond of the vista of the harbor from Battery Park, particularly at dawn. How strange this scene looks in the cold morning mist. There is no distance and no perspective; the outlines of Jersey City and Brooklyn fade ghost-like in the mist; soft shimmering sails, dark shadows and long pennants of smoke interrupt the gray harmony, and are in their uncertain contours not unlike the fantastic birds which enliven at times the background of Japanese flower designs.

Whoever is fond of panoramic views should place himself at the Highbridge Reservoir and look northwards. At sunset this scene—the wide Harlem River sluggishly flowing through a valley over which two aqueducts span their numerous arches—reminds one involuntarily of a landscape by Claude Lorraine.

For the lovers of proletarian socialism—who like Dudley Hardy and Gaston Letouche, and would like to depict the hunger and the filth of the slums, the unfathomable and inexhaustible misery, which hides itself in every metropolitan city—subjects are not lacking in New York. Only it is more difficult to find them than in European cities.

Rafaelli, the French painter, once asked me to show him the poorest quarters. I took him through Stanton, Cherry, Baxter and Essex Streets. I could not satisfy him. But when he saw a row of dilapidated red brick houses with black fire-escapes covered all over with bedding, clothes lines, and all sorts of truck, he exclaimed: *"C'est fort curieux!"* and like a ferret ran from one side to the other to take a number of snap-shots.

True enough we have not such scenes of extreme poverty as Rafaelli found in the outskirts of Paris, at least not so open; but one only needs to leave the big thoroughfares and go to the downtown back alleys, to Jewtown, to the village (East Twenty-ninth Street), or Frog Hollow, to prove sufficiently that many a portfolio could be filled with pictures of our slums, which would teach us better than any book "how the other half lives."

From there you should go to the Potter's Field, on Hart's Island, that rag-

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"A STUDY." BY

J. WELLS CHAMPNEY

(NEW YORK).

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ged little island where the nameless dead are buried in long trenches, each of which is marked by a stone to record that one hundred and fifty paupers lie below. And out beyond the sandy shore gleam the shimmering waters of the Sound.

But you can find mortuary themes in New York, without boarding at 6 A. M., the Fidelity, that sad little charity steamer which plies between the Morgue and Hart's Island. There lies in the very heart of the city, in the midst of a block bounded by Second Avenue, the Bowery, Second Street and Third Street, a little neglected graveyard, as romantic as anything of that nature I have ever seen. The gravestones are sadly dilapidated, and almost disappear in the wild flowers that sprout in great abundance from the untrimmed grass and weeds. Clotheslines cross this desolate spot everywhere, and on week days long rows of linen flap gayly in the breeze. More than half a century has passed over these graves and left plain traces of the flight of the years. A Hamlet-like mood takes me at the sight. There the two gravediggers might dig up Yorick's skull and prepare the grave for the fair Ophelia.

Verestchagin was particularly interested in our telegraph poles, now largely a thing of the past, and the net of wires that is spread all over the city.

Wherever some large building is being constructed the photographer should appear. It would be so easy to procure an interesting picture, and yet I have never had the pleasure to see a good picture of an excavation or an iron skeleton framework. I think there is something wonderful in iron architecture, which as if guided by magic, weaves its networks with scientific precision over the rivers or straight into the air. They create, by the very absence of unnecessary ornamentation, new laws of beauty, which have not yet been determined, and are perhaps not even realized by the originators. I am weary of the everlasting complaint that we have no modern style of architecture. It would indeed be strange if an age as fertile as ours had produced nothing new in that art which has always more than others reflected the aspirations and accomplishments of mankind at certain epochs of history. The iron architecture is our style.

I still could add hundreds and hundreds of suggestions for pictures, but I fear I would tire my readers. I will therefore only mention a few haphazard. There is the Fulton fish market, a wonderful mixture of hustling human life and the slimy products of Neptune's realm, at its best on a morning during Lent; then the Gansevoort market on Saturday mornings or evenings; the remnants of Shantytown; the leisure piers; the open-air gymnasiums at Stryker's Lane and the foot of Hester Street; the starting of a tally-ho coach from the Waldorf-Astoria on its gay drive to Westchester; the canal-boat colony at Coenties Slip; the huge storage houses of Gowanus Bay. Another kind of subjects now comes to mind—the children of the tenement districts returning from school; or the organ-grinder, and little girls showing off their terpsichorean skill on the sidewalk to an admiring crowd.

But really what would be the use of specifying any further? Any person with his eyes open, and with sympathy for the time, place and conditions in which he lives, has only to take a walk or to board a trolley, to find a picture worthy of depiction almost in every block he goes.

I am perfectly aware that only a few of my readers endorse my assertions, and see something in my ardent plea. In thirty years, however, nobody will believe that I once fought for it, for then the beauty of New York will have been explored by thousands.

But who will be the first to venture on these untrodden fields and teach New Yorkers to love their own city as I have learned to love it, and to be proud of its beauties as the Parisians are of their city? He will have to be a great poet and of course an expert photographer.

May he soon appear!

SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

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Motion in Art.

A peculiarly difficult feat in photography is the successful taking of objects in motion. To get a result which shall have true artistic merit requires both patience and considerable knowledge of what is to be sought.

In watching moving objects the eye sees *motion, i. e.*, a moving of the object against a background, as well as varied movements of the object itself. Of course this is impossible in a print. There the motion can only be suggested and the eye more or less educated to understand what is implied. There is a definite suggestion of motion even in words used to denote it, and advancing beyond these to pictures, certain conventional attitudes we have been taught to understand to imply certain movements. Some of these conventional attitudes have been conclusively shown to have no existence in fact, and have been discarded of late, more or less, by artists on that account. Nevertheless they contain something of truth, not as to the absolute motion, but as to the impression left upon the eye of the beholder. It seems to be quite certain that the eye takes in and retains the extreme limits of motion as being characteristics of the motion. As for example, a running horse with his fore feet extended forward as far as he puts them and his hind feet extended backward to their extreme limit, at once conveys the idea of a running animal. A photograph of a kicking horse at the moment when the kick had reached half its full height, the eye never would understand to be taken at half height. It would insist that that was the limit and that the kick was a low kick, because no eye ever takes in that moment when the kick has arrived at that stage. The photograph may then be considered actually untrue; although it is a record of the fact, it could not fail to convey a wrong impression. It seems also possible that too much sharpness is not to be desired where the motion is supposed to be swift, because perfect sharpness of outline is indicative of comparative rest and so is at war with the idea of rapid motion. It is said of Fromentin that his horses in motion were anatomically incorrect, in that they were stretched out too long for their other proportions, but practically they gave a very successful idea of a forward rush of the animal.

Aside from the above matters, which rule out as impossible many of the actual positions assumed in the course of a motion, there are other positions of motion the lines of which are unpleasing from an artistic standpoint. In fact, in the motion of both men and animals the majority of positions assumed are not allowable artistically, and in regard to the few that are allowable there still remains to be considered the viewpoint from which they are taken.

As a general rule it is safe to say that almost any other position than front-face or profile is to be desired, and that whatever the action, one should attempt to catch it either at the moment of starting, as of a pitcher *about* to throw a ball, or else at the moment when the action is ceasing, if it is of an intermittent character. If the motion is continuously rapid, the best one can do is to show it at some point of extreme action.

Considering the very great difficulty of taking a single object in motion so as to properly convey the idea of motion and at the same time hold to good lines in the object, it would seem practically impossible to attempt to obtain even tolerable results with several objects in motion. Curiously enough, street scenes are

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frequently successful where there are many objects more or less in motion, but it will be found on closely examining them that by reason of the crowd or lack of motion of the objects most prominently in the foreground the difficulties of the situation have been avoided. On the other hand, some very good pictures of city streets have been much marred by the appearance of one or two individuals holding their feet perpetually in the air before them, even though when compared with the whole picture they were small objects—the eye seems to be drawn to such incongruities.

Whatever the motion the photographer desires to take, he must make up his mind that unless he studies in advance the particular allowable positions, the chances of his accidentally coming upon a really good result in composition and line are very small indeed.

CAMERA NOTES has published but few pictures indicating motion. In Vol. II. of the NOTES, at p. 47, is a picture entitled "Spinning," by Miss Clarkson. It suggests activity about to begin and was doubtless a posed picture. If it had been actually caught as a snap while the work was progressing it would serve better as an illustration of our subject. In Vol. III. of the NOTES, at p. 73, is Mr. Stieglitz's well known picture, "Scurrying Home." In this picture the position of the feet of the left hand figure indicates admirably that the person is walking fast, and at the same time the lines are good. The right hand figure as a whole of course adds greatly to the picture and its general attitude adds also to the idea of motion, but taken by itself, by covering over the left hand figure, the position of the feet is meaningless. It only illustrates that where two objects are not moving in step only one can be completely well caught at a time. There probably is no better position for the feet of a walking person than that of the forward foot firmly planted and the foot at the rear just leaving the ground. This is not an adverse criticism of the picture as a whole, for to have had both figures keeping step would have detracted from its artistic merit. The NOTES also contain a large picture by Mr. Stieglitz of two children posting a letter, which was probably posed, but if actually a snap would be deemed a most successful choice of the right moment. Mr. Beeby's "A Wet Day on Fourteenth Street," a small copy of which appears in Vol. III., p. 81, is a good example of a street scene, with more or less motion in it in the middle distance, suggested without showing the positions of the individual figures.

In addition to the above, in Vol. II., p. 12, there is a small picture of a priest descending a broad stairway, and at page 41 a large picture by Mr. Eickemeyer. Both of these are peculiar, in that the position of the figure shows no motion, but its situation enables us to draw the inference of the motion. The priest might be standing in the middle of the stairway looking at the view, but we assume that he is going down; and the colored man might be studying the dust in the road, but we assume that he is advancing. Turning to the annual volume of photographs known as *Photograms*, we find in each volume not more than four or five pictures showing motion, and some of these illustrate admirably what not to do. In the volume of '98, p. 13, there is a figure of a dancing girl entitled "The Dizzy Whirl." This is so painfully sharp that it seems impossible to associate any idea of motion with the picture. It might serve as an advertisement of horse-racing shutters, but from an artistic standpoint it was an

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impossible subject. The same might be said of the picture called "The Finish" ('99, p. 74), showing two horses in a race, both absolutely sharp and each in an almost impossible position, so far as the human eye is concerned. In the same volume, at page 174, there is a picture showing the arrival of vultures which is much better. In *Photograms* of '96, p. 12, the large picture of "Atalanta," by W. and D. Downey, is, so far as the action is concerned, a great success. The lines are good and no one could mistake the motion. The same may be said of the two pictures on p. 80 of the *Photograms* of '95, and of the very small picture entitled "Plowing" at p. 70 of '96, and the picture entitled "Gas Works; Warm Work," by Fred Marsh, '97, p. 57. In addition to those named there are half a dozen others. The members' exhibition of prints at the Club Rooms, now upon the walls, shows but four pictures conveying the idea of motion: "On the Indian River," by J. Dunbar Wright; "The Street Paver," by Mr. Stieglitz, and "Ring-toss," by Clarence H. White, and also "Downy Paddlers," by Mr. Wilmerding. This last is a group of swimming ducks, and has somewhat of the character of a sailing yacht in motion, and is really outside of our subject, because the position is held for some time altogether and is not subject to rapid variations of attitude. Considering the willingness of most amateurs to snap moving objects, this seems a very small showing, and only goes to illustrate the difficulty of artistic success along this line.

CHARLES E. MANIERRE.

June, 1900.

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Whom the Cap Fits, Let Him Wear It.

Apropos of verdicts, the above is one that a certain young provincial editor seems to have passed upon himself, and in that connection the editors of CAMERA NOTES take pleasure in re-printing, for the benefit of its readers, who otherwise would scarcely see it, an amusing item sent them by a kind friend, clipped, it is understood, from a little sheet called the *Photo-Era*, probably the ambitious organ of some little country club or clubs not over-particular about the correctness of English or manners, and over-anxious for a little notice of any kind, at any cost.

The only utterance in the last issue of CAMERA NOTES that seems even remotely to connect itself with the young man's heroic profession of his noble confidence in the American people is also reprinted, as it seems to have been the innocent cause of this delightful eruption. Here it is:

"We do not, however, want to entirely deprive our eastern friend, the editor of the *'Photo-Error,'* of his possible share in the glory, no matter how remote that may be."

This paragraph might have referred to Mr. Abel, or Mr. Ward, or Mr. Tennant, or Childe Bayley, or even Cosmos, but our young friend evidently believes that he alone, of all photographic editors, is, by right, entitled to the significant sobriquet, the "*Editor of the Photo-Error.*" Even though by accident, we are glad to have been in at the christening, and are quite willing to admit that he is editor of the *Photo-Error* by error and in error. With a word of advice to our young friend that he study some good dictionary before again attempting to use big words with whose meaning he is not familiar, that he may avoid again making himself a laughing stock, and that he peruse a small volume called *Don't*, that his manners may become less crude and provincial, we reprint his funny remarks without further comment:

"The editor of CAMERA NOTES, in a recent issue of that publication, descends to the level of Billingsgate. We respectfully submit to our erstwhile esteemed contemporary that calling names is not argument. When a fake lawyer has no case, he tries to bluff the court by abusing the plaintiff's attorney. This would seem to be the tactics adopted by our contemporary. But, fortunately, in the present instance, the court of final arbitration is the great American photographic world, and not the mere handful of men on Manhattan Island, the disciples of CAMERA NOTES. We await the verdict of the American people with calm confidence and trust."—*From the Photo-Era, July, 1900.*

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Current Notes.

Proofs on Unsensitized Paper.—At a recent meeting of the Louvain section of the Association Belge de Photographie, M. Misonne described an interesting and simple method of obtaining from negatives rapid proofs on unsensitized paper, which may be useful in some cases. To understand the principle, if a print is exactly applied to the negative from which it was made the two neutralize each other, and by transmitted light the whole surface appears of a uniform darkness. If, now, instead of a print a piece of white paper be substituted, it is only necessary—to obtain a positive with all proper lines and half tones—to neutralize the negative either with pencil, charcoal or any coloring matter. At first sight it would seem that this would be an exceedingly difficult process, but it should be remembered that it is purely technical tracing and does not require a skilled hand. Not all negatives are suitable; they should be sufficiently transparent and not have too great contrasts. A good method of procedure is to project an image of the negative on a piece of white paper with an enlarging lantern, and then fill in the whites of the paper. With a little practice this can be done very rapidly.

Discolored Platinum Prints.—The paper of platinum prints from which the iron salts have been imperfectly eliminated, either from insufficient time in the acid bath or insufficient washing, will, in the course of time, turn yellow. Herr Gaedicke recommends a bath of 15 grammes of soda and 20 grammes of chloride of lime, dissolved in 200 c.c. of water, as a bleaching agent to remove this stain.

Developing Silver Papers.—Numerous formulæ have been published for developing silver prints, all of which have so many ingredients and are so complicated that they are rarely used. A very simple formula has recently been published and tried at the Camera Club with admirable results. A solution of metol, 0.10 gm. to 200 c.c. of water is made, and in this is put a few scraps of silver paper and the whole allowed to digest for some hours. It is then filtered and is ready for use. Any ordinary commercial silver paper is exposed under a negative, either to daylight or before a strong artificial light, until the faintest image is just perceptible on the paper. With a Welsbach light three minutes will be sufficient. The print is now placed in the developer without previous washing, and in a very short time the image begins to appear. A very large range of tones can be obtained, and the delicacy of detail and purity of half tones are far greater than with actual printing out and toning. The development should be carried a little further than the required tone, the print rinsed and then fixed in a weak hypo bath.

A New Restrainer.—Potassium bromide as a restrainer serves to prolong development without any appreciable advantage, while the citrates have a strong tendency to cut out shadow detail. Mr. Benj. E. Edwards has recently suggested the use of potassium borotartrate as a restrainer. This salt effectively prevents the high lights from gaining density beyond a certain point, but does not slow the development or interfere with the shadow detail. It should be made up in a 10 per cent. solution and about 6 c.c. added to every 100 c.c. of

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mixed developer, according to the subject. Illustrations in a recent number of *Photography*, by Mr. R. R. Hawkins, show remarkable results. He states, however, that the behavior of the plate is curious, the image being strongly visible at the back of the negative long before development is complete. while a general veil makes it rather difficult to judge the density of the shadows. This fog, however, disappears on fixing.

Improved Gum-Bichromate Process.—Herr L. Steyrer, in *Photographische Correspondenz*, describes a new method of manipulating gum prints which gives a more satisfactory rendering of half tones and details than by the ordinary methods. The sensitizing mixture is composed of a 40 per cent. gum solution, a concentrated bichromate solution, a little starch paste and a sufficient quantity of pigment. This is spread on a clean glass plate, dried in the dark, and then coated with collodion. The plate is printed in the usual way under a reversed negative. A sheet of paper is then floated on a warm gelatine solution for a short time and then lightly squeegeed on to the exposed surface of the plate. The paper and plate are allowed to remain in contact for some time, and then the plate is placed in a tray full of cold water. As soon as the paper is sufficiently moist it is stripped from the plate, and the further development is carried on in fresh cold water in the usual manner.

CHAS. W. STEVENS.

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W. E. Woodbury, Curator of the Club.

To the Members of the Camera Club:

The Trustees have the pleasure of announcing that Mr. Walter E. Woodbury, F. R. P. S., has been engaged as Curator of The Camera Club.

Until further notice Mr. Woodbury will be in attendance at the Club during the afternoon and evening (excepting on Sunday and on Saturday evening), and it is hoped that members desiring photographic information or advice, will freely avail themselves of the opportunity to consult with him. Mr. Woodbury is so well known in photographic circles at home and abroad that a recital of his qualifications for this position is unnecessary.

The Curator will be in general superintendence of the Club Rooms and will assist in the work of the several Committees.

WM. D. MURPHY, *President.*

H. B. REID, *Secretary.*

The above was sent out to members of the Club shortly after the last number of CAMERA NOTES was issued. It is herewith published as an official record. Comment is unnecessary; Mr. Woodbury is too well known in the photographic world to need an introduction. The Club has every reason to congratulate itself in having been able to gain his assistance in the endeavor to make the institution a permanent one and one of educational value.

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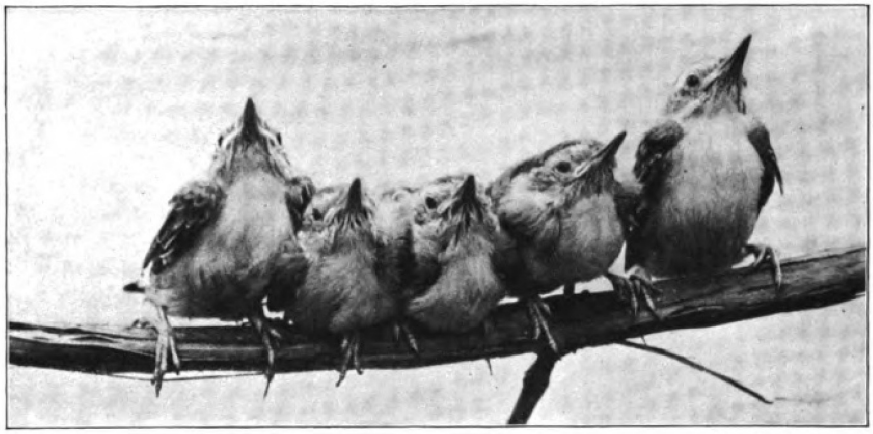

No. 26. W. E. Carlin.

Members' Third Annual Exhibition of Prints.

(May 9—June 6, 1900.)

CATALOGUE.

Abel, Juan C.
1. A Sketch.

Adams, C. G.
2. A Portrait of Dorothy Q.
3. Where the Cows Came Home.
4. Pine Woods.

No. 92. A. W. Scott.

Alling, Dr. W. G.
5. A March Afternoon.

Allison, J. Wesley.
6. Architectural Study.
7. Architectural Study.

Basset, G. F.
8. St. Lucia.
9. Portrait.

Beasley, H. A.
10. The Spinning Top.

Berg, Chas. I.
11. Carmen.
12. Water Nymph.
13. Summer.
13A Child Study.

Brownell, L. W.
14. Nest and Eggs of King Bird.
15. Nest and Eggs of House Wren.
16. Nest and Eggs of Brown Thrasher.
17. Nest and Eggs of Wilson's Thrush.

Carlin, W. E.
18. Portrait.
19. Portrait.
20. On the Dutch Dunes.
21. Red Squirrel.
22. White-Tailed Deer.
23. Young Red-Eyed Vireo.

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No. 6. J. W. Allison.

24. Adult Grakle.
25. Young White-Bellied Nut-hatches.
26. Young White-Bellied Nut-hatches.
27. Young Grakle.
28. Chipmunk.

Cassard, William J.

29. Landscape.
30. Strawberries.
31. Still Life.
32. Roses

Clarke, Frederick Colburn.

33. Mynheer Van Dyke.
34. Study (glycerine process of brush development).
35. Despair.
36. Lois.

Craigie, A. Walpole.

37. Dolores.

Fuguet, Dallett

38. The Passing Storm.
39. The Street.
40. River of Dreams.
41. Sultry August Noon.

Goodwillie, Dr. D. H.

42. External View of the Headquarters of General Mind.
43. Internal view ot the Headquarters of General Mind.

Galoupean, Hy.

44. On the Delaware.

Grisdale, H. M.

45. Set of Three Landscapes.
46. Set of Three Landscapes.

Harris, W. C.

47. Winter in Central Park.
48. Winter in Central Park.

Hegeman, A. G.

49. At the Helm.

Jacobus, J. S.

50. Pines—Barre, Mass.

Käsebier, Mrs. Gertrude.

51. The Manger.
52. Portrait of Miss F.
53. Mother and Children.
54. Portrait of F. Holland Day.
55. Portrait of Miss Sears.
56. Portrait of a Man.
57. Portrait of Miss S.
58. Mother and Chi'dren.
59. Decorative Panel.

Keiley, Joseph T.

60. Oriental Head.
61. Indian Study.
62. Citizen Fuché.
63. A Bacchanté.
64. Study from Clay.
65. A Cavalier.
66. Indian Warrior.

Kingston, H. H., Jr.

67. A November Sunset.

No. 93. T. O'Conor Sloane, Jr.

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LANDING OF THE BOATS

From a Carbon Print

By Alfred Stieglitz

(New York)

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Mack, Hugo S.

68. Landscape.
69. Portrait.

Moore, J. R.

70. Come and Kiss Me.
71. A Study in Black.
72. Rosa's Brother.
73. The Pride of the Quarter.
74. Anchored for the Night.
75. Jim.
76. Evening.
77. Punta Rassa.
78. Russian Peasant.
79. Tarpon Boats.

Murphy, W. D.

80. A Hazy Sunset.

No. 121. Myra A. Wiggins.

81. Study of Trees in Yosemite.
82. Environs of Milan.
83. Where the Ploughman Drives His Share.

Ottolengui, R.

84. Goat Island, Niagara.

Reid, Harry B.

85. Bromide Enlargement.

Ronalds, G. L.

86. Sweet Sixteen.

Sala, Paul.

87. On the Schoharie Creek, N. Y.

Schneible, Joseph.

87A. "Contentment."

Scott, Arthur.

88. The Reaper.

Scott, A. Wentworth.

89. A Brush Vignette.
90. Portrait.
91. A Roman Maid.
92. Eunice.

No. 20. W. E. Carlin.

Sloane, T. O'Conor, Jr.

93. Long Island Meadows.
94. In Chioggia.

Smith, S. A.

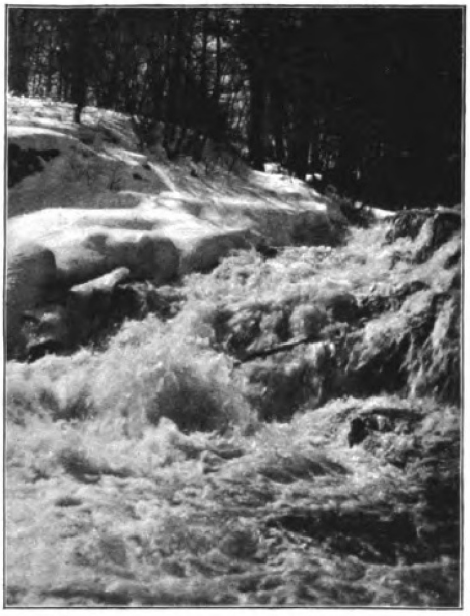
95. Landscape in Cornwall.
96. The Harbor Road.

Stevens, Chas. W.

97. The 'Cellist.

Stieglitz, Alfred.

98. At Anchor.
99. Gossip—Venice (an illustra-
100. Landing of the Boats. tion).
101. The Street Paver.



No. 114. J. F. Strauss.

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Mack, Hugo S.

68. Landscape.
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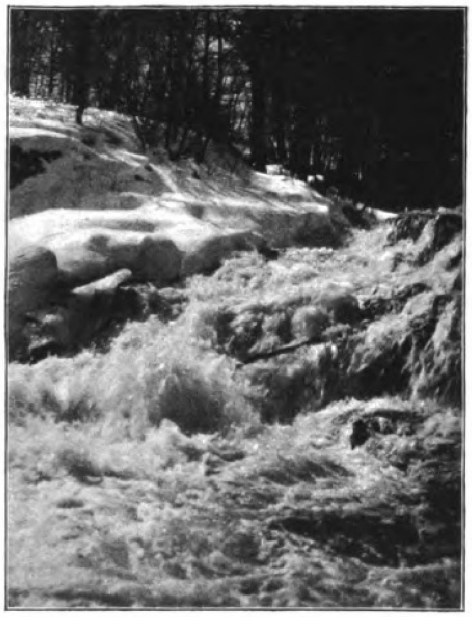
100. Landing of the Boats. tion).
101. The Street Paver.



No. 114. J. F. Strauss.

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No. 39. Dallett Fuguet.

102. St. Paolo (Venice).
103. A Venetian Gamin.
104. Snow, Foreground Study.
105. September.
106. The Net Mender.

Stoiber, A. H.

107. The Seine—Paris Exposition, 1900.
108. Sunset in the Harbor of Venice.
109. Under the Arch of Titus, Rome.
110. Monte Carlo in a Spring Shower.
111. Sunset in the Harbor of Venice.

Strauss, John Francis.

112. The Inlet.
113. Dunes.
114. A Winter Torrent.
115. A New England Village.
116. Towards the End of Winter.

Tompkins, B. V.

117. The Old Birch Tree on Cotton Hill.

No. 88. Arthur Scott.

White, Clarence H.

118. Ring Toss (loaned by Alfred Stieglitz).

Whiton, L. C.

119. Portrait.

Wiggins, Mrs. Myra Albert.

120. The Lace Maker.
121. The Gathering Mist.

Wilmerding, A. C.

122. Game.
123. Downy Paddlers.
124. Lightning at Long Beach.

No. 37. A. W. Craigie.

Wright, J. Dunbar.

125. On the Indian River.

Ray, F. S.

126. October Twilight.

Bull, Edgar A.

127. A Fisherman (Scotland).

Waterman, F. N.

128. Hammonasset Moors.

Crosby, C. H.

129. Boyhood's Happy Hours.

Berg, Chas. I.

130. My Lady Disdain.
131. Il Penseroso.
132. A Decorative Study.

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No. 57. Gertrude Käsebier.

The Members' Third Annual Exhibition of Prints.

A Few Remarks Thereon.

The members of the Camera Club do not generally understand that it does not come within the province of CAMERA NOTES to criticise the individual exhibits of the Members' Annual Exhibition of Prints.

These exhibitions were originally instituted to afford every member of the organization an opportunity to see at least one of his or her prints once a year upon the walls of the club rooms, and thus be enabled to compare the work with that of other photographers. In order to induce *all* the members to come forth from their shells, the timid as well as the more bold, the Board of Trustees deemed it advisable to pass a resolution to the effect that these annual exhibitions should not be criticised officially by either the Club Critics or CAMERA NOTES.

This was considered to be in the interest of these exhibitions, besides good club policy, as photographers generally, whether beginners or advanced, and especially those unaccustomed to exhibiting, are known to be most sensitive as to criticism of their work. When adverse, this often creates somewhat of a "feeling," even though it may be of benefit to the criticised.

For this reason the many are made to suffer for the few, as the former certainly favor honest and constructive criticism, and would like their work reviewed in these columns. These remarks are made as a reply to those who have been complaining about the "shabby treatment" the Members' Exhibitions have received at the hands of the Publication Committee. If the majority of the members are really dissatisfied with this state of affairs, let them seek redress through the proper channels by communicating with the Board of Trustees.

No. 125. J. Dunbar Wright.

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No. 109. A. H. Stoiber.

As for this year's exhibition, it is a pleasure to pronounce it an unqualified success from nearly every point of view. It must be of special satisfaction to all those who have been claiming that good example by word and deed must eventually have a beneficial effect on the Club at large, notwithstanding the seeming dissatisfaction during the year by many, who claim that the exhibitions and magazine of the Club are run in the interests of a select few.

The scope of the exhibition, although not as great as we would like to see it—for an exhibition like this should contain all classes of photographic work—is sufficiently large to prove that the members are not working in a rut, or following each other blindly. As compared to last year, the exhibition is far in advance of the one held at that time, ahead of it in every respect. There is greater versatility, a greater range of printing methods employed, a greater seriousness in selection and execution, and a more cheerful way of presenting the work, a decided reaction against heaviness in framing having set in. Then, too, more discrimination has been shown by the members in what they presented for hanging. Or is it possible that the Print Committee has used its prerogative this year and thrown out most of the mediocre work? We know that some 200 prints were submitted and only 132 hung. According to the rules, every contributor had to have at least one frame accepted. This year's exhibition was also favored by the fact that many of the pictures which Club members had sent to the Chicago Salon were returned in time to be shown. This naturally raised the average considerably, and for that reason it will be very difficult for the Club to duplicate the exhibition next year.

No. 36. F. C. Clarke.

Many of the pictures had already been seen on the Club walls in the one-man or one-woman shows, but

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only such pictures as had been shown in previous members' exhibitions were debarred, according to the conditions. This point is one which seems not to have been understood by most of the members.

The exhibition contained pictures done in all mediums, "gum," "glycerine, one-color and two-color," straight platinotype, carbon in all its varieties, artigue, bromide in its different phases, aristo, etc., etc. In this respect probably more progress is shown than in any other. In all, forty-seven members contributed one hundred and thirty-two pictures.

In selecting the pictures for reproduction we have in most cases endeavored to select those of "new talent," in order to encourage it. Naturally some of the good work does not lend itself to half-tone reproduction, and we therefore refrain from making the attempt. Then, too, in the selection, we have tried to show the range of subjects covered.

A word of praise must be said for the splendid hanging of the pictures, a most difficult piece of work, considering the conflicting colors and frames the hangers had to deal with.

No. 34. F. C. Clarke.

No. 96. S. A. Smith.

Every picture, whether important or not, was shown to its best advantage, and it was a positive relief to have heard but one or two grumblings on this point. Messrs. J. T. Keiley and J. R. Moore did their work well.

ALFRED STIEGLITZ.

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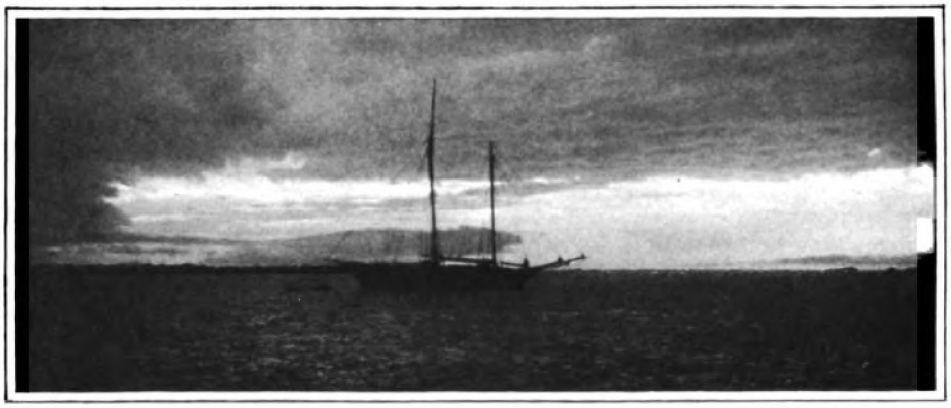

No. 74. J. R. Moore.

What Is Permissible in the Legitimate Artistic Photograph?*

In brief consideration of this subject I cannot but feel the importance of three elements as they bear upon the final deductions: First, the person judging of the results of the photographer's efforts. Second, the thing judged. Third, the one who makes that thing. These three parties are most intimately connected. The person judging influences in one way or another the one who makes the picture; the picture itself influences its maker and also the one judging. The maker of the picture influences the judge by the personality and character which he infuses into his work. The ability of the person judging I believe to be often quite as much subject for discussion as the object which he judges. His responsibility is great, and he should have care not to abuse it. Among those who "pass judgment" we have no difficulty in identifying our own selves, without thought, disregarding the old Scriptural teaching, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." However, we might, in a measure, atone for our rashness by frankly and honestly saying to one another, "you judge my work and I will judge yours," then set about the task without fear or prejudice, but withal kindly and in no regrettable way.

Apropos of this, I am reminded of judgment once expressed on the subject of classical music by one, who, though possibly not highly educated in musical matters, nevertheless possessed a faculty for expressing his personal opinion in a graphic manner. He was asked as to his idea of classical music. "Well," he said, "music is all right, and when I hear music that I like I call it good, and when I hear music that I don't like I call it classical." To say that we similarly judge pictures, or the artistic side of our work, would be instituting a rather crude comparison, and yet there might be an element of rough truth in it, so easily are we all influenced in our opinions by the prejudices of our likes and dislikes, and a hasty judgment based thereon causes us to err. We can easily convince ourselves that such judgment is not always just to ourselves, our

* A paper read before the Chicago Society of Amateur Photographers.

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friends, or the things judged, for do we not find that very often what we easily dislike to-day we enjoy a year later? Our taste and appreciation undergo changes incident to the new conditions of passing days.

Appreciation is a very near relative to judgment and must be reckoned with. Then again, to render work that shall be pleasing and legitimately artistic we must consider the judgment of those who we well know possess a higher education and broader and more extended experience in fields where we are just beginning to turn the furrows. Of course, an individual of most profound learning may, in certain instances, judge with far less accuracy than one of more limited education. But I think we will all agree that, with the higher education (it may be acquired in a garret), closer observation and broader knowledge along any line, there comes the keener appreciation and most reliable judgment. We find the same condition prevailing in the matter of music and literature. To-day the lightest and most shallow in fiction and the easy tune of "Jolly Brothers' Gallop" may please our senses and satisfy our appreciation; a year hence we may be better satisfied, through better reading and better music, with a "Vanity Fair," "Henry Esmond," "Ivanhoe" and a "Beethoven Symphony," the significance of such experiences in our taste for the beautiful in literature and music going to show how our appreciation for things artistic, pictures, if you please, may change as we make more frequent and longer journeys into places where acknowledged art is found, and we become imbued with its atmosphere. As our minds become more sympathetic our appreciation grows keener, and we find and comprehend beauties and charms to which we had previously been insensible, and of greater importance, we learn to love the human personality and individuality of the maker, whose spirit dominates the work. Let us hope that the time may soon come when a photograph by a Stieglitz or a Käsebier may be loved, not because it is the best photograph in the world, but for the reason that the spirit of a certain human being permeates the work, as we love the lines of Burns, either in ribaldry or in love. We must read and study and observe. The prices of our magazines and books are such as to bring them within the reach of all workers. Their pages are full of information regarding the experiences, observations, and experiments of others, who give freely what is worthy of the consideration of all workers. Through constant reading ideas of greatest value can often be discovered that will clear the film of many a fogged mind.

Now, as to the object of attack, the result of our efforts, the thing judged: It is often said that our finished picture, to deserve an honorable existence, must, in its finished condition, look like a photograph. Will some wise one tell me just how a photograph should look? Is Brown's conception of how a photograph should appear any indication of Smith's conception? Was the photograph of 1850 a standard for that of 1860? Was that of 1890 just what the picture of 1900 should resemble? Does the photograph of to-day constitute a die which shall stamp the photograph of to-morrow? We are all aware of seeing paintings made fifty years ago that are to-day standards of highest art—solely because those who made such pictures were artists—with an artist's taste, with an artist's training, and the pictures themselves worked out on the soundest principles of art. Not so is it with the photograph. It has had no

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such breeding and bringing up. The photograph of thirty years ago has no artistic standing whatever at the present day. It was never meant to be a work of art. Only within comparative recent years has there come to the photographer any ambition to be an artist. And what is the result? Why one of Mrs. Käsebier's or Miss Watson's portraits will be a work of art fifty years hence, just as it is to-day. It possesses the true qualities of art—qualities that endure, and which are indigenous to the artist's temperament and training in art. God alone can help us in the acquiring of the temperament—the training is within the reach of each of us—we must get it in some way. It is for us to study and dig, as other art students do. This work is not to be trifled with in any do-little, do-easy style. We must get right down and sweat. To simply say that our finished work should look like a photograph, in order to escape being a hybrid, is the sheerest nonsense. To say that no effort should be made to reproduce the technical effects of painter, sculptor, or the other well known classes of workers, I believe, is perfectly correct, for it means honest and consistent work. As our art stands to-day, in its condition of evolution, it is far less arbitrary for us to make the claim that it should not be of a certain form than that it should be within certain measurements. After all, I cannot but believe that there is a good deal of unnecessary worry assumed in connection with a consideration of this subject, of what is legitimate in our art. The individual taste is bound to dictate the modus operandi of the worker. One's taste might promote the enjoyment and appreciation of a certain line of work; any effort to produce work, of such a nature; would not yield satisfactory results unless such taste and appreciation were satisfied. Success may be finally attained by use of various methods and media, which the worker is capable of handling, and the result is, I believe, thoroughly honest and artistic, if, besides satisfying the best taste of the worker, it is in harmony with the good taste and judgment of those more capable than the maker in the criticising of the product of his labor.

The picture has the right of appeal from the judgment of the lower court of a limited experience to the higher court of greater artistic learning, for it is within the jurisdiction of such a tribunal that the fairer opinion, based on a broader knowledge, more thorough understanding and keener appreciation, can be had.

Our picture is good or bad. It is rendered by the camera, after the style of the impressionist or the purist, in good or bad taste, as the case may be. To be a good picture, by either style, it must possess qualities that will please the eye, and appeal to the appreciation of those familiar with pictures and capable of understanding them. Without such qualities it will come very near to being a bad picture. Generally speaking, these qualities would probably be composition, feeling and expression. The composition should show such a construction as we would call the plot of the play or story; the feeling, the degree of personal interest felt by the worker when he made the picture; the expression, shown by the clearness with which the maker communicates his impression of what was before him; in this sense all pictures should be more or less impressionistic. In the matter of artistic composition we again find the demand made upon us to read, study and observe if we would succeed. There are

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BY THE WAYSIDE

From a Carbon Print

By Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.

(New York)

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certain rules of composition governing the arrangement of form and line, light and shadow, which are considered as best insuring pleasing results—involving principles found to prevail in good pictures. Constant study of these rules and their varied application will result in such an understanding of them that we will find ourselves conforming with their requirements almost unconsciously, and at just that point we are beginning to infuse into the work something of that feeling, expression and individuality that provide so vital a quality to the artistic picture. An expert whist player has told me that a thorough understanding and accurate application of the fundamental rules of the game is absolutely demanded of the student, but that the highest proficiency is attained and the greatest pleasure is derived when the player becomes so skillful as to know just when to violate or modify the application of those rules. A student of telegraphy once explained to me how, when he was studying and applying the alphabet he resorted to spelling out, by telegraphic symbols, all words that his eyes fell on as he walked along the streets, in a measure looking at everything in a telegraphic sense; for a long time he jerked away at his key in a mechanical way until finally it became easier—the letters were made more smoothly, he hardly knew that he was making each character, and then he discovered that he was acquiring a certain style, or touch, in his ticking and dashing, and finally he could recognize the styles of different workers along the line. In other words, he began to appreciate the presence of feeling and expression connected with the work.

In music, so familiar does the player become with certain rules and principles of harmony that he is able to vary and modify them, and yet produce most pleasing melodies, and combinations of chords thoroughly delightful. Sometimes the harmony is so close and subtle that to the untrained ear discord seems to have been produced, when in reality the keener musical sense discovers only the legitimate musical and artistic. In literature we find a similar condition, going to show that, in general, the legitimately artistic must show evidence of intelligent understanding of the underlying principles of the accomplishment, sympathetic feeling toward the subject, and an interesting expression of that feeling. The thought as to how these requirements can be attained in our pictures brings us to that third element which occurred to my mind in connection with this subject, viz., the photographer. How is he to produce pictures that will meet the favorable judgment, not only of himself, but of those possibly more skilled in considering the results of his labors? How is he to produce a truly artistic thing? He has his camera, plates, chemicals and printing paper. To be sure these media have their limitations, but such is the case with the facilities attached to the other arts. In the first place, no matter what his style of work may be, his picture must possess pleasing composition in form, line, or lights and shadows. In accomplishing this some of the better known rules of composition we may find apparently disregarded by some workers. If this be so and the picture is still pleasing, it is probably a case where the worker has originated some individual scheme of composition, in good taste and harmony and with an artistic result. New compositions are being continually discovered and invented—some successful and some unsuccessful. In the treatment of the composition there is brought out the style of the worker in communicating his

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feeling and mode of expression, and herein we find the purist and impressionist. I cannot see why there should be these distinct classes of workers, and doubt if they really do exist, practicing these two styles exclusively. That is, for instance, impressionists who are such in all of their work, as is the case with some painters. Various articles written on the pictures of the present day seem to make it more necessary for the impressionist to defend his position than for the purist. Of course there are numerous pictures rendered in this impressionist style, and it would seem that such method possesses merit when consistent with the nature of the subject, and when carried out in good taste—and there is the pinch—the different points of view from which the subject is viewed by a number of people—and their varying tastes. We are compelled to judge of many such pictures when we do not look upon them at all with the same understanding as the workers who made them. As a general thing, they are not so quickly or cordially appreciated as their companions of the purer type. Their meaning may not at once be clear; they may require explanation. There are many gems of literature that we only learn to admire and to love after their true meaning has been made known to us. To possess merit we must put more into the impressionist picture than a mere blurry, fuzzy appearance; in some deeper and more subtle way the treatment must be consistent with the subject, and disclose the serious intent of its maker. Mrs. Cameron's portrait of Carlyle, thoroughly impressionistic, conveys, through its great masses of lights and shadows, and in rough outlines, a thousandfold more of Carlyle's great rugged nature than would a portrait of a purer type, and yet what a travesty on portraiture would be such impressionistic rendering of an up-to-date business man. But in making use of this particular method of expression, I doubt very much the real efficacy of the out-of-focus treatment. By out-of-focus I mean that decided fuzzy, flurry effect with which we are all more or less familiar, not to a slight and pleasing softness that really does not disturb outline.

I believe it is a step in the right direction and that it shows most praiseworthy intent on the part of many, but I do not think it quite attains the desired end as a general thing. In idealizing the human face or figure to represent some sentiment of vagueness, the out-of-focus treatment does seem to produce an artistic and legitimate effect. Such result appears to be due to the strong carrying power of such masses as the face and figure in spite of indefinite outline. But in nature studies I am more skeptical of the usefulness of this method. Living in the midst of landscape material, I have been tempted to search nature most carefully for the last few months, trying to see out-of-focus effects, but I do not find them—maybe I am color blind. There is no difficulty in discovering certain conditions of softness, indefiniteness and vagueness, but such qualities seem to be caused by certain conditions of atmosphere surrounding the object, not by such a condition of the object itself as out-of-focus method causes; the latter does not create atmospheric conditions; instead of so doing, it tends to destroy the actual structural condition of the object we would picture. In such a case as this I believe the truly legitimate method of picturing the effect is to make the attempt when just the right natural conditions exist, and picture these conditions just as we get the other parts of the picture.

Although in many impressionistic paintings there is a certain broad, blurry

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effect, still the brush seems to impart a certain quality of definiteness to the vital parts of the picture that seems to be lacking in a photograph made with the out-of-focus effect. I have looked into the woods at times when the heaviest haziness and dimness of outline prevailed, but have found no such effect as the general out-of-focus treatment gives. There is a difference between this effect and softness and delicacy. We find in nature masses which seem to disclose little, if any, of the detail which goes to make up those masses, and yet the masses themselves appear to possess a certain definiteness of form without a blurry effect. I am inclined to believe that if we desire softness, or to destroy minuteness of detail, we can attain more legitimate effects through clever printing than by resorting to the out-of-focus treatment. Then again, in developing, intensifying, reducing and retouching, we have access to mediums that are of great value. As to what extent these and other manipulation are to be resorted to there is no law governing except that of good taste. If we are forbidden these various practices, by which we would make our work more attractive, there is at the same time demanded of the photographer a perfection of mechanical and artistic skill that is not required of workers in the other arts—a skill well-nigh unattainable. We would be like race-horses urged on with the spur and held back with a curb-bit. If the ethics of the art, which I believe to be the case, grant permission to spot a pin-hole on the negative, I believe that any other liberty is allowable, so long as the finished print does not show marked evidence of the work. If it is right to spot a pin-hole or dust-mark it is generally right to spot out a freckle, to modify a shadow or a high light. Jones cannot work up his negative and at the same time tell Smith that he must not work his print, nor shall Jones say that his silver print is proper, while Smith's aristo, Brown's platinum and another's gums are all improper, simply on account of the mediums. Any clever method of getting the best results in negative or print, I believe, is perfectly allowable, restricted only by the demands of good taste, and when the results do not show an effort on the part of the worker to make an etching or a painting, or some other form of picture.

Just what component parts one may use to make up a legitimate artistic picture it would be difficult to say, so often do results contradict our calculations and anticipations. All through the great and mysterious process by which the photographic picture is produced there have been discovered and invented various means for the securing of better results, and according to the use to which we put them, whether to obtain pictures of the pure or the impressionistic type, will the results be artistic or inartistic to the cultivated and educated taste, for such must be the standard by which we must measure our merits and shortcomings.

It is only within the past few years that the photographer has known aught of success or of failure. He has had no lofty ideas of higher attainment, and has not realized his shortcomings. He has had no lofty ambitions, and has consequently known no Waterloo defeats. But recently we have come to knock at the door of the great abode of art; there has come to us some keener perception of the difficulties that have beset the paths of those following the other arts. The seriousness of purpose and conscientious endeavor that marks their efforts must be ours to emulate. The tasteful use of what is already at our disposal, and a care to discover and invent what may be of still greater use, will make us sharers in the art whereby is honestly pictured the great beauties of nature as we find them in the human face and figure and out under the blue skies.

W. B. DYER.

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Glasgow Recognizes the Possibilities of Photography.

In the Glasgow International Exhibition, to be held during the summer of 1901, it is intended that the Fine Art Section shall be a feature of special prominence and importance. The beginning of the twentieth century will afford an appropriate occasion for reviewing the art of the preceding hundred years, and it has accordingly been determined by the Executive Council of the Association that loan collections of pictorial works shall be formed, with the view of illustrating the progress of art during the nineteenth century.

The new Art Gallery and Museum Building, which is to be the future home of the Art and Science Collections of Glasgow, will be entirely devoted to the purposes of this section.

The Art Section will be entirely confined to the works obtained on loan, and will embrace the following divisions:

1. Oil Paintings of the Nineteenth Century.
2. Water Color Paintings and Pastels of the Nineteenth Century, and Miniatures.
3. Sculpture and Architecture.
4. Works in Black and White.
5. Photography.
6. Art Objects.
7. Scottish Archæology and History.

Mr. J. Craig Annan, a household name in the world of pictorial photography, has been appointed to take charge of the photographic section. Mr. Alfred Stieglitz has been requested by him to select fifty to sixty American pictorial photographs, representative of the very best that the United States can produce.

Glasgow, one of the leading art centers of the world, shows itself to be decidedly more progressive than Paris, in that it recognizes the possibilities of pictorial photography as an art. It therefore deserves earnest and sincere support, which it will undoubtedly receive from all parts of the world. That will ensure Glasgow the finest collection of pictorial photographs ever gotten together.

Mr. Stieglitz has already set to work to collect the American pictures, which will be ready for shipment early in December.

In our next issue we shall publish a complete list of the American selections.

Mr. F. Holland Day, one of the foremost of this country's pictorial photographers, who for some years or so has been following photography in a semi-professional way in Boston, has decided to establish himself professionally in London for a year or two. Mr. Day has now opened a studio there and may be said to have joined the ranks with a vengeance. We all wish him the success that such an earnest worker and enthusiast deserves.

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The Philadelphia Salon.

It is sincerely to be hoped that all those actively interested in pictorial photography will send some of their work to the coming Salon. The Philadelphia Salon is to this country what the Dudley Salon is to London. Its importance increases with years, and to have had a picture hung in this year's exhibition will be an honor indeed, for the standard will be high, higher than heretofore, but that ought certainly not to frighten the sincere and conscientious plodder. Dame Rumor has it that the exhibition will be a great success. A feature of the coming exhibition will be its special invitation section, which will contain, besides the work of the Jury of Selection, exhibits by Messrs. J. Craig Annan, Puyo, Demachy, Hinton, Calland, the Hofmeisters, and one or two others, who have been invited to send special exhibits.

Proceedings.

At the regular meeting, June 12, President Murphy in the chair, routine business was at first transacted. The Treasurer reported a balance on hand of $4,410.49.

Mr. Murphy reported for the Board of Trustees, and also announced that the following committee had attended the funeral services of our fellow member, Arthur Scott, on May 13: Messrs. W. D. Murphy, A. P. Schoen, Dr. Charles W. Stevens, Dr. R. H. Devlin, H. Coutant, W. A. Fraser, H. B. Reid, A. W. Craigie, R. L. Bracklow and A. M. Lemercier.

Mr. Murphy also announced that Mr. J. Wells Champney had been elected by the Trustees as Vice-President, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Alfred Stieglitz.

Prof. Newton Harrison exhibited his Patented Portable Photographic Dark Room. The meeting then adjourned.

Club Entertainments.

On May 10, Mr. George B. Wood, of the Salamagundi Club, a painter by profession, and an amateur photographer of quite some repute twenty years ago, delivered a lecture, "The Camera in the Hands of an Artist," illustrated with slides. Truly, the title of the lecture was promising enough to pack the hall with an expectant audience, who had come to listen and to learn. Unfortunately the title had been misinterpreted by the majority who had come to learn; a serious lecture had been expected, while Mr. Wood treated the subject from an entirely different point of view.

"One of the Mouths of the Mississippi," a young negro boy biting into a watermelon, will illustrate the general tone of the lecture. A. S.

On May 17 Mr. Gilbert Ray Hawes entertained the members and their friends with a talk entitled "Snapshots Taken on a Cycling Tour Abroad."

By the death of Arthur Scott, who died of peritonitis on May 11, the Club lost one of its most valuable members. Mr. Scott was not only an active and capable worker in the various branches of photography, but was always ready to assist the Club in lending a helping hand whenever required. With his quiet, modest and unassuming manner, he was popular with one and all of his fellow members. His loss will be keenly felt.

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Club Items of Interest.

Mr. J. Wells Champney, who was unanimously elected Vice-President by the Board of Trustees, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, has sent word from Paris that under no consideration would or could he accept the office, although fully appreciating the honor the Board of Trustees wished to bestow upon him. Mr. Champney is an old member of the organization, and exceedingly popular. It is therefore to be regretted that he has found it impossible to serve.

The general dissatisfaction with the unsafe light in the dark-rooms induced the Board of Trustees to appoint Dr. L. Waldo and Mr. W. A. Fraser as a special committee to look into the matter, and remedy the evil, if possible. The rooms are perfectly safe now, and he must be an inveterate kicker who will have any further complaint to make in that direction.

Mr. Woodbury has taken the bull by the horns, and with the aid of the Chairman of the House Committee, has seen to it that the photographic apparatus of the Club ceased to be simply ornamental; it has been put into working order. Photographic apparatus (especially when public property), needs constant watching and overhauling. and in this respect the Club has heretofore been hardly up-to-date.

The Presidential Print Prize Cup has become the property of Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, he having won it the necessary three times, as prescribed by the conditions of the donors, to entitle him to its ownership.

✝ ✝ ✝

Exhibition of Prints by Eva L. Watson.

(April 13-24, 1900.)

Following the club auction and fake exhibitions Miss Watson's wall display of prints came as a very decided relief to all those who take pride in deriving pleasure from seeing the club's exhibition wall space present a refined and artistic appearance. In the auction display and fake show the heterogenous and often conflicting character and quantity of the material offered made anything like a uniform or harmonious and artistic, or even passably pleasing display an impossibility. Miss Watson's exhibition, on the other hand, was homogenous in character, full of quiet refinement, markedly artistic in feeling and purpose, serious and thoughtful in its conception, and, as a whole, entirely harmonious and generally pleasing. The collection consisted of portrait and character studies, studies in composition, experiments and decorative design, flower studies, a few landscapes and one or two impressions.

About a third of the collection was framed, very simply and unobtrusively, while the unframed pictures were mounted in a way that displayed great taste and a keen understanding and appreciation of tone mass and line values, spacing and artistic proportion.

When I first saw Miss Watson's work some years ago (Philadelphia Salon, 1898), it seemed to me, taken as a whole, to be rather too spirituelle and delicate, and wanting in color. That she was able to produce strong, deep toned work, full of life and force, was proven beyond a doubt by her "Mother and Child" and one or two other examples, but taken as a whole, there was a certain paleness about it that bespoke in their maker a very strong tendency towards the purely fanciful as opposed to the purely mundane and physical. Somehow it seemed to disregard life as such, and to forget entirely the beauty of its physical force in the contemplation of the scope and character of its disembodied, soaring fancy. It showed a poetic appreciation of the highest order, and a singular sympathy with the more delicate beauty of nature that only passionless sorrow or suffering of some kind can key one's nature to an accord with. In the case of the present collection, which contained many of the Philadelphia Salon prints of 1898 and 1899, as well as quite a number of additional pictures, I had much the same feeling about Miss Watson's work.

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Her appreciation of the more delicate side of nature was clearly shown in the flower studies, which were singularly impressive and beautiful; indeed, in the entire photographic world I know few who can approach her in this. The most popular picture of the collection was a portrait study of a young girl, very charmingly rendered (see January Number, 1901), while the most striking and original composition was generally conceded to be the "Mother and Child" picture reproduced in this number, and one of the pictures which first attracted public and general attention to Miss Watson's work. These two pictures, together with several others, comprised the finished and best pictures of this collection. The other pictures were largely experimental, each, as it were, testing the value of a certain tone, or the pictorial character of a certain conception or feeling, or the notanistic quality of certain massings of light and shade.

Note after note was struck, and but for an occasional discord, and sometimes a slightly false vibration, everything rang clear and true; but it seemed as though the player, to carry out the musical metaphor, was vaguely conscious of a still grander harmony, and dissatisfied in this consciousness with all that had already been accomplished (even in the most finished work), was waiting with confidence and patience, the moment when it would be possible to make the low, illusive echo of inspiration roll forth into a splendid volume of resounding harmony. In other words, while this exhibition was perhaps one of the most even and generally refined of any of the year, and while it contained some splendid examples of finished work or a high order—both the finished and the unfinished work indicated a striving after something still beyond and unexpressed; something full of immortal vigor and splendid beauty, something, in short, that is not only delicate with the charm of the flower, but vibrant with the vigor of passionate, splendid life. This collection, which was the last of the regular monthly exhibitions arranged for by the Print Committee, for the season of 1899-1900, was well attended, and a fitting close to one of the most successful and brilliant series of individual exhibitions ever held in America. In the interest of the Camera Club, in which every member should take the greatest pride, and wish to see foremost in all photographic matters and events, it is to be hoped that the standard thus set will be lived up to and advanced, for it would be rather humiliating, after all that has gone before, to move backward instead of forward.

JOSEPH T. KEILEY.

L'Homme Qui Rit.

The publication in the last issue of CAMERA NOTES of the burlesque efforts of a certain incognito originally printed elsewhere over the pen-name of "A Smiler," has brought about a very marked change in the status of their authorship. Previous to their appearance in CAMERA NOTES these innocent effusions were like literary waifs, the author of whose being seemed either afraid or ashamed or for some reason unwilling to acknowledge his offspring. Subsequently they have come to resemble those who having acquired sudden wealth or fame, are bewildered and astonished by the number of hitherto unheard-of persons who wish to prove their close relationship.

Since the publication of these productions in CAMERA NOTES any number of persons have come forward as claimants of the honor of their authorship, who, like the Tichborne impersonators, are all of them quite prepared to prove their identity by certain indisputable marks and signs.

One correspondent, to prove his claim, sent what he declared was the original manuscripts of the productions. It was quite sufficiently soiled to lend some color to the claim, and it pained the editors of CAMERA NOTES to be compelled to disallow the claim after the very evident trouble the claimant had been put

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to, to support it; but, unfortunately, there was no other course, as the verified manuscripts presented the text as set up in the CAMERA NOTES edition, showing the identical spacing, etc. Another gentleman, this time the editor of a certain little photographic publication, who is rather fond of preaching "editorial courtesy" in his valuable columns, moved either by a motive similar to that that prompted William T. Stead some years ago to try and prove that a series of articles published in different parts of Europe over a certain signature, could not have been written by one person; or through a desire to divert suspicion to himself, referred to certain observations anent the "Smiler" articles that appeared in the last issue of CAMERA NOTES, which he had both misread and misunderstood, in language not generally considered of a most courteous character, and did his best to appear superiorly knowing upon the subject.

While still another aspirant, writing us from a little country township, favored us with a letter of introduction to himself as the only author of these "Smiler" articles. This gentleman committed the indiscretion of addressing us on his father's legal note-paper. The writer is evidently very youthful and entirely unconscious of the impropriety of this, but it would be well for the parent's professional reputation, if in the future, he would keep his letter-head paper out of reach of his hopeful namesake, as the letter received by us would disgrace even an unpolished and crude Eastern-Sho'-law-student with no other quality to recommend him than his effrontery. The character of this letter, were other proof wanting in this particular instance, was more than enough to negative the claim of its writer to the authorship of the "Smiler" articles, for they, at least were *clever*. It is related of this youth, that he was so carried away by his dream of authorship, to call it by no more medical term, that he had visiting cards printed on which he was designated as the *real* author of the "Smiler Etudes," and that, armed with these, he made a pilgrimage from his peaceful rural home to a number of our metropolitan photo-editorial offices, and that in the case of those editors that he knew of, but could not visit, that he mailed to each one of these cards, with the CAMERA NOTES comments on the cleverness of the "Smiler" productions printed on the back. Others again, though not charged with having written the articles in question, have endeavored to divert suspicion to themselves by entering a denial of their authorship of them.

Almost daily some new claimant has appeared, bringing or sending "absolutely convincing proof" of the verity of his claim; but the editors are forced to confess that none of these evidences thus offered possesses much weight. All this calls to mind the words of the eminent jurist Bentham apropos of false confessions and certain of the motives that prompt them: "Vanity," he observes, "without the aid of any other motive, has been known (the force of moral sanction being in this case divided against itself) to afford an interest strong enough to engage a man to sink himself in the good opinion of one part of mankind, under the notion of raising himself in that of another.

"False confessions from the same motive are equally within the range of possibility, in regard to all acts regarded in opposite points of view by persons of different descriptions. I insulted such or such a man; I wrote such or such a party pamphlet, regarded by the ruling party as a libel, by mine as a meritorious exertion in the cause of truth; I wrote such or such a religious tract, de-

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REWARD

Offered for the Identification of the Amanuensis of the "Smiler Etudes"

THE REWARD TO CONSIST OF: THE ADVERTISING PAGES OF THE *British Journal of Photography* FOR SIX MONTHS, TOGETHER WITH ALL RELIABLE EDITORIAL COMMENT IN PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHILDE BAYLEY; ALL THE BACK NUMBERS OF *Wilson's Magazine*, (OCTOBER, 1900—JANUARY, 1901) EDITED BY JOHNNY DUAL TENNANT, ALSO A BOUND COPY OF MR. TENNANT'S MOST ENTERTAINING EFFORT IN FICTION, "THE CULT OF THE GODLINGS, BY WM. WARD," AUTHOR UNKNOWN; A CHIP OF THE SHADOW OF PLYMOUTH ROCK IN THE SHAPE OF THE "PHOTO-ERROR"; THE LIFE-SIZE ILLUSTRATIONS OF ONE NUMBER OF THE *Photo-Lilliputian*; A FEW WICKS FROM THE *Photo-Beacon*; AND ALL THE EXTRACTS, FAVORABLE AND OTHERWISE, ABOUT MESSRS. KEILEY AND STIEGLITZ, TOGETHER WITH THEIR PORTRAITS AS SIAMESE TWINS, EXCLUDING HALO. ALL THIS IS OFFERED FOR THE ABOVE IDENTIFICATION. CALL WITH PROOF.

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fending opinions regarded as heretical by the established church, regarded as orthodox by my own sect." Commenting upon the above, Best writes in his work on evidence:

"False statements of this kind are sometimes the offspring of a morbid love of notoriety at any price." While the editors have found some amusement in all this they feel but small interest in, and have made no statement concerning, the identity of the amanuensis who wrote the "Smiler" articles, but for the benefit of their many *friends* who have shown such warm interest in the matter, especially those who have been good enough to suggest that the "Smiler" articles really emanated from the office of CAMERA NOTES, they take pleasure in offering an inducement for his identification, which need not necessarily be consummated by the Bertillon system.*

The over-serious attitude of many of our really respected and usually well-balanced contemporaries towards the "Smiler" and similar ebullitions has forced the editors of CAMERA NOTES to take some public notice of the situation. This they now do in the manner most befitting the case and causes, and so far as they are concerned, the incident, as is said in diplomacy, is definitely closed, and will not again be alluded to in these pages.

✝ ✝ ✝

Books Received.

Künstlerische Landschafts-Photographie translated into German from the English of A. Horsley Hinton. Published by Gustav Schmid, Berlin, Germany.

It is a good sign for pictorial photography in Germany that Mr. Hinton's excellent book on landscape photography should have already reached a second and enlarged edition. Mr. Hinton is an authority on the subject, his landscapes being amongst the finest ever produced by means of the camera. The German publisher is to be congratulated upon the good typography of the publication.

Photographic Instruction Text, by Geo. H. Paltridge, instructor in photography, Lewis Institute, Chicago.

A most useful book for the beginner, as well as the more advanced.

The American Annual of Photography and Photographic Times Almanac for 1901. Edited by Juan C. Abel. Published by Scovill & Adams, New York.

On the eve of our going to press, advance sheets of the above volume have been submitted to us by its editor, Mr. Juan C. Abel. The Annual for 1901 differs materially from its predecessors in its general make-up, its new editor evidently desiring to lend it a new individuality. It is made up of fewer, but more exhaustive, articles than heretofore, and pictorially it is more thoroughly American than in former years. It is always a most difficult problem to try and satisfy all tastes, but Mr. Abel has succeeded most admirably in doing this. The standard of the illustrations is above the average for such publications, but here and there we would have preferred blank paper to what is now supposed to adorn it. Some photographs are worse than worthless, and it is a pity that Mr. Abel should not have eliminated these few, for the sake of the others, if not for his readers. Some of the most striking pictures are by Gertrude Käsebier, Eva L. Watson, Edmund Stirling, John G. Bullock, Joseph T. Keiley, Clarence H. White, R. Eickemeyer, Jr., Charles I. Berg, Alice Austin, Robert Demachy, Zaïda Ben-Yusuf, Frank Eugene, Alfred Clements, etc. It is in the literary line that this year's volume has made its most distinct advance. The leading article, "Photography

* See annexed insert.

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and Progress," by Joseph T. Keiley, is a comprehensive and exhaustive treatise, covering the subject from the point of view of the immense part that photography has played in the history of intellectual, scientific and artistic progress. It is written in a lucid and masterly style, and is illustrated with exhaustive and valuable notes culled from the most reliable sources. This article, together with many of the illustrations alone is worth the price of the volume. It covers some thirty pages of text.

Other ably written articles are: "Natural History Photography," by W. E. Carlin; "Gum-Bichromate Process," by Henry Wenzel, Jr.; "The Training of the Photographer in View of Pictorial Results," by Robert Demachy; "Markets for Amateur Photographs," by Gilson Willets; "In the Realms of the Clouds," by Henry C. Dellery; "Doctoring the Negatives," by John Carbutt, etc., etc. An innovation in the form of "Photo-Paragraphs" will be welcomed by the readers of the Annual. Mr. Abel is also to be congratulated on having completely overhauled the formulæ published annually in the book, and which have stood for some ten years without change.

A. S.

Notes.

The J. C. Millen Manufacturing Company, of Denver announces that its chemical laboratory and all the materials used in the manufacture of its papers are again under the personal supervision of Mr. J. C. Millen. Said firm was kind enough to send us a sample of the platinum paper, which was duly tested under various conditions. The results obtained were eminently satisfactory. We would suggest that the paper be sent out in tin tubes containing calcium chloride, so that its keeping qualities would be prolonged.

G. Gennert has favored us with a copy of his new catalogue, which is full of good things. It includes many novelties in the way of imported specialties. The catalogue may be had for the asking of it.

The Folmer & Schwing Company has also favored us with one of its catalogues. This firm of manufacturers is making a specialty of high-class cameras for special, as well as general, purposes.

The Voigtlaender & Son Optical Co. have favored us with a copy of their catalogue of Collinear lenses, Telephoto lenses and Porro Prism Binoculars. The catalogue contains much interesting information.

The Hammer Dry Plate Company sends us a copy of their booklet, "The Little Hammer," containing a treatise on developing, and other practical photographic information.

Pyrol is a new developer in the market. The Committee on Scientific Research will report on the same in a future issue. G. Gennert is the American agent for the new chemical.

The Grand Prix at Paris.

The exhibit of the Eastman Kodak Company has been awarded the Grand Prix at the Paris exhibition. This is the highest honor obtainable in the exhibition, and puts the firm *"hors de concours"* in all future French exhibitions. No other American manufacturer of photographic apparatus or materials was awarded the Grand Prix, nor did any English manufacturer receive a like award.

American Pictorial Photography, Series II.

The first series of this publication having met with such success, the publishers take pleasure in announcing that Series II. is now on the press. The edition will again be limited to one hundred and fifty numbered copies. For further particulars see our advertisement and subscription blank attached thereto. Those who wish to subscribe had better do so at once, as it will be a case of *first come, first served.*

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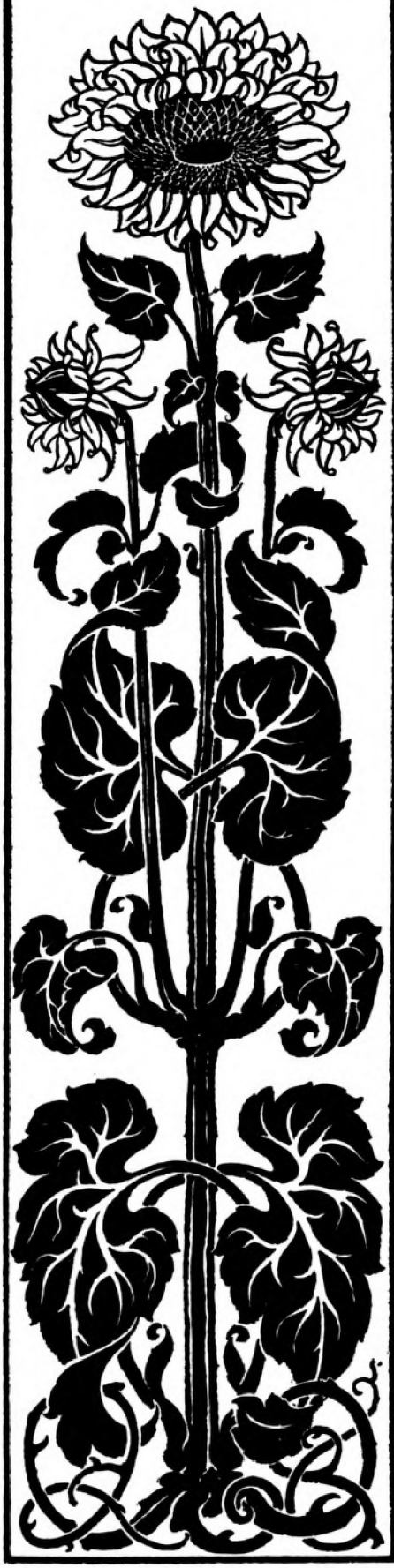

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WHITEFRIAR MONKS

By J. Craig Annan
(Glasgow)

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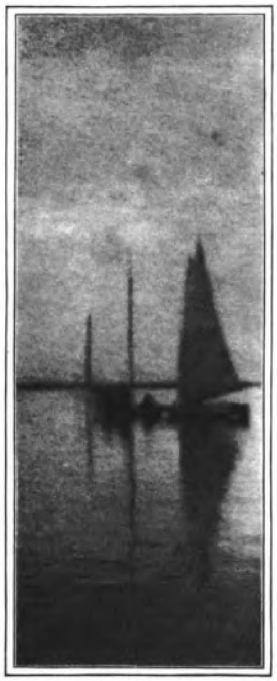

Robert S. Redfield.

Impressionism; What Is It?

Mr. Dyer's interesting article in the October number of CAMERA NOTES, entitled "What Is Permissible in the Legitimate Artistic Photograph?" contains frequent reference to the distinction between "purist and impressionist."

Without defining his use of the word impressionism, he associates with it such qualities as "blurry, fuzzy appearance," "softness," "indefiniteness," "vagueness." The inference would seem to be that impressionism involves a general idea of out-of-focus effect and blur. But, surely, this is a very inadequate, even misleading, interpretation of a term that in modern art has become so significant.

The vagueness of impressionism is mainly in the use of the term itself, as applied to a small group of painters, who against their will and with no reference to their distinguishing tenets have been dubbed impressionists. The term is far too inclusive and fails entirely to characterize their particular aims. These we will discuss presently; meanwhile glancing at the primary and then at the derived meaning of the word impressionism. In the simplest and broadest meaning, every artist is an impressionist. He strives to reproduce the object or scene as it impresses him, that is to say, as he sees it; and the way in which he sees it depends upon what he is looking for, upon his peculiar temperament and upon the complex associations stored up in his individual artistic memory. If you place a dozen artists in front of an identical landscape, they will produce a dozen different aspects of it; one laying stress upon one feature or quality, the others upon others. What each records is his impression, and so far he is an impressionist.

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But a great many pictures are not painted in the presence of nature; they are painfully manufactured in the studio. A model is posed and studied separately; another treated correspondingly, and so on until all the ingredients of the group have been arranged like the pieces in a puzzle-map. So too, less often, but not unseldom, in the case of landscapes. This and that detail are gathered from the note book, and gradually the scene is put together as a patch work. The artist has not a vivid impression-precedent, hot and strong within his brain, to which perforce he must give expression. Thus we reach an inner circle of meaning in this wide circumference of impressionism.

It distinguishes the comprehensive from the piecemeal manner of conception. The artist, impressionist in this sense of the word, has his conception, clearly seen and felt, before he starts to execute it. He is full of it, in labor with it, and must needs bring it forth, and does so with concentrated ardor and enthusiasm.

"Je peins comme l'oiseau chante," said Monet to a friend; "I paint as the bird sings"; and not, one may believe, as the canary in its gilt cage amid the crowded circumstances of a room, but as the skylark, soaring up until the earth below it is laid out in a simple pattern of shapes and colors. For this comprehensiveness of conception, antedating the execution, involves the qualities of breadth and simplicity. The impressionist allows himself to see only the essentials of his subject, the big truths of the phenomenon that he is studying, whether it be the character of his sitter for a portrait or the character of the landscape.

This is impressionism, properly so termed. It is the sense in which Velasquez is the prince of impressionists. Painter, by royal appointment, to a court the most punctiliously ceremonious in history, where every detail of etiquette was scrupulously observed, he rises above all the insistence upon little things, sees only the large side of the life, and paints in a synthesis of grand simplicity the character, manners and outward appearances of his subjects.

After all, this way of seeing a subject is the normal one. In presence of a clever man or a beautiful woman, we immediately are impressed with a personality. At first, the features and their play of expression, the physique, pose and costume, are all merged in one unified impression. Gradually, however, the character of the impression becomes more intelligible and we note details, though not as separate facts, but in relation to the supreme fact of the personality. The woman's eyes may be the focus of expression; echoed in the curves of the mouth, the turn of the neck, the poise of the hands, in the very carriage of the body and the costume, which partly reveals and partly hides it. We note these points, but it is back again to her eyes that our attention is continually drawn, and through them we peer into her brain and conjecture her quality of mind or mindlessness.

On the other hand, if we are not interested in the personality of the woman, it will be the details, separately regarded, that will very soon, even if not from the first, distract our attention. We shall con them over and very likely become absorbed in some one that is quite trivial. That a man or woman does not interest us is quite as likely to be our fault as theirs. We may lack sympathy or the power to form an estimate.

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Gertrude Käsebier.

These are the mental qualities most requisite in a portrait painter, and if he has them in full measure and they are parts of a vigorous intellectual equipment, he will almost certainly be an impressionist. He will discover the salient, fundamental characteristics of his subject, state them clearly and forcibly and compel all the details to contribute varying degrees of subordination. And his will be the portrait that stimulates our interest, gives us a feeling of intimately knowing the person represented, and in a subtle way imparts to us some of the enthusiasm with which the artist conceived and executed his work. On the other hand, the portrait which shows evidence of patient and painful elaboration of detail, for its own sake with no relation to a controlling idea, will affect us with a sense of weariness. It is too exacting, too tediously diffuse and, more than all, we miss the contagion of enthusiasm.

So, we find the fundamental principle of impressionism to be the strong, clear, well-rounded conception of the subject in the artist's brain before he begins to execute it, and that his execution will be expressed in a broad and simple synthesis of the large, basic truths. The picture is conceived in enthusiasm and with enthusiasm affects ourselves.

In this true sense the Fontainebleau-Barbizon painters were impressionists. Their enthusiasm was akin to that of the poet. They felt and expressed the poetry of nature, and always by means of a noble simplicity of synthesis; a selection from unlimited analysis, that flashes the phenomenon upon one's brain and sets the imagination tingling. Tennyson was just such an impressionist with words.

> "Morn in the white wake of the morning star
> Came furrowing all the orient into gold."

No inventory of the charms of sunrise, yet the picture is complete.

Corot's poetry is so enchanting that we are apt to overlook the poetry of

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his colleagues and to consider that "blurred" foliage is a recipe for poetical landscape. Hence the innumerable "muzzy" effects in painting and photography. Yet a little reflection must surely dissipate such a notion. Even Corot does not attain to poetic feeling by this means alone. There is the exquisite balance between the dark and light portions of his pictures, and his skies have "softness," if you will; but not the softness of velvet, impenetrable to the eye. They are vaults of penetrable luminosity; vibrating with gently increasing light or slowly growing into the slumber of darkness. Much more than softness, vagueness, blur or muzziness. Also he painted in poetic fashion many a morsel of landscape around Ville d'Avray, as clear and tenderly crisp as you see.

Then what of Rousseau's landscapes; their strong, firm ground: giant trunks and muscular branches; their bright and buoyant skies and wealth of rich color? They are the very antithesis of the list of qualities detailed above, and yet you can scarce deny their invigorating, magnificent poetry. Indistinct they may be in parts, in the shadowed recesses of the undergrowth, just as the forest itself has mysteries of shade as well as brilliantly defined contrasts; but never "blurry." The shadows are profound and Titanesque, like the lighter portions of the strongly modeled forms.

Diaz, too, would stump off on his wooden leg into some deep secluded portion of the forest and revel in the giant's play of light, as it flashed on tree trunk and glade, was flung from branch to branch and peered into the trackless shadows. In fact, with all the Fontainebleau-Barbizon group, above and beyond the synthetic method of their work and the deep, earnest purpose of representing nature as she impressed them, was this love of light. One finds it in the evening glow upon Daubigny's river scenes, or reflected on the backs of Troyon's cattle, permeating Dupré's marines, or feathering the wool on Jacque's sheep; light, in its waxing or waning, in its struggle with clouds and shadow, always as the typical manifestation of light.

Thus, while the previous conception, earnestly and fully realized, is the fundamental principle of impressionism, its distinguishing manifestation is its love of light. It is the tie which unites these landscapists to their successors; to Cazin on the one hand and on the other to the small band whom the world incorrectly singles out as "Impressionists."

These last, pre-eminently Pissarro, Monet, Sisley and Renoir, should more properly be called "Luminarists," for they have carried the study and rendering of light so much further than other painters; even than the English Turner and with another great difference, that while his canvases have blackened by time, theirs are mellowing. The fact is due to their method of work. They have profited by the researches of scientists, notably of Professor Rood, of Columbia University, and discovered the difference between color and pigments. Their minute analysis of light and color in nature has proved to them the inadequacy of pigments, as generally used, to represent them. Mixing the pigments on the palette reduces their luminosity; so they juxtapose their pigments on the canvas in separate stipples, leaving it to the eye to mix them. They substitute the optical *melange* for the *melange* of pigments.

In this aim after light, which is their distinguishing purpose, and in this separate stipple, which is their distinguishing method, there is nothing necessa-

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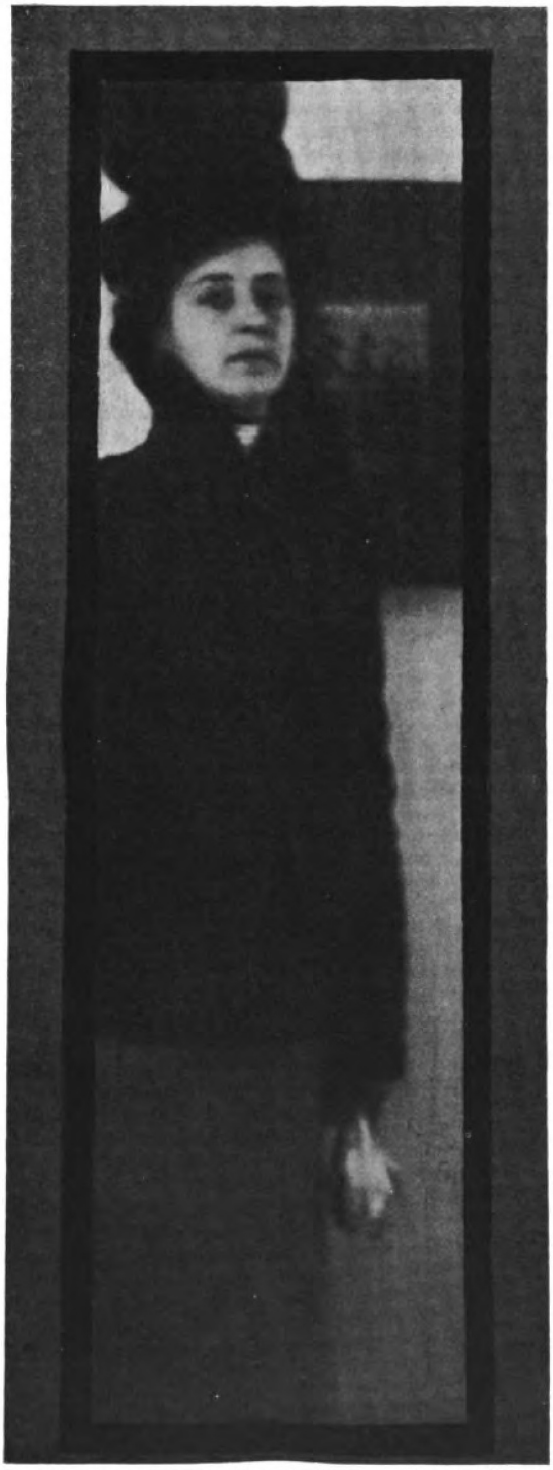

E. J. Steichen.

rily vague, soft, blurry or muzzy. I have in memory a picture by Pissarro, "The Orchard"; a quiet, clear, gray day in early spring, with fresh green buds and white blossoms on the trees, upturned brown soil, gray stone houses and brown roofs and a gray-blue sky. The ground is strong and firmly based; the trees sculpturously distinct, the houses solid, the sky clear. There is not the high light, so often imagined to be a necessary feature of these impressionistic pictures. The luminosity is gray and quiet; but there is no screen of scumbled white drawn across the picture; the gray is penetrable. It is one of those days in early spring when the sky comes right down to earth, but through it one looks far up towards a sun cooled and veiled by layers upon layers of intervening atmosphere.

Vagueness may seem to be in Monet's pictures of Rouen Cathedral, looming through the morning mist that slowly loosens and disperses as the sun mounts up. But vagueness is scarcely the term to use, for the purposes of the picture are so definite: to express the miracle of awakening light. In its varying manifestations it is a favorite theme of Monet's; but, quite impartially, he has depicted scores of effects of clear light, cooled by clouds or simmering with heat; always without blur or muzziness of any kind. Sisley, also, in his

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pictures of St. Mamme's or the Loing shows his love of brilliance and clarity of light.

With all these artists it is light in its manifestation of life and movement that they strive for, and it would seem to me that for artists of the camera there must be more to be learned from these men than almost any others. Light is the photographer's medium; while the painter seeks to represent light, the photographer paints *with* light. But he is drawing a red herring across the course of his possible progress if he confuses the pursuit of light with the obtaining of blurred effects.

It is precisely the same mistake as a painter trying to imitate the style of Corot; whereas he is not Corot and can never feel as he did. The blur, so far as Corot used it, was part of his expression, adequate for his purpose, but not a trick to use on all occasions. Corot saw the trees as blurs and so painted them, whereas another painter, with equal truth to nature sees them clearly outlined against the sky and represents them so. It is only a case of individual vision finding its own adequate language of expression. The language is not what constitutes the poetry: that quality is an antecedent and will find its own language.

I can well believe that a future for photography lies along the lines of impressionism. Through it the artist escapes the deadly mediocrity of the mechanical photograph, which sees and records everything with such relentless impartiality. Any child can touch the button; the artist desires to get away from this commonplace facility into personal, individual expression. I can imagine him viewing a landscape, forming in his mind a large and simple conception of its beauty as he sees it, exposing his plate and then in the subsequent stages eliminating and strengthening, until he reaches the synthesis he dreams of. Working in this spirit, if he has the poetry in him, he will express it in his print. If he has not, no amount of technical device can cheat us into seeing it in his work.

Only I would modestly suggest that his poetry shake itself free of shibboleths and recipes, and express itself frankly and as itself suggests. Then, perhaps, the beauty of light, clear and scintillating as well as tender and suffused, will be his theme. In the whites of his pictures he will strive for vibration, in his shadows for profundity; mere muzziness will seem like idle affectation.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

✦ ✦ ✦

To My Two-year-old Son.

I watch you at your play, my merry boy;
I echo your compelling, golden laugh.
Ah me, what sad and tantalizing joy,
To still your motion to a photograph!

F.

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Clarence H. White.

How Lenses May Affect Results.

Many years ago Ruskin defended the paintings of Turner against suggestions that these paintings were ill defined or inexact, and this very much to the astonishment of some who could only see confused and ill defined outlines in much of the work of Turner. Whereupon Ruskin retorted and compared the exactness of Turner's outlines with the exactness of surface which is essential to the performance of a microscopic object-glass. Scientific and semi-scientific critics professed to be amused at the absurdity of such a notion; but Ruskin was not a man to write hastily, and even if he exaggerated in this case it is undoubtedly true that the real boundary of a pictorial subject which is "unsharp" can often be appreciated with extreme delicacy by the trained observer. This can, I think, be understood by anyone who looks at the impression of a fine process block: the dots suggesting an outline, which outline is defined by that power of instinctively, reflexly or automatically integrating various conditions which is possessed by well trained persons in all branches of difficult human work. Per-

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sonally I do not think that Ruskin exaggerated, as it seems to me that Dove's researches on stereoscopic vision (Journal of the Photographic Society, London, May 23, 1859, pp. 294 and 297), clearly show that a difference of outline which is quite comparable in its minuteness to the permissible error in the figuring of a microscopic objective, may substantially affect the appearance of things, and may influence the delicacies of expression. Further, anyone repeating Dove's experiments, but using subjects represented by the mean or suggested outlines of the half-tone process block, will find that similar considerations hold good.

This introduction is intended to partly fence, ward off or meet any suggestion that I am considerably over-straining things in contending that the aberrations incidental to most lenses, and to all lenses of large aperture, may be—and probably are—fatal to the best, the most pictorial and the truest rendering of scenes. If any reader thinks I over-estimate the essential and unavoidable imperfection of the lens of large aperture when used for near objects, I would ask him to discount my views and to see if, when discounted, there is not enough left to merit the serious consideration of those photographers who seek to do work which shall satisfy the keenest instincts of cultured persons. Further, I would again emphasize the scientific possibility of reducing a mass of shade or a vignetted outline to an absolutely definite location; which location will seldom be in the middle of the mass or outline, just as the mean sea level will seldom cut a shelving shore midway between high-water mark and low-water mark.

The trained artistic sense, or the trained mechanical sense as developed in the workshop, will often detect errors almost beyond the power of measurement; errors far smaller than those introduced into outlines by aberrations arising from the diameter of the lens. It is easy to believe that in works of art these trivial errors tell immensely; at least when the work is seen by a competent critic. In addition, I conjecture that in order to produce a correct æsthetic effect it *may be necessary* that unsharpness should be just and exact, not random; that it should convey to the trained mind a microscopically defined outline. If this surmise is correct, the following notes on lenses, and on the nature of lenticular unsharpness, must have a very real and vital interest to the photographer who strives for artistic effect; if my surmise as to the need of exactness and truth in unsharpness is not correct, there is still a very large margin of interest in connection with the following considerations as to the effects of lenses.

Far too general is the practice of considering a lens as a geometrical abstraction, the equivalent of which can be represented by systems radiating from the so-called hinging (cardinal) points. The actual lens as constructed is very different.

If my views as to the nature of outline are correct, the pinhole must be given the first place among image-forming devices, as none of the aberrations which mar the definition of lenses step in when the pinhole is used. In the first place, the pinhole is rectilinear in the usual photographic sense of the term: that is to say, it will give an undistorted image of a diagram. Secondly, the cardinality of the pinhole, if not absolute in the mathematical sense, is necessarily confined to the area of the pinhole. In the third place, all the various distinctions of exactness arising out of spherical aberration are non-existent; and

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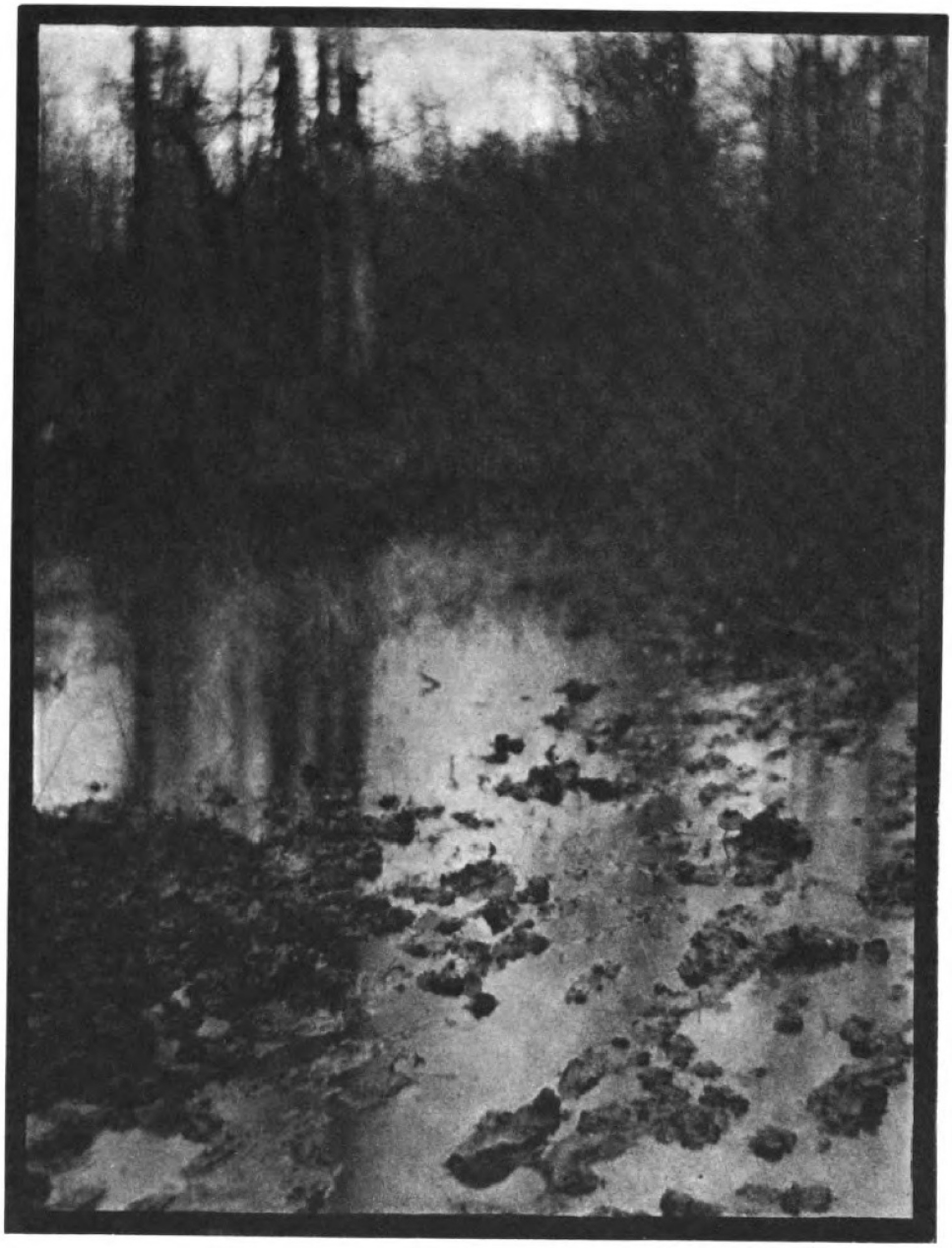

LANDSCAPE

From a Platinotype

By Edward J. Steichen

(Milwaukee)

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in the fourth place, chromatic aberration is absent. True it is that the image is more or less unsharp, according to the size of the pinhole, but the eye may locate the true outline in spite of this, and under the best conditions (a small pinhole with thin sharp edges), the sharpness may be equal to that obtained by means of a high-class lens. As the pinhole becomes smaller two counter influences militate against sharpness and clearness of image; first, diffraction or the bending of light into the shadow at the edges, and secondly, that which is very much more important, reflection of light from the inside of the tube which serves as a pinhole. If the pinhole is made with really sharp edges, so that the length of the "tube" is reduced to as nearly nothing as possible, true diffraction is, I believe, quite negligible, even when pinholes are used as small as 1/400 of an inch in diameter; diffusion, or light hitherto attributed to diffraction, having been mainly due to reflection from the inside of the tube used as a pinhole. In proof of this, and in refutation of the oft-told tale that no increase of definition is obtained by reducing the diameter of the pinhole below about one-fiftieth of an inch, I may refer to the finely detailed pinhole photographs made with minute pinholes by Dr. Jno. Vansart, of St. Louis (*Photographic News*, 1888, pp. 445, 446, and *The St. Louis Photographer*, January, 1887). Sir David Brewster, writing in 1856, said of the pinhole: "I have no doubt that when chemistry has furnished us with a material more sensitive to light, a camera without lenses, and with only a pin-hole, will be the favorite instrument of the photographer." We now have the highly sensitive surface.

This brings us to the most important defect of lenses, a defect which is inseparable from largeness of aperture, and a defect which is very pronouncedly bad in its effects when the lens of large aperture is used for a near object, as in the case of the usual studio portrait of the professional photographer. This defect is due to the fact that the lens of large aperture looks at the object from many points of view at the same time. In the portrait studio of the professional photographer it is by no means rare for lenses of three inches aperture to be used, and thirty years ago it was no uncommon thing to use portrait lenses of six inches in diameter, and in a few cases lenses or mirrors of twelve inches diameter were employed.

The effect of the large lens is best told in Sir David Brewster's own words, taken from his work on the stereoscope, published in 1856, p. 138. "We shall suppose his camera, with its lens or lenses with an aperture of only three inches, as shown at L R in Fig. 45 (our Fig. 1). If we cover the whole lens or reduce its aperture to a quarter of an inch, as shown at *a*, we shall have a correct picture of the sitter. Let us now take *four* pictures of the same person, by removing the aperture successively to *b*, *c*, *d* and *e*. It is obvious that all these pictures will differ very perceptibly from each other. In the picture obtained through *d*, we shall see parts of the left side of the head which are not seen in the picture through *c*; and in the one through *c*, parts on the right side of the head not seen through *d*. In short, the pictures obtained through *c* and *d* are accurate dissimilar pictures, such as we have in binocular vision (the distance *c d* being 2½ inches), and

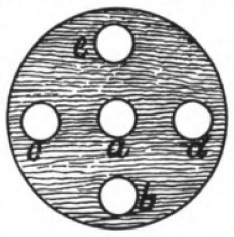

FIG. I.

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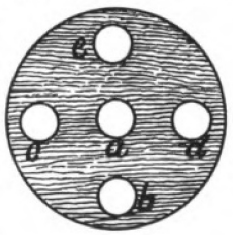

FIG. I.

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they are fitted for use in the stereoscope. In like manner the pictures through *b* and *c* will be different from the preceding, and different from one another. In the one through *b*, we shall see parts below the eyebrows, below the nose, below the upper lip, and below the chin; parts which are not visible in the picture through *e*, nor in those through *c* and *d*. * * * In whatever part of the lens L R we place the aperture, we obtain a picture different from that through any other part." In another place (p. 174), Sir David Brewster speaks of the ordinary photographic portraits as "false or hideous."

The combination of many slightly differing pictures on the same sheet comes to a very different thing from the mere unsharpness of a pinhole photograph, as no true outlines are obtained, and no average outline can possibly be found by integration. A cube, face on (the perspective or pinhole aspect of which will be a square), will show five of its six sides to a lens of larger diameter than the cube, and every small object like a stem standing out from a main object will be shown as transparent at the edges, or all over. These examples will illustrate the two main defects of the ordinary portrait as taken with a large lens. First, that peculiar over-rounding and burlesque relief of all features, which is sometimes spoken of in England as pudding-facedness, and secondly, that emphasizing of the projecting parts of the beard which results from seeing too much of the side of the cylinder; this latter becoming more especially noticeable when an enlargement is made.

Soon after the general introduction of the rapid gelatino-bromide process, it became usual to take portraits with an old style view lens, and the more natural appearance of such portraits was the subject of much comment; but probably few realized the difference as being due rather to the smaller aperture than to the lens.

It should be remembered that the large area of a lens, as giving the superimposition of images from differing points of view, is a factor mainly affecting near objects; hence the consideration of this matter is chiefly for those who produce pictures of life and character. Still it is worth while to bear in mind that if the lens has an aperture larger than the pupil of the eye, it cannot in any case see precisely as the eye sees. The modern anastigmat as turned out by the best makers, is a wonderful triumph of skill, and for copying from the flat it is as near perfection as can be expected, the impossibility of complete chromatic correction only stepping in as a practically disturbing factor when the most exact and fine copying is to be done on a scale about equal to the original, or when color screens are used; still it must not be forgotten that if these lenses are used with full or large aperture on near objects (other than flat objects), there may be deformations very destructive of pictorial character.

Before touching on other aberrations which are outstanding in most commercial lenses, and which certainly have some bearing on truthful representation, I should like at this stage to call attention to a suggestion of Sir David Brewster's as to a lens which shall sketch as the eye sees: that is to say, as one eye sees, for no single picture can show things as seen by two eyes. The lens in question is a single lens of rock crystal, having a diameter of one-fourth of an inch, and the radii of its two convex curvatures are as 6 to 1, and there must be no superfluous thickness. If the most curved side of this lens is turned

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towards the object, the spherical aberration will be almost negligible if the focal length of the lens is six inches or more; the difference between the focal length for margins or centre being but little over the thickness of the lens. This lens will also be rectilinear, and will show all things in as nearly true perspective as any lens will show them. There will be chromatic aberration, it is true, but this will in many cases be unimportant, and if the sharpest definition is wanted, it will be sufficient to bring the lens and plate nearer after focusing, by about one-sixtieth of the focal length of the lens. It will be understood that whatever the focal length of the lens the diameter is to be the same, and in all cases the depth of focus will be that which the normal eye would see with the iris at its full. A stop may be used with this lens to make it slower, but the stop must be close to the lens. This true-vision lens will be at least twice as rapid as an ordinary lens of equal focal length and stopped down to the same aperture, as the rock crystal is highly transparent to the photographically active rays.

Lenses of the kind here mentioned were used in past times by a few seekers after excellence in portraiture, Claudet, for example, and had not the need of shortening the exposure set opticians to the task of making lenses rapid above all else, more attention would certainly have been given to the construction of lenses for showing things in true perspective, or as the eye sees them. Now that we have the benefits of rapid plates it may be time to go back to the simple lens without a diaphragm at a distance; for certain purposes, at any rate. It is the diaphragm in the usual single view lens which introduces distortion.

What, then, are the other faults of the current lenses as against the simple lens? Apart from such distortion as is due to the stop placed at a distance from the single lens, the chief faults, as affecting pictorial rendering, may be summed up in one expression, "the absence of cardinality," or the failure of the various rays to hinge from a definite point.

It is obviously out of the question now elaborately to discuss a chapter of photographic optics which, strangely enough, has been scarcely touched upon by writers on this subject,* possibly because it is so easy to put forward the doctrines of Gauss in a general form, and to assume that these doctrines represent an absolute and objective truth.

Fig. 2 represents a doublet lens according to the usual popular perversion

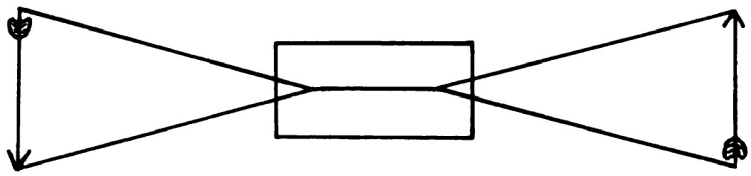

FIG. II.

of the Gauss doctrine. The rays from the object are regarded as meeting at a hinging (cardinal) point, and as being transferred in a right line to a second

* As an exception I may mention Colonel Moëssard, who in his *L'Optique Photographique* (Gauthier-Villars, Paris), 1898, treats largely of "Aberration Nodale," in its various manifestations.

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hinging point. If this state of things were as shown in the diagram, there would be no distortion owing to the size of the lens. Further, if there were absolute cardinality, the multifocal aberrations (chromatic and spherical aberration), would merely make the image unsharp; but, as it is, the multifocal aberrations cause images of differing size to be projected on the same plate, as various rays virtually start from different points on the axis of the lens; a matter illustrated in an exaggerated fashion by Fig. 3. It is quite obvious that when images of different size are superimposed we have the worst confusion; radial lines may be sharp, but tangential lines will be unsharp and increasingly so towards the margin. Such a very thin lens of small diameter, as is recommended by Brewster, will be almost practically free from nodal aberrations.

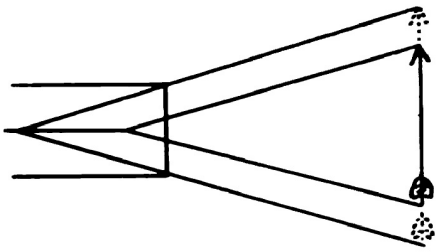

FIG. III.

It should at any rate be remembered that a lens may be as perfect as human skill can make it, for reproducing a diagram, map or other flat object, and yet that lens may not give a faithful picture of a solid object.

THOMAS BOLAS.

✦ ✦ ✦

On the Tone and Density of Negatives.

In nature there is a vast range of tones between the deepest black and the highest light, whether these are shown in color or translated into monochrome. This range is so great that it is impossible for an artist to approximate to either of its extremes. As Mr. Ruskin pointed out, even a piece of *white* paper held in good light by the window is darker than the *blue* sky without. Artists in endeavoring to indicate a greater range of tone than their whitest white and blackest black permit, have adopted various devices, some of them giving the darker tones their full value and crowding the high lights, and others crowding the darker tones and giving the high lights their full value. Others again have graded down through the whole scale evenly. The photographic worker has little or no choice. So far as his negative will indicate tones at all they are evenly graded from highest light to the deepest dark. At one end of his scale the tones are all a solid black and at the other end a solid white, with no gradation in either. The photographic worker may limit himself to comparatively few tones, which will be sharply distinguished, by making what is ordinarily called a hard negative, or he may cover a great range of tones by making what is known as a thin negative.

Quite distinct from the range of tones is the matter of gradations. In the thin negative the gradations are so slight that it is not easy for the eye to distinguish a difference in tone, which nevertheless exists, as appears when the same negative is intensified. These gradations may be deemed steps along the

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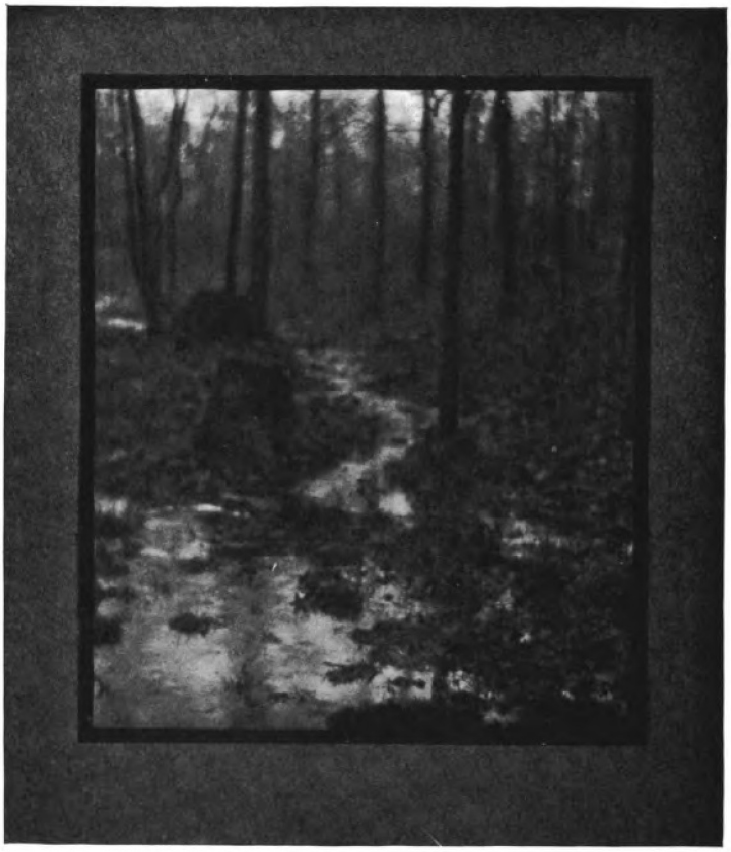

"LANDSCAPE."

BY

EDUARD J. STEICHEN.

range of tone, and correspond to the varying densities in any given negative. The intensifying or reducing of the negative does not alter the *relation* which the densities bear to each other. If the densities are to each other as one, two, three and four in the thin negative, they will remain as one, two, three and four in the intensified negative. The difference in the printing quality between the negative before intensification and after is another matter. There may easily be in the thin, ghost-like negative a greater range of tones than could possibly be made use of after the intensification has given a proper value to the intermediate range of tones contained in the negative. The chief trouble of the photographer is the false value given to the tones seen in nature, due to the fact that the photographic plate is most sensitive to rays of light coming from the violet end of the spectrum, decreasing as it approaches the red end of the spectrum until it translates an orange and red substantially into black, whereas to the human eye the brightest part of the spectrum is in the neighborhood of the orange. The attempt to remedy this evil is roughly made by orthocromatic plates and color screens, but it cannot wholly be done away with.

Aside from color screens and special plates and from various dodges in giving a double exposure to a part of the plate and in dodging the development by painting with special developer in certain parts, the operator has no chance of altering the relation of the tones which appear in the negative. Some developers

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are peculiar in their action, beginning at first to build up high lights only, while others build both high lights and shadows at the same time, but if allowed to act long enough they all come to one result. The very fact that it is possible to reduce or intensify shows that the ratios of the tones exist the same in all fully developed negatives. There is no advantage in using very strong developer except on plates which have received so little light in all their parts that they could not in any part acquire excessive density. Very thin negatives always show whatever clouds are in the sky even without the use of color screen or special plates, but if the printing is carried to the point where the clouds are well printed, the rest of the picture has become too dark. Nevertheless, this is all that can be done with the ordinary plate, and all that any photographer can hope to do.

It may be added that the range of tones which can be brought out on many of the printing-out papers is quite limited, so that one end or the other of the range must be sacrificed, much of the shadow detail coming out black or much of the high-light detail coming out plain white. The photographer therefore should have in mind the limitations of his plates and paper in this regard in judging of his ability to make a photographic record of whatever may be before his lens.

CHARLES E. MANIERRE.

September, 1900.

Alfred Stieglitz.

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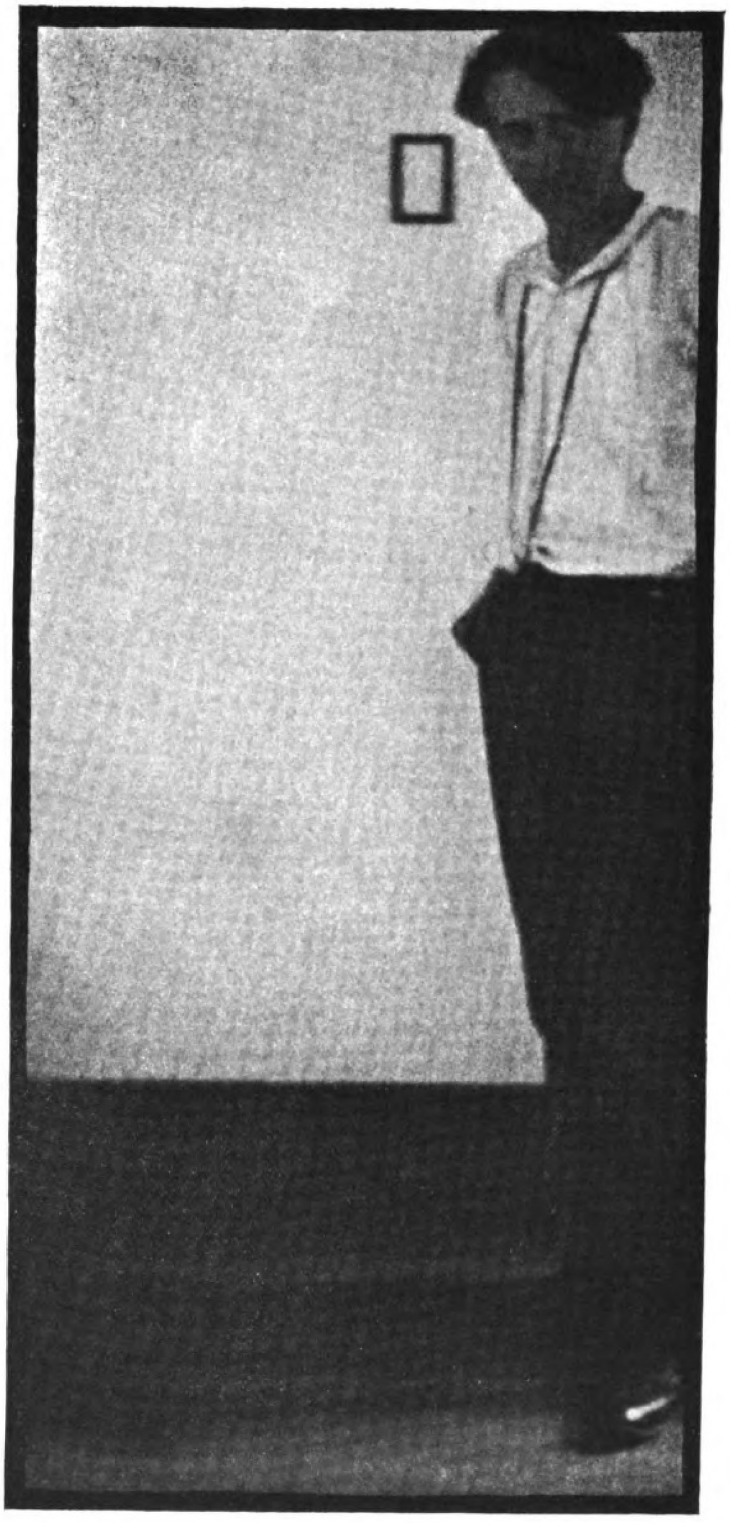

"SELF PORTRAIT."

BY

EDUARD J. STEICHEN.

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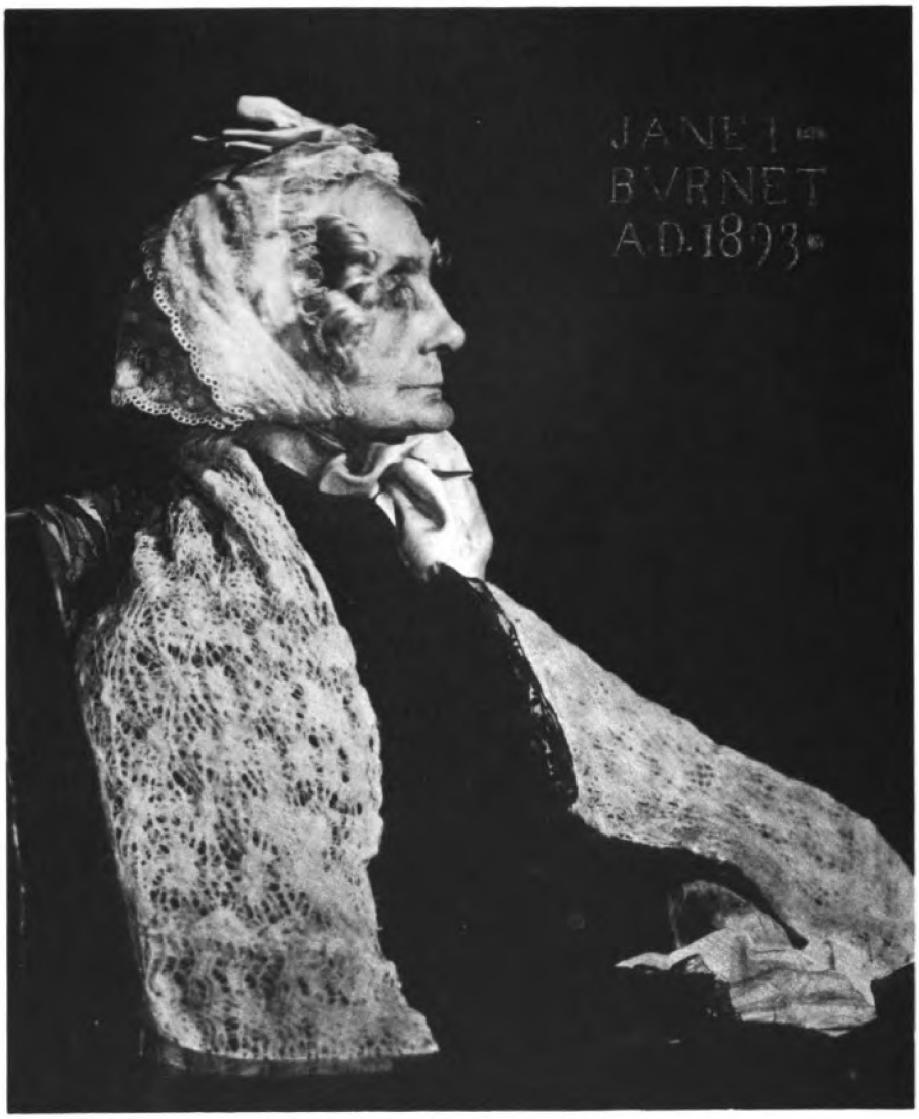

JANET BURNET

By J. Craig Annan

(Glasgow)

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The Influence of Juries of Selection Upon Photographic Art.

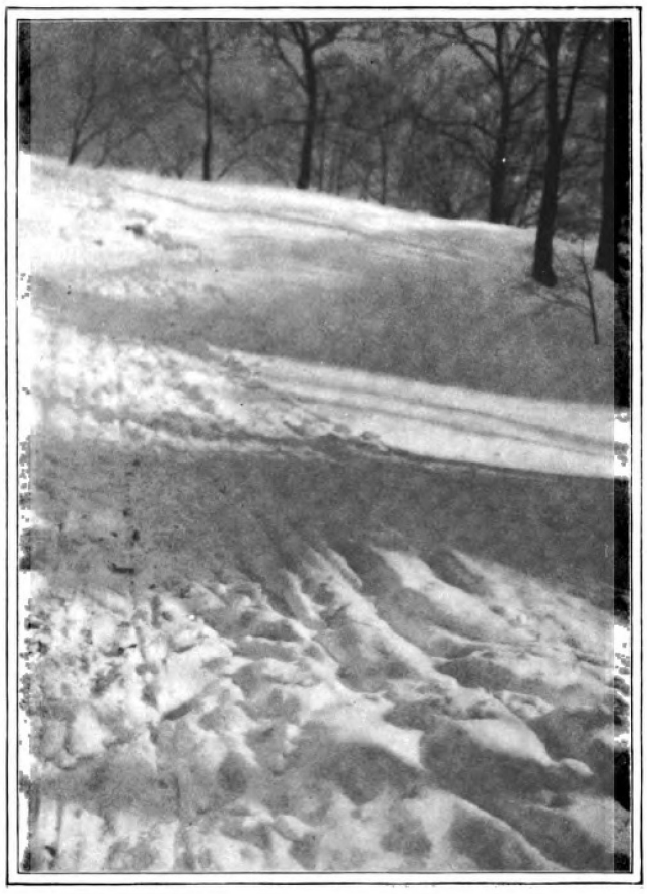
There is little doubt that the potential influence exerted by the very competent juries of the Salons of Philadelphia and of Chicago, in the selection of prints, makes the canons by which the photographers of this country shape their course toward what may be esteemed excellence and success in their work.

The effect of this influence is very clearly discerned in the one hundred and sixteen examples chosen from the thousand odd submitted this year in Philadelphia.

It may be, perhaps, not without usefulness to inquire whether the result of this influence fulfils quite satisfactorily its object—whether the greatest encouragement to real and substantial progress is attained through the means employed.

Does not the keynote to progress lie in the virility of the work?

Do the present accepted canons reach this note? Is there not something which holds it in abeyance, or perhaps exerts a tendency to lull it into complete silence?



"SNOW."

BY

ALFRED STIEGLITZ.

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An examination into the circumstances attending the judging may possibly throw some light upon the subject.

There appear to be two causes which have brought about the present conditions. The first is found in the unfortunate glare of light in which prints are judged. It is not in the nature of photographic prints to stand extremely high light. They are not possessed of sufficient substance.

It, therefore, follows that prints pitched in a very low tone, and even more frequently those of a general monotone, standing the strong light best, find favor on that account. To exemplify this suggestion let us take an instance or two.

On returning after the selections were made, one of the judges remarked: "I did not dare look at my prints in that light; for I feared I should have a desire to tear them all up." Another of the judges handed the writer a print of exceptional power and purpose, one which in real and positive merit was scarcely equaled by any of the ten examples hung by this talented exhibitor, though pitched in a somewhat higher key than most of those shown, saying: "I examined this print by the light in Philadelphia, and it went all to pieces." It was withheld, though exempt from the ordeal of trial by jury.

Mr. Alfred Stieglitz openly expresses the opinion that had his exhibit come before the jury, not more than five, or possibly six, of his offering would have been hung; and he is likewise convinced that hardly more than a similar proportion of the work contributed by the other judges would have been selected.

The other cause may be found in the composition of the jury itself. Nothing seems more just and fair than that an aggregation of judges, representing all phases of pictorial photography, should be brought together for the purpose at hand. That there were wide differences of opinion among them they frankly admit.

Let us consider the probable effect of these conflicting elements. Does it not tend toward compromise? Do not those prints, whose characteristic feature lies in the negative quality of being thoroughly unobjectionable, find a readier acceptance than those cast in a more positive mould? Is it in negative qualities that the true road to progress lies?

A careful examination of the one hundred and sixteen accepted prints would probably convince most competent observers that 80 per cent. of those selected, show the results of the influences of which note has been made.

Even the judges themselves do not escape from the effects of their own work. One of them was heard to remark: "If my prints were to go before the jury, I should not have chosen the ten I sent for exhibition in Philadelphia; for I know the judges." Was not this an acknowledgment of the powerful influence of the jury upon the kind of print which would find favor? Is it not probable that the prints thus eliminated would be those of greatest individuality, and more than likely those of fullest power and purpose? In doing this the exhibitor would efface a portion of his own individuality, in deference to his assured knowledge of the kind of print which would find favor. Is not the influence of juries, in exerting a tendency toward promoting one sort of thing, thus made apparent? Does it not limit the scope, and with it the individuality and power through whose agencies the greatest prospect of progress is assured?

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The following extract from the London *Times,* in an article on the London Photographic Salon of this year, was handed the writer by a judge of probably the widest experience of any officiating at Philadelphia, as the most just criticism yet seen of the most modern American photography, from a foreign source:

"Strange to say, nearly all the American exhibitors who show this year seem to be in a marked degree under the same influence, and possess, therefore, a sameness in color, quality and idea. There is an ever-pervading tendency toward the mysterious and the bizarre; all outlines and detail are in many cases so suppressed and lost in delicate shadow that their meaning and intention are hard to discover, and their æsthetic value is rather that they are void of offence than that they possess positive charm." * * *

If this opinion be just, does it not foster the conclusion that our present canons, made by the selections for the Salons of America, promote a tendency toward negative excellence rather than to positive merit? It is but fair to say that the American exhibitors in London were selected by one person, Mr. Day, though an examination of the list shows it to be fairly representative.

Let it not be imagined that any sort of plea for the hard and mechanical, justice-without-mercy variety of production, belonging to an earlier day of photographic work, is embraced in these observations. Nor is it to be concluded that virility may not be imparted to subjects treated in as low a key of tonality as many of the prints accepted in Philadelphia, though in a great majority of them this positive quality is anything but conspicuous, and most frequently quite wanting. Probably the road to progress lies in the line of work shown by Mr. Robert Demachy, Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, Mr. Frank Eugene, Mr. Eduard J. Steichen, some of the examples of Mr. J. Craig Annan, and a couple of the prints of Mr. Clarence H. White. To these would be added the name of Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier, if this gifted lady would elect to exhibit her strongest work, which, unfortunately for photography, she does not do.

The prints selected this year were perhaps of a higher standard of average excellence than any heretofore shown, and the judicious admixture of the contributed work among them dispersed in a measure the rather monotonous effect which, had they been hung by themselves, would have been more observable. It may be asked in what manner the present system of judging may be bettered; and the discouraging reply is ready: It cannot be bettered. So long as general exhibitions of paintings or photographic prints go on, the same difficulties will be encountered. Nor has the experience of the past provided an improvement. On the contrary, dividing into smaller cliques or lowering the standard for general exhibitors, has increased rather than mitigated the evils. So far as photographic prints are concerned, however, precautions might be taken to judge them in no higher a light than that in which they are to be shown.

It would be difficult, indeed, to select more competent, sincere and honest judges than the Salons have had the good fortune to secure; and, after all, they are but human. Let it be regarded as but a matter of circumstance that their influence should tend toward the making of a certain kind of print. Perhaps the pendulum has swung a bit far in the reverse direction from the

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hard productions of an earlier day, and now finds itself in the haze and mysticism which lead to weakness. In good season it may swing back to something in which we may hope to find more virility and power. In the meantime it would be well for all serious workers to emancipate themselves from the influences of Salons and their temporary canons. The fundamental principles of art underlie all good work. With drawing already furnished by the camera, there remains to be considered composition, tonality and atmosphere—each a big subject in itself. A master indeed is he who can perfectly combine them; but the measure of success awaiting a photographic artist will depend upon his knowledge of, and his ability harmoniously to associate them.

There will be some, though very, very few, who, having the right stuff in them, will take their own line; and they will come to the front independently of juries, Salons or other temporary canons, or in spite of them.

The others, among whom the writer includes himself, if they really love pleasure it affords.

J. RIDGWAY MOORE.

More Gossip.

We hear rumors of new developments in photographic dark rooms, as well as the fixing and intensification of recent departures.

Among other things come reports of several more or less literary all-own works that may prove of interest to focusers, as they are by several hands more or less guilty of button-shoving. These include "The Monotonists," an historical novel by a promising Neo-Decadent; "The Back-biters," a comedy by a leading song-and-dance artiste; a volume of essays, including critical estimates of "The Tempest" and "The Teapot"; a book of photographic madrigals and love sonnets, and also a revised version of "The Day's Work."

Meanwhile many photographers' tongues are still cliquing away merrily in anticipation of the proposed Anti-Art Trust prospectus. It is said there are to be offered annual dividends of two medals per share, besides a right to enter any print in the great handicap competition for the grand prize of an extra dose of bromo-seltzer. The stock will be largely over-subscribed, but the manipulators of the deal probably will not succeed in getting it listed, either in New York or Philadelphia.

For further particulars as to any of these rumors, those interested will please send their full names and addresses to CAMERA NOTES, which will do all in its power to help them in their laudable investigations.

F.

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"LADY IN THE DOORWAY."

BY

E. J. STEICHEN.

The Club and Its Official Organ.

Special Meeting of the Club.

At the request of eighteen members, a special meeting of the Club is hereby called for Thursday evening, October 25, 1900, at 8:30 o'clock, "in order to discuss the past and future policies of the Club organ, CAMERA NOTES, *and other policies."*

"All those interested in the welfare of the Club are sincerely requested to attend."

H. B. REID,
Secretary.

WILLIAM D. MURPHY,
President.

October 19, 1900.

In response to this call about seventy-five members of the Camera Club assembled in special meeting at the Club-rooms on the date set. Shortly after the hour named the President, Mr. Murphy, having called the assemblage to order, began the proceedings by explaining that under the Club's constitution a special meeting could be called by the written request of no less than ten members; that in this case eighteen members had signed the request, and that under the by-laws all discussions at this meeting must be limited to such subject-matters as were embraced within the terms of the call.

Mr. Colbron, having asked for the names of the eighteen signers, the names of the following gentlemen were read: Messrs. Alfred Stieglitz, J. R. Moore, Dallett Fuguet, John Francis Strauss, Jos. T. Keiley, H. Hoge, S. Holzmann,

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F. N. Waterman, J. Obermeyer, Dr. Goodwillie, W. P. Agnew, F. C. Clarke, A. W. Scott, Dr. Stevens, J. J. O'Donohue, H. B. Hart, L. W. Brownell, and T. O'Conor Sloane.

The main business of the evening was now entered upon by Mr. Stieglitz in the following statement:

This meeting, he said, had been called at his request. No attempt had been made to secure an exceptional number of signatures, only those having been asked to sign who happened to be about the Club-rooms at the time. To-night he had a confession to make. He had been guilty of having lied to the world. CAMERA NOTES was a lie; its tone, assumed by the public to represent the tone and standard of the Club, was in reality far in advance of that of the larger body of the Club-members. As chairman of the Publication Committee, Mr. Stieglitz felt that he was responsible for this.

Four years ago, he continued, he had submitted to the Board of Trustees a plan for a Club magazine to take the place of the then intermittently published circular of Club proceedings, which reached the members only, was unattractive in form and was relegated to the waste-paper basket almost as soon as received. This plan he had at that time so fully matured as to be able virtually to guarantee the Club against deficit, provided the Trustees would appropriate yearly for this purpose a sum equal to about that spent annually on the Club's semi-occasional circular. The magazine was planned to appear as an illustrated quarterly, and in return for the appropriation of $250 the members of the Club were to receive CAMERA NOTES gratis. As a condition precedent to his undertaking the task, Mr. Stieglitz was to be appointed permanent chairman of the Publication Committee, with absolute power to conduct the magazine as he saw fit and to associate with himself such gentlemen as he desired. It was, at that time, generally understood how very much of a hobby this project had become with him, and that he would undertake these labors with no other motive than enthusiasm for the cause and with no other compensation than the pleasure of having done the work well. It was distinctly understood by the Board that the undertaking was not to be a money-making one, though it was to be conducted upon business principles, and that the profits, if any, were to be devoted to the future improvement of the magazine, and it was agreed that the funds were to be kept separate and apart from the Club Treasury.

The Board having signified its approval of these conditions, CAMERA NOTES became an established fact. At its very beginning he had associated with himself Mr. Wm. M. Murray as his right-hand man. For two years they had collaborated, Mr. Murray doing much of the literary editing, Mr. Stieglitz outlining the policy and doing all else. Every article which was published was signed by its author, whose views it expressed, though these views were not always shared by all of the Committee.

He had earnestly hoped that the Club would become seriously interested in his undertaking and had iterated and re-iterated his wish that members would write and otherwise contribute to CAMERA NOTES. And how enthusiastic had been the response! Since its inception the grand total of 12½ pages of printed matter had been the extent of that enthusiasm which he

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had hoped to kindle. Not only had the individual members failed to respond, but the Club, as a body, had provided no means to report its lectures, nor anything more than the bare skeleton of the minutes of its proceedings. Then, too, the incessant criticism of Mr. Murray's outspoken views had become so general as to disgust that gentleman almost to the point of "throwing up the sponge." As Mr. Stieglitz refused to assume the rôle of beggar for either CAMERA NOTES or the Club, he was at last compelled to look outside the Club for articles and illustrations, and to pay big prices to get them. Still his enthusiasm for the cause was unabated, and he still believed in the future of the Club and of CAMERA NOTES. But the volume of dissatisfaction continued to swell and swell, many members believing that the magazine contained too little personal Club news, and that it should be run more nearly like a "Photographic Munsey's," forgetting that while he was willing to sacrifice time, trouble and talent for the Club, he was not ready to sacrifice his reputation. Besides, he had recognized that in CAMERA NOTES the Club had an instrument, which, if properly used, would contribute towards making the position of the organization one of pre-eminence in the photographic world.

At that time he had had the good fortune to become acquainted with Mr. Joseph T. Keiley, whose work he had seen before, and who, for years, had been laboring earnestly in photography. Mr. Keiley had called upon him for advice in some matter photographic, and had, incidentally, shown him the manuscripts of a review of the Philadelphia Salon. That article had had in it the merit of ideas, and arrangements were at once consummated to secure it for CAMERA NOTES. Shortly after this, Mr. Murray, fortunately for himself, but most unfortunately for Mr. Stieglitz, became associated with a business which compelled him to sever his connection with CAMERA NOTES. Mr. Stieglitz now found himself all alone and uncertain whether he could continue the magazine unaided. At a time when his labors had begun to bear fruit—not so much within the Club as outside of it—he had found himself unsupported by word or deed. Where should he look for aid? Within the Club he knew of no one in sympathy with the seriousness and purpose of his policy, nor with the ability to help him as he would require. While thinking over this dilemma, his mind had reverted to Mr. Keiley and his work, and in him he had recognized a possibility in partly replacing Mr. Murray. With such a consummation in mind, Mr. Stieglitz had induced him to join the Club and had put him on CAMERA NOTES. Mr. Keiley's first published effort was this critique of the Salon, and its appearance raised such a howl in that quiet city as to reach even to New York. Members of the Philadelphia Society demanded to know "who that man Keiley was, who wrote as if he really knew all about it," and charged the Camera Club of New York with being envious of Philadelphia's success. Our own Club, too, was far from pleased. A nineteen page review of the Philadelphia Show in its organ! It was incredible. But, ignoring all comments, CAMERA NOTES pursued its course. Soon, however, the Philadelphians awakened to the error of their ways and recognized that, had their exhibition been less excellent, CAMERA NOTES would not have devoted nineteen pages to a criticism of it. Mr. Keiley, too, began to be appreciated among serious workers "and those who had come to scoff remained to pray." The

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circulation of CAMERA NOTES in Philadelphia rose, from one subscriber before that article was written, to some ninety, six months later. Mr. Stieglitz's judgment had been vindicated.

In the meantime CAMERA NOTES had grown in size and influence, and with that growth came added responsibilities, difficulties and expenses, but no real support, literary or otherwise, from the Club. The Committee still found itself compelled to go outside of the Club for materials and to pay very high prices for them. Mr. W. F. Hapgood, an old member, had then joined the Committee, and, a little later, Mr. Dallett Fuguet joined the Club and the Committee, at Mr. Stieglitz's solicitation, and soon CAMERA NOTES began to create talk the world over. The Camera Club suddenly found fame thrust upon it, and was widely envied for the activity of its enthusiastic members. And how did the Club evidence its appreciation of the labors of these gentlemen? By attacking Mr. Keiley even more bitterly than it had Mr. Murray, and through these attacks reaching at Mr. Stieglitz. As Mr. Keiley's unpopularity grew, Mr. Stieglitz, too, found himself losing friends, and the growth of CAMERA NOTES in the outside world was paralleled only by growth of Mr. Keiley's unpopularity within the Club.

This antagonism to all that made for light, these covert sneers and stabs had been hard enough to bear, but the climax had now been reached. When gentlemen of this Club began to question the honesty of Mr. Stieglitz he felt it time to call a halt. It had reached his ears, through numerous channels, that a member of old standing had raised questions as to the state of the books of CAMERA NOTES, and in the presence of many had charged him with showing pictures which were not his own work. If these charges were true, he, himself, recognized that his usefulness to the Club and to CAMERA NOTES was at an end. He had, therefore, called this meeting to enable all opponents of CAMERA NOTES or of himself now to come forward and boldly to state their objections and their charges, or else to ever after hold their peace. He had not called the meeting to have the Club pat his associates and himself on the back, but to enable all who had a criticism to pass to state their position openly, instead of privately pouring their grievances into the ears of other members.

As Mr. Stieglitz resumed his seat, Mr. Young, who had twice interrupted the speaker without the formality of first having obtained recognition from the Chair, moved that the meeting adjourn. This motion was seconded, but was overwhelmingly defeated, the majority of those present having no desire to choke off discussion by resort to parliamentary tactics. Mr. J. Edgar Bull evidently voiced the sentiments of the Club by declaring that it would certainly tend to a clearer understanding of grievances "to let the pot simmer and steam."

At this point Mr. Fraser rose to speak upon a question of privilege. Referring to Mr. Stieglitz's expressed complaint that the opponents of CAMERA NOTES within the Club had gone to such lengths as to question implicitly the honesty of the editor of that publication, in that he had never opened the books of CAMERA NOTES to the inspection of the Club nor even to his fellows upon the Publication Committee, Mr. Fraser acknowledged that he was the author of this criticism, but denied that in saying this he had the slightest intention of questioning the personal honesty of Mr. Stieglitz or any of his associates upon

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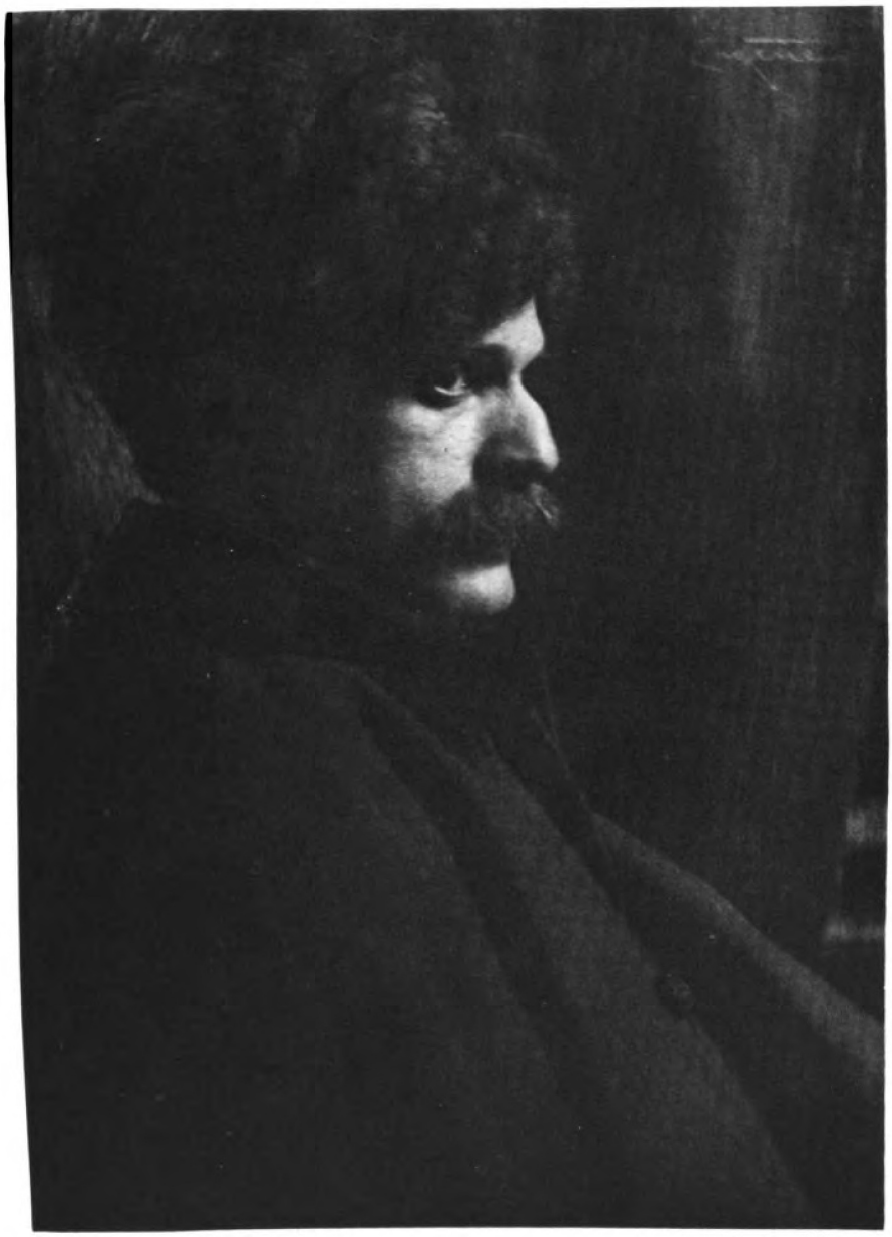

PORTRAIT OF ALFRED STIEGLITZ

By Frank Eugene
(New York)

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the staff of CAMERA NOTES. His strictures, he maintained, were directed solely against the bad precedent thus established, and not against any person. As to the statement that Mr. Stieglitz had been guilty of exhibiting a picture which could not be fairly claimed as his own work, he not only acknowledged the authorship, but still adhered to it. He had not charged, he said, that Mr. Stieglitz had ever exhibited such a picture in any competition for a medal or other honor, but that upon the walls of this Club he had seen pictures, attributed to and claimed by Mr. Stieglitz as his own work, in the production of which the latter had had no hand in making negative, or positive, or print. He had prepared an article for publication in the photographic press in which such actions were exposed and denounced, but had refrained from publishing it in the interests of peace and quiet, and, because, one of the officers of the Club, to whom he had spoken of the article, has advised him to repress it in view of Mr. Stieglitz's over-excited state and recent illness.

When Mr. Stieglitz rose to reply to this, his intense indignation was but too plainly visible. His defence, if defence it need be called, was briefly this: He thanked Mr. Fraser for his over-indulgent consideration, but did not appreciate consideration of such a kind. The prints Mr. Fraser had seen upon the wall, and which he claimed Mr. Stieglitz had shown as his own work, undoubtedly were the carbon enlargements which had been made under Mr. Stieglitz's direction and oftentimes personal supervision. How had these enlargements been produced? Had he not suggested the method to be employed? Had he not examined and criticized the transparencies and suggested the character of the enlarged negative? Had he not often been obliged to have negative after negative made in order to obtain an approximately suitable one for his purpose? Had he not then suggested how the print was to be treated? And what did this all mean; the making of print after print? These had been paid for, and most of them destroyed as useless, until at times an approximation of his ideas was produced. If these statements were not the exact truth, he called upon the gentleman who had made them for him and who was then present to challenge and refute them. And why had he not done all this himself? Lack of facility, health and time were the main reasons. He therefore wished to ask whether he had not a perfect moral right to show such pictures as his own creations in any pictorial exhibition in which there were no conditions excluding work not entirely one's own? Whose brain, he asked, had planned and conceived the finished product? Whose ideas did the result portray? Those of the man whom he had used as his tool to accomplish the ends he had planned and conceived? Those of the instrument which had physically wrought those ends? Was the product less his own than was the statue of marble the sculptor's, albeit the latter had hardly touched a hand to it? Had he entered any work which was not entirely his own throughout in any competition or exhibition for an award? Mr. Fraser well knew he never had. For twelve whole years, Mr. Stieglitz continued, while competitions and medals had been the vogue, he had preached most sincerely the gospel of "own work throughout," and he had practised what he preached. Never had he permitted a soul to make even as much as an aristo proof or to touch one of his negatives for any purpose whatever. Had he not over and over again proven his ability as a technician? Had he attempted

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to conceal the facts? Had he not rather blazoned them forth to the world? Had he not often recommended the work of the man who had made the enlargements for him to the members of the Club and to others? Had not Mr. Fraser heard all this from Mr. Stieglitz's own lips? Had he not been cognizant of all long before, and had he ever until this late hour seen aught reprehensible in it? Mr. Stieglitz felt he had nothing to conceal; the Club knew all the facts as well as he, himself, and it remained with them to determine whether Mr. Fraser's position was tenable or not. Above all, he deplored the suppression of that article Mr. Fraser had written, as its publication would have given him the opportunity to reply to it in print in the manner such attacks merited. As it was, he left the matter to the Club and the Trustees. But before sitting down, he wished to know, while this question of exhibition of pictures which were not entirely one's own handicraft was before the Club, whether the exhibition of a few enlargements produced under the circumstances as already described and shown in exhibitions, the conditions of which permitted their acceptance, was a greater or less offence than to show as *one's own work throughout*, and to accept medals therefor, pictures in which technical manipulations were one's own and the conceptions stolen in their entirety from another—in short, a deliberate, downright plagiarism? This, he thought, presented an interesting topic for a Club debate.

Now came Mr. Young's opportunity to prove to the Club that he was well versed, not only in the art of breaking the rules of parliamentary practice, but in preserving them. He rose to a point of order, and fortified with written extracts from Cushing's Manual, he proceeded to instruct the Chair that a member must not speak more than once upon the same subject. The President held that while, strictly speaking, the point was well taken, yet under the rules of the House of Representatives a member might speak twice upon the same subject, and that he would allow a similar privilege to the speakers this evening, especially in view of the fact that up to this time the Club had been violating all parliamentary usage by proceeding to discussion without there being a motion or resolution before the house. Mr. Colbron now had the floor, and declared it as his opinion that this meeting never should have been called, as, after all, it appeared that there were no general Club policies to discuss, but only some personal questions concerning CAMERA NOTES and its editors, and that compared with the Club and its welfare, CAMERA NOTES was "mighty insignificant and of no account." Mr. Manierre, being recognized, proceeded to uphold the Publication Committee in a few words spoken in appreciation of their efforts, and then offered a resolution embodying this sentiment.

This was promptly seconded, and just as promptly Mr. Young moved, as an amendment, that the publication of CAMERA NOTES be suspended. This amendment seemed to meet with as little appreciation as Mr. Young's previous efforts in behalf of the Club, as again he found himself a forlorn hope, without anyone to second his motion. Mr. Strauss now moved to enlarge the original motion by adding an expression of the Club's willingness to confide the future management of the magazine to the present committee without limitation. Mr. Manierre, having accepted this amendment, it required no seconder. Mr. Waterman, while endorsing the motion, moved as an amendment, that a committee of ten be

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appointed by the Chair to confer with the present management of CAMERA NOTES to devise some means, of whose nature he had no suggestions to offer, to procure co-operation between the Club and the publication staff. Messrs. Man and Champney urged the futility of all such committees, and suggested that at all events the resolution be divided into two parts. The appeals of these two gentlemen so impressed Mr. Waterman that he requested unanimous consent to withdraw his amendment, which was promptly granted. Mr. Young, not yet daunted by the minority in which he had found himself, now moved to lay the whole business on the table. Again no seconder. Mr. Colbron then termed the resolution, as it stood, "windy" and ungrammatical, but failed to facilitate matters by suggesting any substitute. Mr. Bull suggested that a committee of three be appointed to clothe the pending resolution in appropriate language, while retaining its full intent. This was at once seconded. The Chair now took a hand in the discussion, admitting that in doing so it was out of order and subject to a "call-down." No member having the audacity to question the actions of so august an officer as the President, Mr. Murphy spoke briefly in favor of the advisability of appointing such a sub-committee of three, and stated it as a fact that the officers of the Club had at all times done all that lay in their power to aid and to uphold the Club organ. Mr. Strauss urged that it mattered little, in his estimation, how this resolution was worded; that he deemed the Club's honest attitude and feeling upon this question the vital point; that if the Club believed in and appreciated the honesty, sincerity, ability and disinterestedness of the Publication Committee, it mattered but little in what shape it expressed such belief. The Secretary, somewhat brusquely, broke in at this point, and the speaker had to yield the floor with what grace he could, as Mr. Reid seemed determined to unburden himself at once. While apparently praising CAMERA NOTES, his words could be construed in no other way than as a certificate of merit for the printer, who had done his work so "nicely." He had been charged previously, he said, with failing to furnish minutes of Club meetings for publication, and defended himself by asserting "that at no meetings of the Club was anything ever said worth recording." The members expressed their agreement with this by liberal applause.

As it was growing late, uneasiness manifested itself by frequent calls for the question. The "Committee of Three amendment" being put and carried, the Chair appointed Messrs. Manierre, Strauss and Man to revise the language of the resolution. This committee withdrew, and soon reported, as the result of its labors, the following resolution: "That the Camera Club approves the policy of the Publication Committee, and pledges its support in the future to CAMERA NOTES."

The presiding officer now put the question on the resolution as reported, and it was passed without a dissenting vote. Without waiting for further business to develop, the Chair suggested it would now entertain a motion to adjourn, which, being obediently made and seconded, was carried, to the evident relief of many. The members at once gathered into groups, discussed the events of the evening, and gradually in little parties departed into the night. Thus ended the special meeting, upon whose proceedings comment would be superfluous and invidious.

JOHN FRANCIS STRAUSS.

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J Craig Annan.

The English Exhibitions and the "American Invasion"

The American pictorial movement has reached England with a vengeance. The distinguishing feature of the Salon and the "Royal" was the pictures by our countrymen. How they were received and what the press thought of them may be gleaned from the extracts culled from various sources and reprinted below for the benefit of our readers and for future reference. Comment is unnecessary.

We also reprint the article, "British Photography from an American Point of View," which appeared in the *Amateur Photographer* (London), written by that talented and enthusiastic American painter and photographer, Eduard J. Steichen, who is now pursuing his art studies in Paris. In this case also, comment is unnecessary.

American Pictures at the London Salon.

Thos. Bedding, Editor of the *British Journal of Photography*, says:

The eighth exhibition of the Photographic Salon consists of 239 prints contributed by 105 exhibitors. Of the latter, four are Frenchmen, who between them are responsible for twenty-two prints. American exhibitors total up to twenty-eight, and the comparatively large number of seventy examples are due to them. Nothing from Belgium, Austria, Germany, or Italy is shown. The American Section is the predominant feature of an exhibition the like of which we have not seen before, and upon which we are not eager to look again.

It is a difficult thing to take many of these American "photographs"—for so, we suppose, they must in courtesy be styled—quite seriously. With many of the productions of Mrs. Käsebier, Mr. F. Eugene, Mr. Clarence White, Mr. Watts Lee, and Mr. Holland Day, that have excited derision on the other side of the Atlantic, the pages of the American magazines and exhibition catalogues have long familiarized us, and habitual readers of the *Journal* will not need reminding that, between the months of January and August of this year, we reprinted from those publications many references to the deplorable travesties of

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photographic work which a handful of American photographers, encouraged by the adulatory writings of neurotic "appreciators," were deceived into believing "artistic" or "pictorial." These things are to be seen in Piccadilly just now, and, no doubt, some of them will be reproduced in books and annuals during the next few months. There will thus be plenty of opportunities for English photographers to examine the newest pictorial work (*sic*) that has reached them from a distance, and those of them who are sufficiently interested in the matter to keep in mind what is exhibited year by year will have no difficulty in perceiving that the productions of these very modern amateur photographers are, if anything, less defensible than the mere blurs and fuzzytypes that were mostly laughed out of the English exhibitions a few years ago. A specimen of the critical writing, which must in some measure be held responsible for the photographic inanities produced in America and now sent to this country for public exhibition, may here be usefully quoted. The critic or appreciator has taken the work of Mr. F. Holland Day for his theme:

"He is a psychologist; ever on the alert, ever seeking for this—to grasp and to express in material form the individual characteristics of his subject. What do I care for the blood flowing beneath the skin, for the network of swelling and throbbing veins? What matters the sight of the straining muscles full of life, if the invisible part, the mystery of this living being, be absent from the picture, if I cannot enter into communication with its spirit? I care not how brightly, how truly, the eyes may shine, if I know nothing of the thought, the fancy animating them. Even a flatness, or the projection of a bone, or the irregularity of a line, a deformity even, gives evidence of some habitual trait which, if at times contradictory, is, nevertheless, always full of interest. . . . . As I said before, Mr. Day's art is one of delicacy and subtle refinement. To prove this, examine carefully the figures he so delights in. His subjects are intensely alike with the inner life; they seem heedless of all that might tear them from their own secret dreamings. They make no attempt at futile agitation, but are content with the thoughtful gestures of repose, the special poses and attitudes of pensive grace, in which the artist has fixed them. Look, for instance, at his portrait of Miss Ben Yusuf. How well he has caught her habit, her ordinary way of being, 'all her little ways.' One feels at once that the artist has photographed her with his heart, if such a thing can be said. The portrait thus conceived becomes a plastic psychological synthesis of the person represented."

Platic psychological synthesis? Plastic psychological fiddlesticks! As we remarked in March last, when reproducing the article of which the above rhodomontade is an extract, the portrait so referred to was a very ordinary photograph of a tastefully attired young lady leaning against the door of a room. But Mr. Day—of whose striking figure work some few years ago we have the most vivid recollection—is not the only victim of this hysterical foolishness: Mr. Eugene, Mr. Clarence White, and Mrs. Käsebier have all been subjected to it, and, if we may trace back effect to cause, these worthy people, who can make good photographs if they choose, devote so much attention to the cultivation of the plastic psychological synthetic that they have clean forgotten all they may have known in their early days, and obviously stand in need of a few elementary lessons in posing, lighting, printing, and so forth. Are there no evening polytechnics in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia.

Those of us who have watched the drift of that new movement of which so much was said eight or nine years ago, are not astonished that it has culminated in the production of work which is the very negation of good photography. We saw it coming—this Cult of the Spoilt Print. To be in this movement you must take a negative hap-hazard and neglect all considerations of lighting, composition, definition, and other devices of the ignorant. Preferably make a portrait of some person whose likeness you may wish to bury in a mass of gray shadow. Pay particular attention to your printing process, and select one which gives you a great amount of "personal control." With gum bichromate it is easy to brush away as much of the pigment as you choose, but the process is not one to be recommended save in cases where it is desirable, from some cause or other, to raise strong doubts as to what was in front of the camera when the shutter moved or the cap was taken off. Local development with glycerine and treatment with a salt of mercury is an easy plan of securing "washed-out" effects, or, failing mercury for the flesh tint, a little of the iron may be left

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in the paper. It is a splendid yellowing agent. Care must be bestowed on the trimming and mounting. If the subject is a portrait, run the knife through the back of the head and shoulder. The edges of the print should be left rough. In mounting, any position but a central one should be chosen. Brown paper is an excellent support for photographs, and it takes pencil or brushwork well, thus giving you scope for making a feature of your signature or initials, which, however, must be neither legible nor intelligible. The details of framing vary with the individual. A hen-coop supplies very good material for some purposes. On the other hand, the *passe-partout* system, which went out of fashion a quarter of a century ago, nowadays looks novel and uncommon.

And of such is the Cult of the Spoilt Print! Surely in this matter the lowest depths of folly have been plumbed! . . . . . Mr. Holland Day adds to our perplexity. For three of his pictures, which, to do Mr. Day justice, are not in his "Spoilt Print" vein, he asks the modest sum of ten guineas each. One is about half-plate size, entitled "Mother and Daughter," and is a somewhat sombre little interior group study. We fail to see value for money in this, even granting its possession of plastic psychological synthesis—which we do not.

Of Miss Weil's contributions, she is happiest with a very graceful study, No. 102, "Lady with Muff." In fanciful portraiture of this order she is usually successful, and her prints have a depth, richness and vigor which makes the bilious glycerine-mercury abominations of her compatriots difficult to tolerate. Portraiture of a recognizable kind comes from Mrs. Käsebier—No. 116, "Mr. W. H. Lee." The lady will be well advised if she sticks to work of this kind, and leaves plastic psychological synthesis severely alone. A word of praise is due to Miss E. L. Watson for (No. 180) "Head of a Young Girl," the best of the glycerine prints. The photographic qualities of the negative are so manifestly good that we are forced to wonder why "faking" was considered necessary; a good print could have been obtained in any ordinary medium, such as carbon, sepia, platinum, Velox, etc.

As regards the display as a whole a little plain language becomes a duty, from the performance of which, however unpleasant it may be, it is a sin to shrink. The eighth exhibition of the Photographic Salon is an insult to the public upon whose support it relies to pay rent and other expenses. It does incalculable harm to photography by attracting to it the contempt of those who have no sympathy with the prostitution of a beautiful method of graphic expression to the lamentable idiosyncrasies of those whom nature, for some inscrutable purpose, has endowed with a passion for the grotesque and the ugly, which may deserve our pity, but neither our admiration nor our imitation. We live in a free country, and fortunately, or unfortunately, there is no law to forbid people debasing the powers which sixty years of photographic research and progress have placed within their grasp; but when the painful productions of these perverted uses of photography are dragged from the impregnable security of privacy and held up to public view, then, in the minds of all sensible photographers, scorn, disgust, and contempt dispute for pride of place.—*British Journal of Photography, London.*

E. J. Wall, Editor of the *Photographic News* (London) says:

The eighth annual exhibition of the Salon was opened on Friday last, at its usual home, the Hall of Mystery, yclept Egyptian, in Piccadilly, and, after a careful survey, we cannot but say that, on the whole, it is disappointing. There are some fine things, of course, and others which are woefully commonplace, and one or two which would certainly, had they been sent into our monthly competitions, not have stood the slightest chance.

We miss from the catalogue the fervent forewords characterized by the "smug godling complacency" that called forth such pitying smiles from the unregenerate, but we learn from it some curious facts. There are in all ninety-five prints by twenty-one members of the General Committee of the Linked Ring, sixty-four prints by foreign exhibitors, and only eighty by English exhibitors, making a total of 239 in all. Of the ninety-five members' pictures sixty-six are English, seventeen French, and twelve American; of the foreign exhibits by non-members, fifty-seven come from U. S. A., and seven from France.

This little analysis is interesting because of the utterances of a well-known writer, who said recently, in an American trade catalogue: "Artistic or pictorial photography in

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America is but of a very tender age, and in no country are the possibilities of its future greater." Now, if this be true, and Americans can have accepted nearly one-third of the total number of pictorial photographs at the Salon while yet their art is but of a very tender age," what will they do when it comes to a robuster age?

Another quotation from the same writer we may be permitted to make, and this time from the current number of the *Bulletin du Photo Club de Paris*. He says: "L'admission au Linked Ring devint un grand honneur et un brevet de capacité, *le caractère international de la Société donna à ses Expositions un interêt tout particulier*." The italics are ours. In this exhibition the internationality is confined to England, France, and America. Thus is photographic history made.

It is a pity that the catalogue, in place of the forewords, did not have the following passage printed in red: "The notoriety which awaits on mere eccentricity is the applause which is indulgently given to the fool. Chance effects are the antics of a clown, or the jangle of cap and bells, and the praises awarded to each one are of equal value." This is by the same writer. Or we would suggest the following little distich:

Gum, gum, dollops o' gum,
Ink, and blood, and wuzzy—
Never mind what it is
So long as it is fuzzy.
Here a blotch and there a splotch,
Nothing to be seen but
Gum, gum, dollops o' gum—
Let it all be fuzzy.

To the frivolous-minded there is much food for mirth at this show. For instance, take No. 4, "Elizabeth," by Clarence H. White. We should call it "Chair Back and Bare Back," for it represents a young lady in very décolleté costume sitting in a high-backed chair. Again, take No. 24, "Self Portrait," by E. J. Steichen, of Milwaukee, U. S. A. We should call this "Wanted, a Pair of Braces," for his trousers are tied up with string.

Such a thing as technique is, of course, absolutely foreign to the Salon, but we thought they could spell; or have they gone in for phonetics? No. 111 is called "Girl with the *Picture*"; or is it a mistake, and should *with* read *in*? Now, the East-enders talk about their "pictchers," and this girl has got a "pitcher," *alias* an ewer.

No. 141, by F. Holland Day (price £10 10s.), is called "Young Sicilian"; we should call it "Miss Tow Hair." "In Arcadia," by Herbert Arthur Hess, we mistook at a distance for some bleached earthworms; we presume, however, they are ancient Britons. And just here we got another shock, for a representative of one of the daily papers came up to us and asked us why Mr. Holland Day charged £10 10s. for No. 200, "The Student," and, when we admitted our ignorance, he had the impertinence to ask us whether it was because it was mounted on five different colored bits of paper.

Close to the door are two prints which might, we think, have justly found their way out altogether without being missed. No. 236, "Nocturne No. 12—Miss G.," by E. J. Steichen (£3), represents a young lady who is showing off a new kind of lattice-work corsets, obviously of Yankee origin. No. 238, "An Arrangement in Tone," by the same author, represents a young lady just landed from a sea trip, and she is very green with *mal de mer*. The same worker mounts his prints, which are all small, near the top of a sheet of brown paper, and on the lower half he draws in pencil a sort of Egyptian hieroglyph, which may be clever, but it and his happy (?) trick of cutting a figure right in half, as though he had not got it all on the plate, merely drives home the pith of one of our quotations anent the antics of a clown.

No. 17, "Portrait," by Miss Mary Devens, is distinctly ugly.

No. 25, "Boy with a Hoop," is by Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier. Of course, anyone can see it is a boy with a hoop; it certainly isn't a boy with a cow, or a horse, or a railway engine, so that this may be said to be its one good point, but beyond that it is decidedly weak and wishy-washy. A flat and poor photograph may be our ultimate verdict.

It is as well that Arthur H. Gleason has condescended to tell us that his print represents winter.

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It might be winter—probably it is—but it had evidently been snowing ink before he exposed his plate, for we presume the muddy-looking stuff on the pavement and roads is intended to represent snow. If so, we are glad we do not get much of that sort here.

Surely Frances Watte Lee has made a mistake in calling her poor subject "Convalescent," in No. 35. We should think she could more appropriately have called her "Sick Unto Death," for a more ghastly photograph of its kind would be difficult to conceive.

In No. 38 we have another weak and deadly portrait by F. Holland Day. It looks as though it might be a glycerine developed platinotype print, but the vignetting has been badly done.

And, again, what is the object of having so many paste-down mounts, one upon the other, and each one a little larger than its preceding fellow.

May we suggest for next year that the more mounts employed the greater the chance of selection.

No. 69, "Lady in Black," by Mr. Clarence White. This is an excellent title, for there is no mistake about the blackness. At a distance of three feet from the print it is impossible to distinguish anything but a light muddy patch somewhere towards the top of the print, and this represents all we can see of the face. It may be art, for it is certainly concealed. Etc., etc.

The London *Times* says:

The annual exhibition of photographs, known as the Photographic Salon, opened yesterday at the Dudley Gallery of the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, and will continue open until November 3. It is the eighth of the series of yearly exhibitions instituted by an informal society or brotherhood of leading photographic workers known as "The Linked Ring," the members of which are, by invitation, drawn from the ranks of either amateurs or professionals in Great Britain, America, and throughout the Continent of Europe; the purpose of the society being to encourage by conference and public exhibition the possibilities of pictorial photography.

The same international character which stamps the membership of the organizing body is maintained in the works exhibited, and a unique opportunity is thus afforded of comparing the styles and methods of applying photography to artistic ends prevalent in different countries. And it may be said at once that throughout the 250 pictures shown there is no difficulty in identifying the various productions of the stronger and more individual workers, or in recognizing by general generic characters the works coming from different countries. For they clearly and unmistakably reflect the taste, the preferences, even the imagination, of the individual, and bear the impress of local or national influences, not only by the nature of the subjects selected and portrayed or by the method or process employed, but by those subtle qualities of which in pictures we are only made aware by the consciousness of the different effect produced upon our feelings and imagination. The qualification of a picture's admission to the exhibition is that it should give evidence of personal artistic intention, in view of which a secondary importance attaches to mere execution, and to the exemplification of the achievements of appliances and processes, which were at first regarded as the only standard of "technical excellence."

The average merit of this year's collection is distinctly in advance of its predecessors, and may safely be described as the finest and most interesting exhibition of pictorial photography which has been held; and while few, if any, single examples impress one as very much in advance of their fellows, it is more because of the higher average excellence as compared with previous years than from absence of distinguished merit. * * *

The general tendency of the photographs this year is towards less pretentiousness, both in point of size and in the character of mounting and framing. Especially is this noticeable in the French and American contributions, the latter being this year particularly numerous. Strange to say, nearly all the American exhibitors who show this year seem to be in a marked degree under the same influence, and possess, therefore, a sameness in color, quality, and idea. There is an all-pervading tendency towards the mysterious and the bizarre; all outlines and detail are in many cases so suppressed and lost in delicate shadow that their meaning and intention are hard to discover, and their æsthetic value is rather that they are void of offence than that they possess positive charm. Still, as the out-

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LOMBARDY PLOUGHING TEAM

By J. Craig Annan
(Glasgow)

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come of a revolt from the conventional photographic rendering of sharp detail and harsh contrasts they are refreshing, and are evidently the outcome of intelligent and consistent effort. Grace and subtlety they possess without doubt, and, if originality has overreached legitimate boundaries and is lost in the merely eccentric, it may be that it is the extreme swing of the pendulum which was necessary ere the reaction in photographic taste could bring it back to the normal. Yet thus to dispose of the American work would be unjust; some of the older and best esteemed exhibitors, as, for instance, Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, are not this year represented, but Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier, Mr. Holland Day, Clarence H. White, Frank Eugene, and E. J. Steichen, to mention only a few, put so much enthusiasm into their photography that its very earnestness compels respect, even if it does not command admiration.

Visitors with the preconceived notion that the essential characteristics of photography are exquisite and undiscriminating definition and a highly-wrought finish, which astonishes by its perfection, though repelling by its artificiality, will find that the newer phase of pictorial photography, as illustrated at the Photographic Salon, will either disappoint, and even shock, their prejudices, or render necessary a total readjustment of their ideas.—*London Times, September 22, 1900.*

A Horsley Hinton, Editor of the *Amateur Photographer,* London, says:

Some leading points there are in connection with the eighth annual Photographic Salon, some impressions, which can be recorded without reference to one's note-book, as, for instance, that there is a notable diminution in the number of excessively heavy frames, resulting in a generally lighter and more pleasant appearance in the gallery; also that the exhibition is not a one-part play; there are not even half a dozen pictures which stand so ahead of their fellows that one will remember this year's show solely by their presence. There is a greater uniformity in merit throughout the whole 239 pictures, and we quite concur with what seems to be the general opinion, that the Salon of 1900 is the best and most interesting exhibition which during the past seven or eight years the "Linked Ring" has organized. Throughout the pictures hung there is practically nothing which can be described as commonplace, and though there are many which will perhaps be described as "extreme," yet are there none which seem to be wantonly eccentric. And we say this after making allowance for the fact that after a little time that which strikes us as usual comes to be accepted without surprise; albeit, if what we have said is true, there is no greater proof of the sanity of the movement which petulant critics aforetime called "insane," than the manner in which almost universally a welcome is accorded to photographs of a kind which the London Photographic Salon alone first dared to exhibit.

Another notable characteristic this year is that the members of the organizing committee, or "Linked Ring," both in the number and the character of their own works, constitute a less predominant element, and certainly this year no complaint can be made that the members themselves monopolize too much of the wall space. The Photographic Salon opened to the public on Friday last, and will continue until November 3 daily, from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M., and on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, from 7 P. M. till 10 P. M., and a certain private or personal character is imparted to the gallery, from the fact that from 4 to 5 every day visitors are invited to take afternoon tea.

To many the conditions attending the origin of the Photographic Salon, as well as its objects, will be perfectly familiar, but for those who have taken an interest in photographic matters more recently, it may be well to note that nine years ago certain members of the Photographic Society of Great Britain, who were chiefly interested in the application of photography to pictorial ends, felt that the old society did not furnish adequate means for the furtherance of that side of photography in which they were interested, and that their scientific co-members were not in sympathy with their motives; then came the rupture which was destined to subsequently so powerfully influence photographic activity throughout the country, and the first steps were taken toward holding an annual exhibition, open to all, without charge for wall space, the only qualification for a picture's admission being that it gave evidence of personal artistic intention in its execution. The informal society or coterie of enthusiasts called the "Linked Ring" have from the first

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maintained the exhibition entirely at their own risk, and if ever the question were asked as to whether its institution were necessary, a satisfactory answer is surely found in the fact that each of the past seven annual exhibitions has been practically self-supporting, the public gate money, commission on picture sales, and similar means of income, having year by year met the rather heavy expenses attending an exhibition in the West End of London. Perhaps a certain feeling of antagonism between the Photographic Salon and the exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, held each year contemporaneously, was inevitable, partly from the circumstances attending the commencement of the former, and for the unaccountably bitter animosity shown by a limited section of photographic critics; but as year by year its natal associations become more remote, it is to be hoped that these animosities may dwindle and die, inasmuch as it is the opinion of dispassionate critics that each exhibition is a complement of the other, rather than being its rival. The Photographic Salon especially holds out encouragement to those who are working on unconventional lines, seeking to give expression to ideas which were formerly considered outside the pale of photography. Under these circumstances it is quite possible that occasionally work may be admitted, the unusualness of which has no other motive than the producer's morbid desire to be eccentric. We say that such may be the case, but fortunately the effect of time and public opinion is such that we do not think it can be said that the Photographic Salon has fostered anything the fate of which has not been early determined by the automatic action of its own merits or demerits. The photographer is himself prone to cling to the prescribed methods and academic standards, by which he himself has learned to use the process successfully, and is therefore astonished and even resentful when he finds the traditions which he respects departed from by others, hence it may be that those who, uninitiated in photographic matters, are capable of appreciating artistic tendencies in others, will, without introduction, find most enjoyment in the works shown at the Dudley Gallery; but if the photographer will for a while master his prejudices, and recognize the fact that the exhibited works are selected on account of the intentions and motives of which they give evidence, wholly irrespective of the methods employed, provided only that they are sufficiently correctly described as "by photographic means," then we think that such an exhibition as the present cannot but be at once interesting and eventually eminently useful and instructive.

In the present article it is not our intention to criticize the pictures in detail. Earliest in the catalogue the works are for the most part from some leading American workers, and for the presence of these this year the public have mainly to thank Mr. F. Holland Day, who has brought to this country a considerable collection of these works. Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier, Mr. Clarence H. White, and Francis Watts Lee are already well known in this country. To their excellent and talented company are now added other workers, such as Frank Eugene, E. J. Steichen, F. C. Baker, Miss S. J. Eddy, Mrs. Sarah C. Sears, Mrs. Elise Cabot, Mrs. William E. Russell, and many others. The American work contributes a rather distinctive note to the exhibition as a whole. There is a certain similar character which pervades most of them, which suggests the existence on the other side of the Atlantic of a school or cult which, consciously or not, is influenced by one or two leaders, and if to most English observers there appears a technical incompleteness and total suppression of almost every quality which we customarily associate with a photograph, for the production of something which is not quite self-explanatory or convincing, let it be remembered that the violence of a revolution is generally in proportion to the degree of evil which it seeks to reform, and from the standard of the more intelligent photographer, not only in Great Britain, but elsewhere, there is a very large amount of photography in America of the commercial and every-day character of such a vulgar—we had almost said brutal—character that an antidote of the most searching kind was necessary. Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, who has long held the premier position among American pictorial workers, is, in consequence of ill-health and pre-occupation, not exhibiting this year. His work has always appeared most closely allied to the best British work, and therefore holds a unique position; but the American work in London this year, including the contributions of Mr. F. Holland Day himself, is to us exceedingly interesting, even as the pre-Raphaelites and many other offsprings of reaction were interesting and powerful for good.

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Child Bayley, Editor of *Photography* (London), says:

The portraits of

FRANK EUGENE

gave rise, we found, to some differences of opinion. To our minds, artistic as they are, they suffer from a want of light, like so many works at this gallery. No. 3 is the best of them all, we think. It is called "Miss Z.," and is a strip of rich tones, mostly very dark, but from which the lady's shoulder stands out with a very marked high light. It would be just as nice if it were no figure at all, but only so many juicy tones relieved by lighter gradations and a bright spot. We like it solely upon these decorative considerations, but as a portrait we do not see how it could satisfy the sitter's relatives. Whether the lady is tall or not, the operator's methods would have easily admitted of an inch more of his dark mixture at the bottom; the impression of a more commanding figure would then have been secured. The gloominess of "Miss B. C." (11) is, we trust, not symbolic of her mental state, nor the tone and texture of her hands a truthful record of her physical condition. Why a photographer should allow one of the charms of the gentle sex, the hands, to appear with these frightful scratches, we cannot tell; an ugly striation, due to brush marks, apparently, that should warrant destruction to the print. It is impossible to deny the artistic power of the portrait, but the defect we have named, added to the all-over murkiness, discounts our pleasure in the work. Much the same must be said of "Mrs. C." (No. 21). There is still no light, and still the brush marks show. We wonder what is supposed to be gained by the darkness; surely an ordinary bright print would be more interesting. No. 31 is "Mr. P."—probably a first-rate likeness, but without the pictorial charms of the other three works, although it has some contrasts of tone. The edges of the print are entirely untrimmed. Perchance the reader may like it so; we do not.

CLARENCE H. WHITE

sends half a dozen figure pictures. The first in the room is "Elizabeth" (No. 4). It does not support his reputation. In the first place, it is a back view. We have nothing to say against a back view as such, particularly if there be any especial charm of form or tone that a front view would miss; but in this lady's back we do not think the beauty likely to exceed that of her front. The pose is in no way remarkably fine, for it makes the arm appear disproportionately small. In the treatment adopted, all the brilliance and texture that we look for in a portrait of this kind are completely lost, for the flesh is heavy and deathly. The "Lady in Black" (No. 69) is a much more artistic production, but the whole thing is too entirely in black to suit us. Next to it hangs "The Camp Chair" (70), perhaps the most artistic of them all, because it displays the most quality. But where is the *raison d'être* for the subject? The pose is good, but why the sitter should take up so unusual a position in a room does not appear. Perhaps Mr. White is careless of concealing in his results the curiosities of ways and means. This lady, with her unkempt hair, tells us in the plainest accents that nothing matters at all, so long as Mr. White achieves something new and stunning at the Salon. He certainly has achieved a lovely piece of tone, but the rest is ordinary. And the "Girl with the Pitcher" (111) is more ordinary still; in fact, we think that nothing but the methods employed warrants the perpetuation of this commonplace figure going nowhere in particular, with an ugly jug of the supper-beer variety. In No. 167 we get a figure charmingly posed. So good is it that perhaps we ought not to ask for anything more. But still, we feel the glaring absence of motive that reduces all Mr. White's pictures to experimental studies. What girl, unless she were demented, would sit in the middle of an empty room when an open window is a few feet before her? The picture's title is as vague as its theme. "Waiting" is all the explanation the catalogue vouches, and the only conviction we have is that the model is patiently waiting through the photographer's experiments. The print would be better for a little more strength. No. 205, "Boy with the Wagon," is better in respect of motive, because there is no telling into what holes and corners children will not get. Of all the things here that set out to be quaint, this is one of the quaintest; but that misfortune about the mount is a great pity. Poor Mr. White! Out of all the sweepings, this is the best bit of strawboard he could find.

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MRS. KASEBIER.

This very talented worker has a share in the honors of the show. Her work is always artistic and replete with quality. Some of the finest productions that we have seen from her hand are in this gallery, and will do much to enhance an already enviable reputation. Nevertheless, like all great souls (in the photographic world), she has her little moments of ill-advised pranks and deliberate naughtinesses. What we like extremely in her "Mrs. Lee and Daughter" is the perfectly simple and natural poses of this lady and child, who have just arrived at the studio and have apparently been snapped off while they are awaiting their turn in the waiting room. This nice spontaneous record of the American lady of to-day is No. 6. No. 23 is called "Portrait Study," and is a very elegant head and bust of a handsome sitter. A most agreeable effect is secured by the color and strength of the print, though it is only fair to say that a faded silver print is capable of the same charm. The next one, No. 25, "Boy with a Hoop," is characterized by a similar effect. A "Mother and Child" (104) is the finest work of the group. The child is an absolutely perfect study of a little nude girl; the mother with hidden face bends over her in some excess of emotion, but the aspect of the head as we see it is very lovely. The posing of the figures is the work of a thoughtful mind, possessing artistic instincts of a high order. We presume that the curiously low key in which Mrs. Käsebier has chosen to make the print is meant to accord with the mystery and intensity of the subject. The portrait of "Mr. W. H. Lee" seems to us to suffer from an unnecessary flatness. It is No. 116. "The Long Coat" (126) is the next portrait, and is, indeed, a portrait of nothing but a coat. Capital joke, Mrs. K.! We'll laugh when we have time to put down the pen. "An Artist" (155), if we mistake not, has already been introduced to us before, but we are glad of the opportunity to see a real American artist again; Mr. Gambier Bolton should see this. They are such rare birds that specimens are always snapshotted when espied. No one would dream that this was one; however, he might do for almost anything. Let's hope his work is not so murky as the atmosphere that surrounds him at present.

MRS RUSSELL.

Two blue gray landscapes by Mrs. Russell, "By the River" (No. 9) and "A Bit of Delft" (No. 16), show a good feeling for the picturesque in landscape, but in both cases the shadows are masses of obscurity, and the pictures greatly suffer in consequence. Her portrait called "Master J. P." (No. 29) is a nicer thing than either. The sitter is a pretty boy, and the print is in an agreeable Bartolozzi red.

MISS S. J. EDDY.

Two very pretty and beautifully posed figures are shown by Miss Eddy, under the title of "By the Window" (No. 15). The lighting is excellent, but in the trimming we have another instance of Transatlantic scorn of perpendiculars. It might be a ship's cabin that the figures are seated in, certainly; but no other room could be built on the skew in this way. Two more figures in No. 33 are called "St. Francis," an old gentleman well got up as a monk, and a little baby which he scrutinizes with joy and surprise. We do not remember what St. Francis had to do with babies, but no doubt Miss Eddy has hunted up the question—we thought that birds were his only victims. The motive, though somewhat far-fetched, is better than none. What really makes the picture is the fine head of the man, the prettiness of the infant and the delightful composition.

MISS MARY DEVENS.

In the matter of quality this lady overdoses us. Her "Portrait" (17) is a great thing in brick red, of which the clothes might as well be shapes of red paper stuck on, and the face cut out of a section of a nice spongy brick. It is nearly pushed out of the frame on the right hand side, in accordance with the latest Yankee fad, leaving a preponderance of empty space; and in execution it is coarse—even brutal. No. 181 is a "Mother and Child." The visitor must take the catalogue's word for it; he will not be able to detect the subject himself, for it is entirely obscured by "quality." The young gentleman whom Miss Devens calls "My Nephew" (No. 227) is likewise submerged. Inhuman treatment by a lady in Cambridge, Mass.—mother, child and nephew buried alive!

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F. H. DAY.

Of this talented worker's eight exhibits three are surpassingly good, the rest only more or less so. We think that clever men often make a vast mistake by exhibiting too much. If they were more jealous of their reputation, they would be like public singers and never sing with the slightest cold. No. 19, for example, "The Sisters," is scarcely worthy of Mr. Day. Men with far smaller fame could do better. He has, like some others who send here, forgotten to trim the print. The frame of No. 38 is remarkable for the number and variety of the loose paper samples it contains. "Mrs. E. P. C." appears in a very faded condition on the left hand edge of the top piece. In "Vase Lachrymarum" (106) he is himself again, and shows us how the tear-bottle trick was done in ancient days. We wonder how he found out. It is a most successfully composed picture, full of mysterious feeling and romantic gloom. Another beautiful work is called "Young Sicilian" (141). Her hair is decidedly "there," and a trifle too fluffy for beauty, with its recently washed appearance. It gives to the face, however, a characterization that makes the picture remarkable. In the "Portrait, Mother and Daughter" (145), Mr. Day has made a composition that can scarcely lay claim to the title of portrait. An interior subject with figures would describe it more accurately, for the faces are so dark and averted that it is impossible to find the character of the sitters in them, and that, if anything at all, is what a portrait should show. The lady is, perhaps, too centrally placed to please all. Somewhat the same complaint may justly be lodged against the "Portrait, Miss Y." (195), which, though very fine as a whole, is sadly in want of more definition in the face, and is almost as bad in this respect as Mrs. Käsebier's "Long Coat." "The Student" (200) is better. Here we have a very old masterish looking picture of an interesting young man. It has beautiful quality, though a little heavy in the shadows. Perhaps more quality still is in the very severe, but admirable, "Mrs. J. M. B." (211). By far the best of Mr. Day's portraits is "Frank Eugene, Esq." (No. 215). It has the photographer's usual freshness and unconventionality, and is full of capital character. It is well mounted, and no mistake, reposing on no less than six papers, not one or all of which, however, really suits the subject. What a pity the supply of paper ran out so soon! The effect of those he has used is too heavy for the print, which suffers in consequence of a lack of juicy darks that might have suppressed the mounts a little. It is rather bald in its tones; the blouse nowhere takes kindly to its surroundings. For our own part, we like No. 222 the best of all. It represents a girl in a dark corner, listening at a chink in a doorway, through which the light beyond streams with a startling realism. The picture, which is a masterpiece of clear low tone, is called "Curiosity," and is a well thought-out effort in all respects.

F. C. BAKER.

Here is an American gentleman who sends a picture upon the nice, rich effect of which we may safely congratulate him. We hope, however, that he will not be hurt when we remark that a close look reveals the whole trick, and proves his efforts utter foolishness! He should have called it "The Light That Never Was on Sea or Land," but its title is merely "By the Pool." Behind a middle distance of trees the sun has just hidden himself in brillliant grandeur. From some supernatural source shadows heavy and dark in their strength are cast from these same trees from the right-front. Moonlight is out of the question, since in the necessitated position the moon could not be much larger than its first or last quarter, and with such a blaze in the heavens could cast no appreciable shadows at all. Mr. Baker must think that Britishers are as simple as himself.

E. J. STEICHEN.

Mr. Steichen sends a "Self Portrait!" We do earnestly hope that the phrase will not become current over here. Imagine half a young man, clothed only in shirt and trousers, standing before a light wall, quite bare, save for a black picture frame that he could easily swallow at a gulp, and you have a self-portrait. It is probable that his missing half is at the next door neighbor's, for we notice that his address is 342½ Seventh street, Milwaukee.

The self-portrait is not an immense production, but it reposes in a wilderness of mount, and underneath it is a feeble coffin-like pencil scrawl that we imagine must be the

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badge by which the Milwaukee Indians who do not know their letters recognize his self-portraits. To be fair, we must give him praise for the beautiful quality of the print, but we wish it were something else than the awful thing he calls it. His 236 is "Nocturne No. 12, Miss G." One would scarcely guess that No. 12 was the particular nocturne that Miss G.'s arm is eliciting from a row of white squares on a sweep's cloth. The print, as well as the lady, is quite untrimmed, and in it one may discern the arm and keys aforesaid, a patent corset, a nose tip and a lip. The rest of the head may be hair, or another part of the sweep's cloth. The nocturne is much wider than it is high, but its mount is much higher than it is wide, affording ample room for nocturnes 11 and 13 above and below, which would very agreeably fill up the frame 'round this enormous sheet of brown paper. As "An Arrangement in Tone," No. 238 may be most desirable—as anything else it leaves us entirely unmoved. We should like the mount for several useful purposes, were it not for the same self-trade mark that disfigures the others. Mr. Steichen evidently has the free run of a brown paper store.

MRS. SEARS, MRS. CABOT AND A. H. GLEASON.

The "Girl in White" (No. 27), whom Mrs. Sears sends from Boston, alone and unfriended, is very passably nice, but will not become the rage. Mrs. E. P. Cabot shows us an "Infant Joy" (28), in the shape of a boy who squints and grabs his toes in pure delight. He reminds us of a Mellin's food advertisement, one-sidedly posted in one of Bill Sticker's intemperate lapses. "Winter" (No. 30) has been photographed by Mr. Gleason with a camera obscura; its darkness is, at any rate, not the gentle illumination of a winter's day.

F. W. LEE.

We congratulate Mr. Lee's "Convalescent" upon her hopeful condition, but we think she would have been seen to better advantage if she had been photographed when perfectly recovered; her toilet might have been less incomplete.

R. EICKEMEYER, JR.

We now come to the two pictures of this extensive worker. Would there were more of them! The first (No. 55) is a figure subject called "Madonna." It is altogether a lovely work of art, quite like a Bouguereau. The girl impersonating the Virgin is very beautiful, and the child has a suitably saintly look. All is in keeping—throne, lily and figures—and recalls an altar-piece by an early Italian. Nevertheless, we think these impersonations of characters that are to most minds Divinities had better be left alone. "The Path Thro' the Sheep Pasture" (223) is a sunlit snow scene that it is impossible to imagine surpassed by anyone at any time. Truer sunlight or more convincing snow we do not remember to have seen; Mr. Eickmeyer does this sort of thing to perfection.

MISS WEIL.

Two girls, both somewhat self-conscious—one even aggressively heroic—form the subject of Miss Weil's "Song of the Meadow Lark" (No. 72). It is a favorite here, but somewhat too hard for our taste. No. 102, "Lady with Muff," is very sweet, but violent in its contrasts. From these two pictures of very pronounced chiaroscuro, Miss Weil jumps suddenly to two monotonously dark-toned ones in the approved American manner. We are pretty sure that "Eleanor" could not see to read her picture book in the dark corner where she sits. She has a pretty face, but a barbarous frock, and is numbered 131. Similarly the absolute want of contrast due to the peculiar lighting of "Two Little Brothers" (187) results only in flatness. Nevertheless the print is very good, and decidedly unconventional, which we believe ranks as a merit in these days.

E. STIRLING AND MISS WATSON.

Mr. Stirling works in a very similar manner, but his "Drawing Lesson" (73)—a most taking and quaint subject of a mother and son at work upon the floor—though low in tone, quite escapes the charge of monotony. This "The Old Wedding Dress" (105) does not do so effectually. We confess to not understanding the application of the title.

Miss Watson has a way of placing the heads of her sitters so much in the corner that in one case—No. 77, "Lady with a Cat"—it amounts to trepanning and ear slicing. This is a great pity, for the sitter has so fine a face that we are sure all her head, and her hair into the bargain, would have made

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a more taking picture. The cat is good, and is all there. In 84, "Mother and Child," there is a very nice effect of light, and the child is extremely pretty. The head of the "Child Holding Oakfringe" (133) is also packed up into a corner, but the picture is a very nice one, in spite of that peculiarity. The vignetted "Head of a Young Girl" (No. 177) is a very smooth but pleasing print of a girl in a sun bonnet.

Y. C. ABBOTT.

Two beautiful figure studies are contributed by Mr. Abbott. "Shadows" (99) is the head and bust of a classically draped woman, who bends her head back into the shadowy background. In the superbness of its simple masses, and its largeness of style, it very much recalls the work of Watts. We should like, however, to have seen the head a little less obscured. No. 217 is simply called "Study." It is beautiful, and that sums up our remarks upon it.

H. TROTH.

A striking composition in Mr. Troth's picture, "The Downs" (88) is the making of it.

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British Photography from an American Point of View.

BY EDUARD J. STEICHEN.

The very first words that greeted me upon entering the Salon were amusingly characteristic of much that has been said and written since. A fussy little gentleman was apparently annoyed at the price catalogued for one of Eugene's prints, and after studying the picture in apparent perplexity for some time, he turned to me with indignation written upon his face, and very emphatically expressed his opinion: "Three guineas! Why, I wouldn't give tu'p'nce for it, and take it away with me."

Some of the British journals seem to have vied with each other in abuse of the modern prints shown, and of the American work in particular. One writer sees an opportunity to cater to the amusement of his readers, another is rude, and thus hopes to strengthen his position, while a third makes use of a little of both. Of the man that had nothing but rank abuse for the whole Salon one need hardly be told that it was all a mere display of ignorant prejudice, making itself very evident in the praise of such photography as the "Joan of Arc"—a thing which if done in the days of the far past might have been accorded a position among technical experiments, but in a modern Salon it is a creation unworthy consideration, and cannot be looked upon as an example of British pictorial photography. Some of our most eminent people of art and letters, and of artists whose name and position even the photographic critic in question cannot unseat, are thus numbered among the neurotic appreciators of American photography, and the "handful of American photographers," to say the very least, is *quite* a handful! As to the prices asked for the exhibited prints, happily it does not become necessary to ask advice in that matter. That such prices have long since been paid by "neurotic appreciators" may be of interest, and that one of the exhibitors at the Salon of this year has more than once received as much as twenty guineas for a single print may surprise the gentleman who thinks that as many shillings would be too much; and it might be further noted that one of these prints was purchased at this price by a British subject. It has been graciously suggested that such prices may have been paid because of the novelty and curiosity of the things. Art collectors and art museums are not generally in the habit of purchasing curios for their picture collections, not even in America. Dubbing the Salon "an insult to the public" is merely a vague playing with words tending to insult the cause of photography, and we are continually reminded of Whistler's answer to the "symphony crank," when he replied with the "f-f-f-f-fool."

I have repeatedly observed in conversation and in reading matter pertaining to photography, that the prevalent idea pertaining to technique is that a photograph of great definition and contrast, with an abundance of minute detail, constitutes good technique. Now,

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applying this definition to any other pictorial art, what a state of affairs we should find ourselves in; what a sorry collection of pictures the National Gallery possesses! Ah, Turner should have lived to-day, and have been a subscriber to some of the photographic journals.

And Rembrandt, Velasquez, Titian, and Holbein, Whistler, Sargent, and Alexander, all these should have had a few lessons in composition and lighting—from some of our contemporary critics; even the Japanese masters might have profited by a few such lessons. Another matter which annoys many is that the face is not always entirely seen, that it is not clear enough. Is the face then always the all-important element in a picture? He who feels inclined to think thus I would send to the Tate Gallery to look upon the works of Watts, and study the pictures of this great master. Let him dwell particularly before his "For He Had Great Possessions." Is there another picture in the entire gallery that tells so much with so very little—with such utter simplicity?

We are at least justified in the striving to obtain the results of the painter, the etcher, and the lithographer. Surely this is more legitimate than any feeble imitation of the material technique employed by any of these arts. And to exemplify this we may look at the small "glycerined" prints by George Davison at the Salon. That these very poor imitations of wash drawings appearing in our cheaper magazines as head or tail pieces, are a step toward advancing photography, I am inclined very much to doubt. Yet it would be unjust to condemn these prints, for we would not look for anything from Mr. Davison that was not serious of purpose. Glycerine development, especially when employed with mercury, is a very precarious medium, and needs be employed very discreetly; but that it is full of great possibilities, some of the prints we have previously seen are unmistakable evidence. It has qualities entirely of its own, and need not borrow by imitation, for it is well here to bear in mind the advice, if one might call it so, of "not to carry a medium any farther than it goes."

The size of the American prints and the "packing paper mounts" have all come in for their share of derision. Even granted that the prints are small, the way they have been noticed argues well for them, in so far that it proves that size is not a necessary quality. And, further, we are not inclined to believe that the photograph holds a position of sufficient importance to lay claim to "attempts at mural decoration." The packing paper mounts we simply consider more in keeping with the print than the heavy creations of slabs of timber surrounding some of the more pretentious photographs at the Royal Exhibition, and even displayed on some at the Salon.

In severe contrast to the atmospheric qualities of come of the pictures one might just mention, is the print by Charles Moss, "Thunder Clouds," No. 183. It is a very much over-manipulated print, that is so full of evidence of its artificial qualities that it can neither convey to us the feeling its title proclaims or any other, being at its best a very poor imitation of the technique of George Innes, however, contrary to his canvases; it is heavy with pigment instead of the atmosphere that hangs over a landscape shadowed with such clouds.

"Honesty," No. 37, by Miss Constance Ellis, is rather decoratively composed, and if printed on a rougher paper it would still gain, by losing some of its present hard and chalky appearance.

Mr. J. M. C. Grove shows a series of very interesting and original gum prints, of which we like his "Winter in the Wood," No. 41, best. There is very little in this print, as some would say, and it is very much "out of focus," but it certainly is what it pretends to be, winter in the woods. The desolation and cold barrenness is strongly suggested, and gives evidence that Mr. Grove is an artist of rare feeling, and knows more about nature and her moods than many of the fussy photographers and critics who find naught but ridicule for his prints. That they do not see things that way, as they say, is no fault of the photographer's, and to quote the recent words of the editor of one of our leading art journals, in discussing other prints, "So much the worse for them." Even though we do not entirely agree with all Mr. Grove does, the sheer force of his originality and conviction bears evidence of seriousness and deserves at least our respect. Walter Bennington shows a landscape entitled "Peace," No. 42. Just why it is so named I hardly realize, for there is nothing in the print that even suggests it; neither the feeling, the atmosphere, nor the subject tends to convey it.

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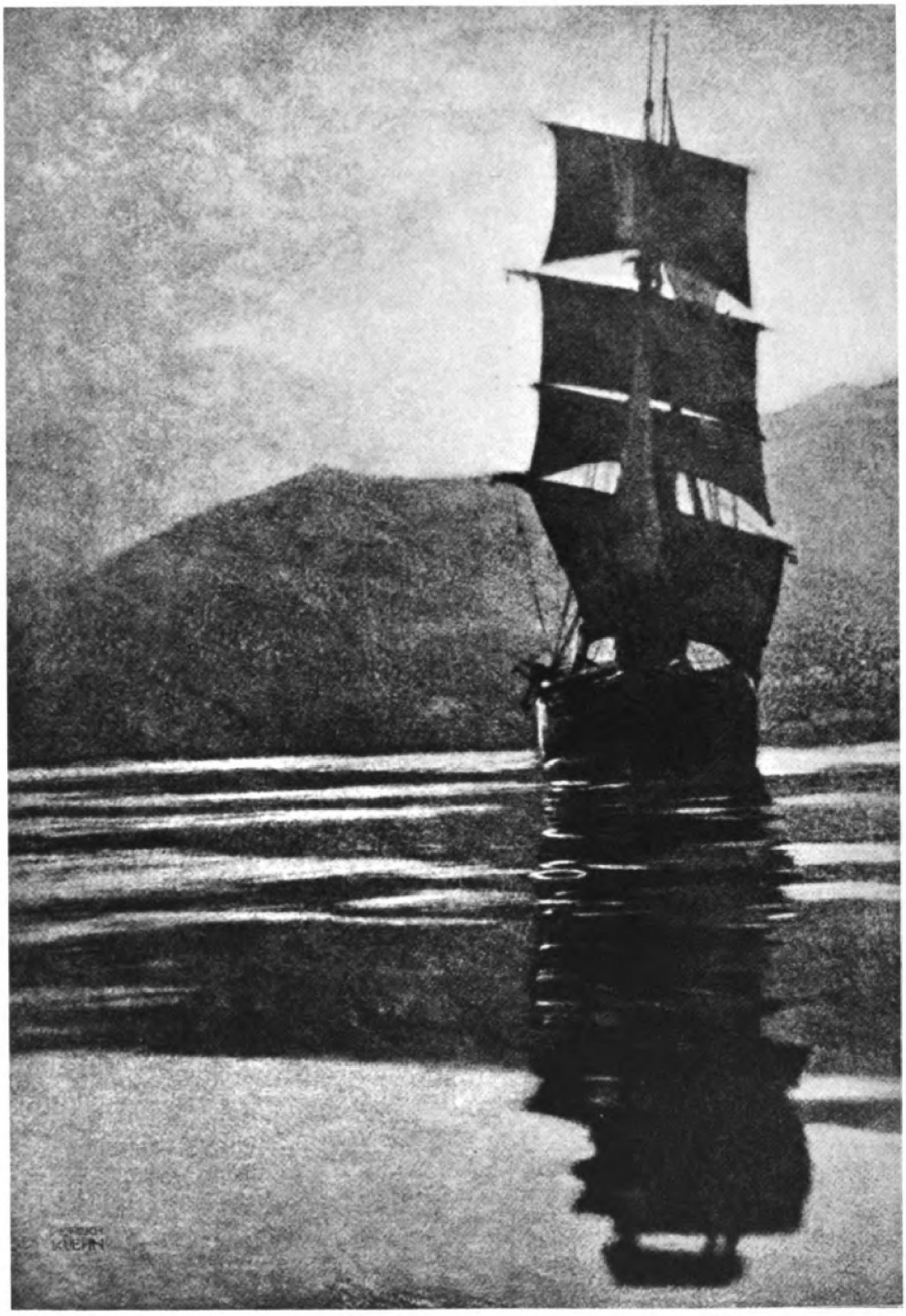

SICILIAN BARK

From a "Gum-Print" in Two Colors

By Heinrich Kuehn

(Austria)

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Mr. Alex. Keighley should turn to Monet and Sisley, or to La Thangue and other modern English painters; certainly a study of such works would be a good influence, and might infuse more truth into his work. How a man with the poetry within him to conceive such a motive as the "Host of Golden Daffodils" can render it so is inexplicable.

One of the best portraits comes from T. Lee Syms, No. 60. It is well composed; the well rendered values, the pleasing atmospheric quality of the print, the fine suggestion of color in the flesh, without actual color, all go together to form a very harmonious ensemble in this portrait.

Value—a term the painter is so fond of using—one cannot often apply to British prints. The continual harping on focus and contrast seems to have totally blinded the photographer to the most important quality in a picture. Without atmospheric planes in a landscape it is never true, be it ever so sharp, and without value both in texture and in color, a portrait, or, in fact, any picture, is not to be called good. This brings me to Walter Bennington's "Among the Housetops," one of the strongest things at the Salon. Its very unpretentious subject, its utter lack of "prettiness," its simplicity of treatment, appeal to me very much. The atmospheric strata are finely rendered here, and the unique composition makes it a striking note among the many conventional things at the show, such, for example, as the everlasting wrecked boats "in the lonely shore" subjects.

Mr. Craigie's portraits would be very much improved by less enlargement, as much of the real charm that his "Viola" may possess in the original is certainly lost. The frame employed, though of a very fine design, seems a trifle strong for so delicate a subject. Mr. Archibald Cochrane's "Bonne Bouche" shows such strong painterlike qualities that one almost feels its photographer must be such, yet the great enlargement here and the coarse screen effect do much to mar it. His "Teamster," No. 256, at the Royal, is a very fine rendering of a much abused subject. There is a feeling in Mr. Cochrane's work that gives one pleasure, because it is so rare in British photography.

If the prints sent by J. Craig Annan had come from another source, we might be inclined to give them much consideration, but coming as they do from one whom we have been taught to look up to in the photographic world, from the creator of "The Lombardy Plowing Team" and such prints, we are disappointed. Even the superior quality in his exhibited marine, "On the Elbe," does not cover this loss. How much pleasure such a portrait as the "George Frederick Watts," by Hollyer, gives us! The corner with that wondrously fine hand alone might be cut out and hung as a worthy tribute to the greatest poet among modern British painters. The "Pine Glade," by George Davison, is composed in very decorative masses, but the lack of a finer feeling for tone and quality is very apparent, and even more so in his "Long Arm," which has not even good composition to redeem it. The "Misty Morning," by Rev. F. C. Lambert, is well worthy of recognition. In fact, its simple conception and rendering make it an important print in the exhibition. "A Wooded Streamlet," No. 96, by J. Kearney, Jr., is very decorative and well balanced. "A Wet Day in the Highlands," near it, is a contrast indeed. Mr. Francis A. Bolton has put something very fine into this print, and the real wet appearance he has so successfully secured deserves congratulation. One is brought face to face with a pleasant surprise in Mr. Evans' architectural subjects. Both at the Salon and at the Royal his prints are among the very finest things shown, and without a doubt the most beautiful renderings of architecture we have ever known. His "Sandhills in the Sun," 218, is a very original and decorative composition, but like with Thaulow's canvases, one is best pleased with what he does best. "Hauling Timber," 153, by Charles Grindrod, is hardly worthy of reproduction in a lumberman's catalogue, much less to hang on the walls of a modern exhibition. Mr. W. Thomas has completely destroyed any quality his "Autumn Mists" may possess by the ugly black lacquer frame with which he surrounds it. There are many other good, bad, and indifferent prints at the Salon which should come in for criticism, but space forbids such a detailed account, and in passing to the Royal, I must still mention one more rather clever print by Mrs. Cadby, entitled "Nasturtiums." It appeals to one not only because it is alone of its kind at the Salon, but because it has been handled with such a delicate feeling.

In speaking of the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition, we are very willing to

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admit that it is a good showing. I was pleasantly disappointed on my first visit, for I expected to find a severely academical show, and the "open door policy" displayed in the selection spoke very favorably for the jury. In fact, the influence of the Salon seems to have had a very healthy effect on this exhibition. However, in the medaling the old time-honored traditions again put in their appearance. The picture by Mr. Greatbatch may deserve such recognition for what it is; but is it not very similar to many things that have been done by another? In the "Venice," by Mr. Lewis, I have been absolutely at loss to account for the jury's award. The Royal is especially replete with good and very poor landscapes. It takes more than grass, trees, and sky to make a landscape, nor does a mere imitation of another's work suffice. The charm of the landscapes by one prominent exhibitor who abstains from showing at the Royal this year lies in the airy, cheery and peculiar blossomy feeling, a fact which his numberless imitators fail to realize, and the result is a jumble of pretty petty things called landscapes. Mr. J. P. Croft rises above this with a dignity and work of his own. An exquisite piece of tonal study full of dreamy poetry is his "Within the Dale," No. 103. There is real water in this picture that flows, as Thaulow would make it flow in his landscapes, and the atmosphere is admirably given. The self-conviction the composition evinces breaks severely away from tradition, and helps well to interpret the lovely theme. Mr. Croft shows several other things, but in this he has so surpassed himself that we refer only to it.

"The Rivetters," by John Gash, No. 225, is one of the best things the Royal has to present. A simple, commonplace subject well rendered is all this pretends to be, and it certainly is that. Another good print is "A Question of Cost," No. 340, by F. Lee Syms, and "Rest," by William Reid, which is a remarkably fine animal study, very happy in its rendering of value and the breezy crispness of the air. An example of the very poor work shown is marked by W. M. Warneuke's "Golden Age," No. 17. Charles Horne's "Moonlit Cottage" is very effective, and full of that peculiar feeling of night which, secured by whatever means, is very successful. A very fine landscape is "After the Rain," by Charles Job. If more of the members of the Royal Photographic Society were doing such work, there might never have been the need of a secession. It is a picture that would worthily replace many of the much more academical things, even on the Salon walls. In fact, the one great point wherein the Salon stands so open to criticism is the admission of inferior and academical work. It should always be borne in mind at such an exhibition that the work to be hung is work seceding from the traditional fetters with which another body hampers its newer material, and that any work coming under this head is not in a position to be represented on the walls of the Salon. That one journal's mad dash of condemnation of all within its reach asserted that the Salon was on its last resources, does not necessarily mean that it is so. A glance in at the Salon on any day will at once prove the childish prejudice displayed in this as in other statements, and will also prove that the tastes of all people are not in accord with those of the brave critics (?) and journalists (?).

If the position of the Salon in the world of art be precarious, it is certainly not due to the same reason such critics would have it. If there be any danger whatever, it lies in the direction of another secession. We in America would not tolerate some of the prints shown at the Dudley Gallery at our Philadelphia or Chicago Salon. When the jury met at Chicago this last spring for the selection of the work of the Salon, they met to select pictures "bearing evidence of individual artistic feeling and execution," and every picture hung on the walls proclaimed that they held by this preamble. Can the Salon jury say this? Are you of the Salon not clinging as tenaciously to set traditions to-day as did once the Royal to theirs? Does your this year's exhibit differ from your last, and the last from the one before? It is this sameness in the work from year to year that has established such a stumbling-block as a set idea in the minds of the public of what was right and what was not right. What leads one to being so very positive that one's work is absolutely the only work that is in the right vein, and that everything else and everyone else is only working and studying that when he shows us things we may laugh and have fun? What leads one to feel thus, if it be not established tradition? A word from the man who is ready to try and understand what his fellow worker has to say is like sweet music in the chaos of the jumbling, wholesale ridicule lavished by narrow and fettered minds.

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Such acts are hardly to be looked upon as steps toward the furtherance of photography. A movement that is hampered on all sides by prejudice cannot advance rapidly. The goal for which so many are striving is still far, far away, and it seems that each and every man needs contribute toward the element which is to reach it, and which each and every worker believes eventually will, or at least should, be reached.

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Pictorial Photography from America.

"An exhibition of prints by the New School of American Photography, supplemented by an additional collection of one hundred examples of the work of F. Holland Day, of Boston, U. S. A., held by the Royal Photographic Society."

Such is the title of the exhibition of photographs which opens this week at 66 Russell Square, London, and will remain open free to the public daily until November 10, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., and on Wednesdays, 10 A. M. to 8 P. M. It is to Mr. Holland Day that the presence of this large collection of nearly 400 prints is due, and the hard work of suitably mounting and arranging the whole he has cheerfully undertaken, for the sake of the cause for which his zeal knows no bounds; Mr. Eduard J. Steichen, who is also on a visit to London, rendering him able assistance.

Elsewhere, in speaking of the American work which is so conspicuous at the two big London shows now running, it has been too hastily said that a certain similarity, denoting a common influence, marks the whole. The fact probably is that, between British pictorial photography and the new American School there is so strong a line of demarcation, so wide a separation, that, compared with it, the variations and differences in the new school itself seem small, and are lost sight of; and upon closer study, one finds that between the work of some of the principal exponents there is as much variety of motive, and as great a difference, as between the works of a similar number of British workers.

We can readily distinguish between the productions by H. P. Robinson, G. Davison, Hollyer, Annan, and others, and their individuality is generally acknowledged. Yet is not this acknowledgment more due to the intelligent spectator's ability to distinguish and appreciate the individuality in each?

A man devoted to his art is, in a sense, selfish—in his work he seeks only to please himself, or to satisfy his craving to give expression to some sentiment or idea. His art is the evidence of his temperament, and appeals only to those who are in sympathy. On the walls of an average simple English home paintings by Birkett Foster, photographs like H. P. Robinson's, are fit and proper, and until quite recently the bulk of English art is rightly in keeping with the atmosphere of roast beef, and the conventional life of the wealthy bourgeoise. The appreciation of Whistler and the signs of his influence denote a change in taste and in ideas.

We run in a groove until some one has the wit to resist the prevailing trend, and starts a new path. It seems so unnecessary, and the contented ones deep down in the rut laugh at the mere eccentricity of the departure until we all get used to it, and find that the new way answers so much better the requirements of those coming along after us. Then we, too, catch the contagion, adapt ourselves unconsciously, and are surprised to find we had tastes we knew not of—acquired tastes for that which was at first unwelcome are ever the most lasting. Once get a liking for Wagner, and it becomes a passion. Did you ever know a man to whom olives or caviare became distasteful who once acquired a real liking for them?

But to come to these American photographs. That many of Clarence White's, Steichen's, Holland Day's, Eugene's productions, and those of others, will fail to meet with appreciation from an average public is likely enough; that they have already proved incomprehensible to the average critic, who has not hesitated to hurl ridicule in his foolish and intolerant manner, is not surprising. Would the public or the photographer critic

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pause in his tour of a picture gallery to admire a Whistler lithograph or a little Rembrandt etching, if he had not a catalogue to tell him the artist's name?

We do not propose to at present particularly criticize the American pictures, but merely to introduce them, and strongly urge everyone who can to see them.

Most of them are elusive and indefinite in character; the mere suggestion of forms and features leave a great deal for imagination, yet the delicacy of treatment, the selection, the composition, in most cases denote intense feeling; but if the spectator lacks imagination and power of feeling, their effect upon him must be nil; or if he resists their influence, he is like an unwilling subject in the mesmerist's hands.

That the members of this new school of American photographers are capable workers, and very sincere in their endeavors, cannot be doubted. One has only to talk to Mr. Holland Day to realize the passionate earnestness which impels him, though the refinement of feeling and good taste of the highest order of western icvilization, which are so distinctly his, imparts to his utterances a reticence less observable in his more joyous and impetuous companion, Mr. Steichen.

On Monday last we found these two gentlemen at Russell Square, hard at work hanging the pictures, and we greatly benefited by the occasion. Sometimes we felt that these enthusiastic apostles of the new school would have us read into some of the work a little more than was ever intended; but that may be due to our own conservatism. That their ideas, sympathies, their very lives, are widely different to those of the public whom these pictures await was easy to see, and we fear they will feel keenly the isolation which such differences must create. But a year or so hence, and thence onwards, the influence of this American work will be seen, and Mr. Day will have his reward.

We are indebted to him for enabling us to produce this week a lengthy digest of the address which he was, when we saw him, preparing for delivery at the opening of the exhibition on Wednesday, and we may have more to say upon the pictures themselves on another occasion.—*Amateur Photographer, (London), October 12, 1900.*

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American Pictures at the London Salon.

The eighth annual London Salon contained sixty-four pictures by Americans. In all there were two hundred and thirty-nine pictures hung. The Americans represented were: F. H. Day ,of Boston, by ten pictures; Gertrude Käsebier, of New York, seven; Clarence H. White ,of Newark, O., six; Frank Eugent, of New York, four; Mathilde Weil, of Philadelphia, four; Eva L. Watson, of Philadelphia, four; Mary Devens, of Cambridge, three; Mrs. Wm. E. Russell, of Cambridge, three; E. J. Steichen ,of Milwaukee, three; Alvin L. Coburn, of Boston, three; Yarnell C. Abbott, of Philadelphia, two; Rud. Eickemeyer, Jr., two, Virginia M. Prall, of Washington, two; Edmund Stirling, of Philadelphia, two, and the following each by one: Alice Austin, of Boston; F. C. Baker, of Cleveland; Mrs. Elise P. Cabot, of Boston; Sarah J. Eddy, of Providence; Arthur H. Gleason, of Everett; Herbert A. Hess, of Massachusetts; W. G. Ladd, of Massachusetts; Francis Watts Lee, of Boston; Ida W. Palache, of San Francisco; Anne Pillsbury, of Boston; Robert Redfield, of Philadelphia; F. E. Robbins, of Massachusetts; Sarah C. Sears, of Boston; Mrs. S. B. Simons, of Massachusetts; Henry Troth, of Philadelphia.

Among the prominent American absentees we find: W. B. Dyer, of Chicago; Zaïda Ben Yusuf, of New York; Joseph T. Kelley, of New York; Alfred Stieglitz, of New York; Charles I. Berg, of New York, etc., etc., all of whom were prevented from contributing from some cause or other.

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Proceedings.

The regular monthly meeting for September was held on the 11th, Mr. J. F. Strauss acting as chairman, in the absence of the President. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The Treasurer reported a balance on hand of $3,235.88. The meeting then adjourned.

The October meeting was held on the 9th, Mr. Murphy in the chair. The Treasurer reported a balance on hand of $2,848.85. The chairman of the Lantern Slide Committee, Mr. Strauss, read a communication from Mr. Beach, requesting the entrance of the club in the Interchange, and that in view of past experience and present apathy within the club in all branches of photography, that the committee was of the opinion not to attempt to enter the Interchange. Mr. Murphy reported for the Trustees that Mr. Charles I. Berg had been elected Vice-President of the club, and Mr. J. Edgar Bull, Trustee. He also reported the termination of Mr. W. E. Woodbury's services as Curator of the club.

It was moved by Mr. Hart, in behalf of the committee, duly seconded, that the club do not enter the Interchange. Dr. Stevens offered an amendment that the club do enter. This led to a very lively discussion, in which Messrs. Young, A. Schoen, A. L. Simpson, Mann, Chas. Simpson and others participated; these gentlemen speaking in favor of the amendment. Mr. Young remarked that as "regarding the complaint that there is less enthusiasm in the club than heretofore, I am of the opinion that it is somewhat due to a small portion of the club who try to arrogate to themselves all the artistic feeling that the club possesses. These disciples of sensationalism who put themselves on a pedestal and claim that they are far in advance of their age, produce pictures which have only one counterpart in nature, those deformed, misshapen monstrosities, part man and part beast, part fish and part reptile, etc., etc. There are some members of the club who are not willing to be criticised according to the standard which makes a pretty woman look like a negress, or which takes delight in producing pictures of men and women merely because they are so ugly that good taste would suggest to them they never have their pictures exhibited." Mr. Chas. Simpson endorsed these views most heartily. The amendment was duly craried, and Mr. Strauss was elected Lantern Slide Director, for the purpose of carrying out the club's wishes. The meeting was then adjourned.

The special meeting held October 25th is elsewhere reported. (See page 153.)

The regular monthly meeting of the club, which was held on Tuesday evening, November 13th, with Mr. Murphy in the chair, was well attended. The minutes of the preceding meeting were read and approved. The Treasurer's statement showed the club to be in a prosperous condition, with a balance on hand of $3,841.24. The chairman of the Lantern Slide Committee reported the failure of the attempt to form a set for the American Lantern Slide Interchange, and the Secretary reported the resignation of that committee. The Publication Committee reported the receipt of a communication which they desired to have read to the club, and requested that the club take such action thereon as it might deem best. The communication proved to be a scurrilous and vulgar doggerel, composed and signed by a club member. It being unfit for publication, it cannot be printed in these pages. A motion having been made and seconded that the resignation of the offending member be asked for, some discussion ensued, which demonstrated that every member present condemned the production, and all but one man apparently included the author in the general condemnation. A motion to refer the whole matter to the Board of Trustees, as the body vested with the constitutional power to deal with such offences, for its action, having been unanimously carried, the meeting adjourned.

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Lantern Slide News.

At the club meeting of November 13, 1900, the Lantern Slide Committee announced that the response to its appeal for slides, to be used in the 1900-01 Interchange set, had proven so enthusiastic that the club would be unable to enter the Interchange. The printed and personal appeals had produced six slides with which to prepare a set of no less than fifty. Its labors having proven so successful, the committee, deeming its usefulness at an end, offered its resignation.

Mr. J. Wells Champney has instituted on Wednesday evenings "Five Minute Talks," which are delighting the members. These talks are entirely informal. Mr. Champney has not even promised to give them regularly, but only when he had something he wished to say, and as the spirit moved him. The subjects of these little discourses are in the line of art as applied to photography.

The members of the Quid Nunc Club were our guests on Friday evening, November 16. The occasion was the exhibition of about 125 slides, which had been collected and selected by Mr. J. Wells Champney from the club members, to illustrate one of his charming talks. The rooms were crowded with members and guests, all of whom heartily concurred in the few appropriate words in which the President of the Quid Nunc expressed, in behalf of his club, his appreciation of the entertainment.

The "Lantern Slide Champion Cup" competition received but one entry. The same not coming up to the standard, the judges, Messrs. Stieglitz, Champney and Craigie, advised withholding the prize.

It is rather unfortunate that a club of our size should show so little interest in its competitions.

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Club Paragraphs.

At the October meeting of the Trustees, Mr. Chas. I. Berg was unanimously elected to fill the vacant office of Vice-President. Mr. J. Edgar Bull was elected Trustee to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Berg's promotion.

At a later meeting, Mr. H. Man was elected Trustee to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. W. P. Agnew.

The annual Club Dinner is announced for January 12. The Club Auction and Club Smoker will also be held early in the winter.

An epidemic of resignations from committees seems to have struck the Club. The continual change of names on the various committees is truly kaleidoscopic: so much so that it has caused much comment among the members, who are at a loss to understand the cause of all the trouble.

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Secretary's Notes.

The following have been elected members of the Club since the recent issue of this publication: Mr. Walter Ferguson, Jr., Babylon, L. I.; Mr. Walter G. Jones, 347 West Twenty-third street, New York City; Mr. W. B. Swift, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. H. B. Bunton, M. D., Cornell University; Miss S. M. Hawes, Yonkers, N. Y.; Mr. Malcolm Stewart, 120 East Thirty-sixth street, New York City; Mrs. Grace Cook, Tarrytown; Mr. H. H. Sessions, Chicago; Mr. A. R. Charleton, 107 East Twenty-seventh street, New York City; Mr. Martin J. Hackett, Mr. Emil C. Heim, 730 Second avenue, New York City; Mr. Albert C. Bostwick, 8 East Sixty-Third street, New York City; Miss Ellen R. Ward, Salt Sulphur Springs.

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Snap-Shot Fables for Developing Photographers.

THE CLUB AND THE BOARD.

Once upon a time a small Publication Committee, which was really no more than a Board, endeavored to dwell with a fairly technical Club at some distance above trolley-track level, out of the mud-splattering hustle of the Street.

The Club was a large and rather knotty Club, while the editorial Board was only a single-faced, straight Board. So the Club proposed that the Board should consider itself mainly a Bulletin Board, to advise ordinary Humans of the great Club's doings. And the little Board advised and advertised to the best of its single-faced ability.

Whenever the great Club designed a special exhibition of one of its Knobs, the little Board did its critical best to tell all other Knobs and Clubs about it. Then the great Club's Knobs murmured singly and collectively, and said that the poor little Board always rather took the Artistic Shine off the Show. And it hurt a Knob's self-appreciation and spoilt his enjoyment when doing the Rubber-neck before his mental triplicate-mirror.

All this made the well-meaning little Board very Tired. So it conferred among its particles about its articles. It decided how it could please the Club; with a beaming Face it told one of the real big, official Knobs that in future it would not say so much, so that it might never take the Shine off an Artistic Show. It would only announce, and not make comments hereafter; it was sorry it had put Hot Tamales instead of Lollypops on its critical table d'hôte; in the future it would be more considerate of delicate Stomachs, and while still unwilling to make the Sick sicker with Plum Duff, at least it would not make offers of strong, spiced Meat.

Then spoke the big, official Knob: "By Hickory, you can't do that, or you'll put us All in a hole! Our Exhibitors expect you to give them a rich Menu. That is one of the main Inducements that enabled Us to get them to Exhibit. Some consented only on Condition that you served to them the very Hottest Tamales."

Then the little Board scratched its top Knot, and felt perplexed and maybe somewhat vexed. But it went back to its station in life and took up its Mission with a Sigh. Only, it called in some outside Prominent Knobs to help it with the Hot Tamales.

APPLICATION.

All not on the dead run have already read some of the Morals inherent in this little Fable. It would be Hopeless to try to set so many good Morals forth for those too Unmoral to deduce them. It would waste too much Space.

F.

"To plagiarize a good technical photograph is not difficult, and is achieved by rule and measure, and is contemptible in proportion to the ease with which it may be practiced."

A. H. H.

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Exhibition of Prints by Miss Rose Clark and Mrs. Elizabeth Flint Wade.

(October, 9-20, 1900.)

A character of distinction marked this exhibition, as it does all the work of these ladies that I have seen. To use a much tortured word, it is thoroughly artistic; and along lines quite reasonable and normal. There is no attempt at originality, or a desire to become identified with some manners that may be recognizable as individual; nothing of the conscious pose that one sees through so readily, and grows so tired of, as if originality could be acquired or individuality assumed! Besides, neither quality is necessarily artistic. So far as picture-making is concerned, that involves the faculty of seeing pictorially through an eye sensitive to effects of line and form, light and color, and the same trained and disciplined. It is in this way that Miss Clark, for I understand that she is primarily the artist of the combination, is distinguished. She places her figures within their space, arranges them conformably to their character in poses often unexpected, but always natural; is particularly happy in the disposition of draperies, obtains a handsome and expressive distribution of light and shade by a well-planned, uniform system of lighting in each case, and, thus relying on true picture-methods, has no recourse to trickeries of any kind to stimulate interest.

In one respect, I find this work disappointing. Nearly all these prints are portraits of women, and how many of them escape being homely? This is so delicate a subject that, in presence of one or two examples, I should have hesitated to allude to it, but here one may shelter behind numbers. So many of the originals cannot possibly be homely; the idea jars upon one's sensibilities as well as violating the laws of probability. One noted, also, at the Philadelphia Photographic Salon, how homely were the majority of the representations of women—observe, that I do not say the women represented, Heaven forbid! In such cases one suspects that the photographer has been concerned less in securing a portrait than in making a picture, and, further, that his idea of beauty in a picture is limited to the technicalities of his craft, and does not embrace the value and beauty of the human personality. When the artist can render the latter, while drawing liberally upon the resources of his art, he is creating something more satisfying than a good many of these examples.

C. H. Caffin.

The reviews of the J. Ridgway Moore, Virginia M. Prall, and W. B. Post exhibitions of prints will appear in the next issue of the magazine.

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Two New American "Links."

It is with pleasure that we announce the election of Gertrude Käsebier and Clarence H. White to the "Linked Ring." This honor coming from England is in conformity with the estimation in which the work of these two gifted photographers is held on this side of the water.

Mrs. Käsebier is the first woman who has ever had the honor conferred upon her, and it is to the credit of the "Ring" that it has broken away from its conservatism in this particular respect; for there are few, if any, photographers, male or female, in this country or elsewhere, who can rank with her as a picture-maker.

With the two additions, this country is now represented by six members in the "Linked Ring," that body of photographers which has done so much good for the advancement of pictorial photography the world over.

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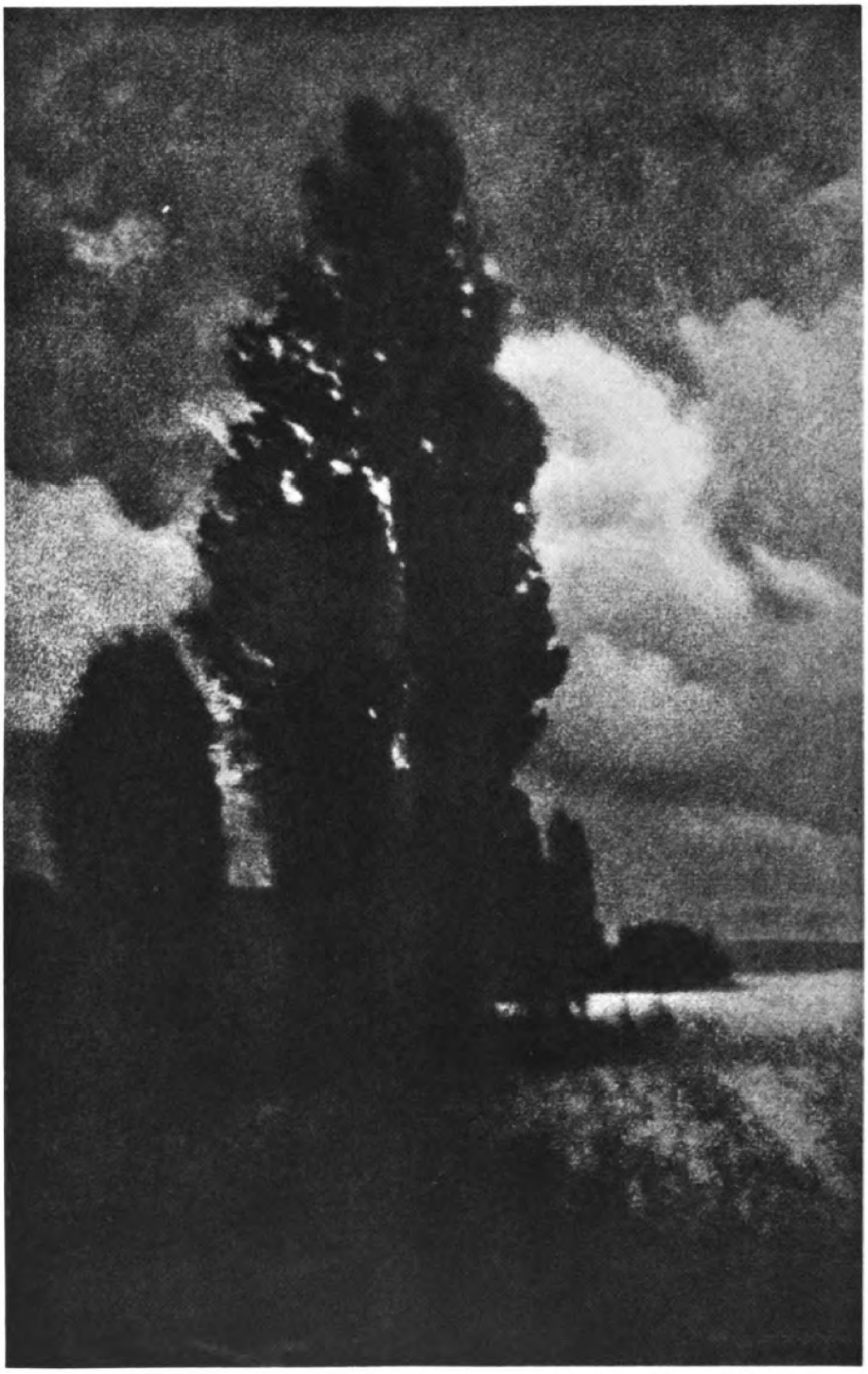

POPLARS AND CLOUDS

From a "Gum-Print"

By Hans Watzek

(Vienna)

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The Salon.

(Philadelphia, Oct. 22—Nov. 18, 1900.)

Its Place, Pictures, Critics and Prospects.

The Philadelphia Photographic Salon of 1900 is the third exhibition of its kind held in the city of Philadelphia. The first of these exhibitions occurred in 1898. It was held under the joint auspices of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and the Photographic Society of Philadelphia, and was the outcome of a growing appreciation of the artistic pictorial possibilities of photography both within photographic circles and on the part of the general public, and was in response to a general demand for its serious recognition and encouragement. This exhibition was extensively and seriously reviewed in these pages at the time, both as to its shortcomings and its merits. (See CAMERA NOTES, Vol. II., No. 3, p. 113.) Appreciating the import and seriousness of the undertaking, and foreseeing the smothering misrepresentation begotten of bitter opposition that must inevitably be met with from certain elements within the photographic world, this quarterly, established in the best interests of photographic progress both scientific and pictorial, endeavored to bring to the attention of the entire photographic world—not in the flippant, carping and misrepresenting manner so generally adopted in reviewing or noticing photographic exhibitions, but in the serious and impartial way that such earnest effort deserved and called for—the work that was being done in Philadelphia, for the general encouragement of all who were *honestly* interested in the advance of artistic pictorial photography.

In that review, as pertinent to the subject, effort was made briefly to outline the history of the pictorial photographic movement and the origin of the Photographic Salon.*

From the *Niépce-Fox-Talbot-Daguerre* epoch down through its various metamorphoses to that which beheld photography asserting its right to enter the realms of art, and thence on to the epoch marked by the establishment of the first Photographic Salon, properly so called, the history of the pictorial movement was for the first time here presented. This was followed by a review and critique of the more important pictures of the exhibition and of the general management of the Salon. This exhibition, while showing some of the best work ever produced in America, and containing on its catalogue the names of many who have since won a high reputation throughout the entire photographic world—as well as of nearly all of the then well-known American photographers—was not only deficient in certain important respects, but practically unknown abroad, and even in many places in America. While admittedly the finest photograph exhibition ever shown in the United States, and far in advance of the old Joint Exhibitions, and conducted along lines very much approaching those that should govern a first-class salon in the correct meaning of the term, the exhibition of 1898 had no recognized standing among the leading exhibitions

* For further notes on the pictorial movement in photography and the significance of the Modern Photographic Salon see CAMERA NOTES, Vol. IV., No. 1, p. 18; and on the development and progress of pictorial photography in the United States, see *Photograms of the Year, 1899*, p. 7, and *Photograms of the Year, 1900*, p. 17.

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of the world, and it was a matter of much speculation as to when the attempt would be repeated.

The second Salon, that of 1899, was therefore regarded with very special interest by all those concerned in the progress of pictorial photography, and was more fully and searchingly reviewed than that of the previous year, nearly fifty pages of CAMERA NOTES being devoted to the consideration of its purpose and character, and the lesson to be derived from it. (See CAMERA NOTES, Vol. III., No. 2, p. 135.) It created a more general and more profound interest than the previous exhibition had done, and materially lessened any doubt there may have existed as to the ability of Philadelphia to carry on the Salon movement. The exhibition was far in advance of its predecessor, and besides the American contained much foreign work. The presence of some dozen or more examples of very inferior work, that had managed to get by the jury through its desire to be not too exacting, materially lowered the general standard of excellence many degrees beneath that governing the admission of pictures to the previous Salon. The general average, however, of the work submitted to the Jury of Selection for their judgment was very much higher than of that submitted to the jury of the Salon of 1898. In other words, the jury of 1899, while not maintaining the same evenly high standard of judgment as that so consistently held to by the jury of 1898, found among the many pictures entered for judgment a very much larger number of essentially artistic and original productions than previously had been submitted. This showed pretty conclusively that the Salon of 1898 had exercised a most beneficial influence upon a number of the photographic workers of the country, as the best work, almost without exception, came from those who had been more or less in touch with the exhibition of that year. Some it had helped by opening their eyes to what really good work was; others it had encouraged and stimulated to more ambitious efforts, as fair recognition of meritorious work must always stimulate and encourage. New exhibitors had been attracted to show, and, while the position of the Salon was not yet firmly established, it was evident that already it was beginning to exercise a broad and far-reaching influence. No better proof of this could be desired than the bitter opposition that it was beginning to call forth from all those who were interested in photography from purely vain or selfish motives. Those sincerely interested in the development and progress of the pictorial movement looked forward with deep concern for every evidence that the Salon itself might bring or other sources furnish, of the effect of the 1899 Salon upon the individual workers, upon the status of American work, as such, at home and abroad, and upon the recognized position of the Salon among the exhibitions of the country and the world.

The opening of the present exhibition was, therefore, looked forward to with much interest and expectation, and when the evening of October 20 at last was at hand a glance through the exhibition rooms of the conservative old Academy of Fine Arts, of Philadelphia, was sufficient to convince the observer of two facts—first, that there was being shown an exhibition of sufficient importance and interest to the art-loving public to crowd the exhibition halls with a very representative gathering, and this, too, despite the strong counter attraction of the long-deferred first night performance of Dr. Weir Mitchell's play,

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"The Adventures of François," an event of strong local interest to the Philadelphia public; and, secondly, that this exhibition was peculiarly attractive to the pictorial photographic element of the country, judging from the number of persons well known in the photographic world present in the crowd. Near the entrance could be seen the well-set figure of Frank Eugene, his fine open countenance twisted into a merry smile as he told in a quizzical manner to Miss Watson and some others how Mr. Berg, who loves a jest beyond all things, could not resist the temptation of putting N. C. after the title, "Lady of Charlotte," in getting up the catalogue of Mr. Eugene's New York show; a little beyond, straight as an arrow and vigorous as the youngest of us, was that veteran soldier, J. Ridgway Moore, pointing out to Mr. Yarnall Abbott the innocuous merits of a certain print. Miss Mathilde Weil, looking better and more vigorous than ever, I came upon a moment later as she was warmly rebuking some petty insinuation against the jury of unfair judging, and laying down the very excellent doctrine that having voluntarily submitted work for judgment, it hardly became those who had some of their pictures rejected to abuse the jury solely on that account, and for no better reason than wounded vanity to attribute mean motives to persons generally respected. Passing on, I came upon George Firmin, much younger for the loss of his beard, but easily recognizable, and, after him, Allen Drew Cook, engaged in a very interesting conversation with a very deaf man, who evidently entertained an exceedingly poor opinion of the whole show, judging from his rather audible observations to Mr. Cook, and whose sight, from some of his remarks, seemed quite as poor as his hearing.

Elsewhere in the crowd, trying to discover what it was that anyone could see in certain pictures to call forth the admiration or commendation that had been accorded them, could be seen the handsome and genial L. L. Peddinghaus, one of the best known photographers of the West, accompanied by his wife, and with them Mr. Brennan, also of Marietta, whose Highland pasture attracted much favorable attention at last year's Salon, while in another group stood Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier and Miss Frances B. Johnson, discussing the wisdom of sending American photographs to Russia. Mr. William B. Dyer, the illustrator of *Riley's Love Lyrics,* and foremost artistic pictorial photographer, professional or amateur—tall, refined, and full of the dreamy fire of the true artist and poet, in company with T. O'Conor Sloane, one of the most active members of the Orange Camera Club, I next came upon, standing before one of Mr. Clarence White's best pictures, and regretting that he, too, could not be present at the opening of the Salon. Not far away from these, in the center of the room, quite a circle had gathered about Jno. G. Bullock, Edmund Stirling, the active secretary of the Philadelphia Photographic Society; Robert S. Redfield, its president; Harrison S. Morris, the vigilant and tireless secretary of the Art Academy, and Alfred Stieglitz, who were standing together conversing upon the incidents and phases of the Salon movement and its probable outcome. And thus at every turn one came upon some one more or less well known in the world of photography, many of whom had traveled long distances to be present at this opening. The crowd was so large that it was practically impossible to get anything more than a passing glimpse of the pictures on the opening night—a continuous and solid line of humanity three and four deep extending the entire

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way around the place of exhibition, moving slowly from picture to picture and quite blocking every print from general view.

And now as to the position of the Salon!

I.

All leading pictorial workers have come to regard it as *the* exhibition of the year in the United States; and conservative estimate, which now places American pictorial photographic work on an equal footing with the most advanced and artistic work of the times, places the Philadelphia Salon of to-day in the front rank of the few great pictorial photographic exhibitions of the world.

II.

The Salon of 1900 embraces in all 204 pictures, and represents the work of sixty-two exhibitors.

Eighty-six of the entire number of pictures shown are specially invited exhibits and did not go before the jury of selection. These pictures are the work of the five members of the jury and of four distinguished foreign photographers—J. Craig Annan, Robert Demachy, Th. Hofmeister and C. Puyo.

LIST OF EXHIBITORS AND NUMBER OF PRINTS SHOWN BY EACH.

C. Yarnall Abbott	3	Alfred Holden	1
Prescott Adamson	1	Gertrude Käsebier	10
Frances and Mary Allen	2	Joseph T. Keiley	7
J. Craig Annan	6	George F. Kunz	1
F. C. Baker	1	Frances Watts Lee	4
Charles I. Berg	3	Joseph Prince Loud	1
Benjamin Brownell	1	J. Ridgway Moore	2
John G. Bullock	2	Wm. L. Page	2
Louis Casavant	1	L. L. Peddinghaus	2
H. F. Cassel	1	Anne Pilsbury	1
Rose Clark and Elizabeth Flint Wade	5	Wm. B. Post	2
Frederic Colburn Clarke	1	C. Puyo	10
Alfred Clements	1	Robert S. Redfield	2
Allen Drew Cook	3	Margaret M. Russell	5
F. Holland Day	8	Benjamin Sharp	2
Robert Demachy	10	Virginia G. Sharp	2
F. Detlefsen	1	T. O'Conor Sloane, Jr	1
Mary Devens	5	Emma Spencer	3
Wm. B. Dyer	8	Katharine S. Stanbery	1
T. M. Edminston	3	Mary R. Stanbery	1
Frank Eugene	10	Edmund J. Steichen	3
J. H. Field	1	Alfred Stieglitz	10
George P. Firmin	2	Edmund Stirling	6
Herbert G. French	1	Walter P. Stokes	1
Charles E. Frick	1	Henry Troth	1
Dallett Fuguet	1	Amelia Van Buren	3
L. S. Gans	1	Frederick Von Rapp	2
Emerson B. Garrison	1	Eva Lawrence Watson	10
Arthur A. Gleason	1	Mathilde Weil	1
Conrad F. Haeseler	1	Clarence H. White	10
Th. Hofmeister	10	John Wright	1

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To the Jury of Selection* were submitted in all 883 pictures (representing 168 entries), of which number 765 were rejected, leaving a balance of 118 pictures actually accepted; which, with the invited works, represents three foreign countries and twenty-one towns and cities of nine different States.

As a State, Ohio was the most generally represented, six different places—Akron, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Marietta, Newark and Zanesville—exhibiting altogether twenty-three pictures.

Viewed as a whole, there is an *apparent* evenness of tone and intent about the Salon of 1900 that is quite remarkable, and that seemingly—the collection being considered in its entirety—almost attains to a climax of monotony. Only after repeated examination of the most searching character does it appear that evenness is more apparent than real, and that it is mainly due to the selective adopted in the hanging of the Salon pictures. Instead of following the precedent of former years, of hanging the work of each exhibitor in an individual group, this year's hanging committee split up the individual groups, and selected and sorted out to be hung next to one another such pictures as would go best together, and harmonize, balance and blend in with their neighbors. For evenness of balance and harmony of effect no happier methods could have been hit upon, and a high and even standard was preserved, that otherwise could not possibly have been arrived at; but for the study of the range, characteristics and purpose of the individual exhibitors no more exasperating nor illusive method could possibly have been adopted. In order to study any one exhibitor's pictures it was necessary to tack backwards and forwards like a sail-boat that wishes to reach a given point with the wind blowing considerably off its course. This method of hanging is without doubt the best that can possibly be adopted in the case of a one-man show, or where the main thing to be considered is the appearance of the wall and the best decorative effect that can be gotten out of a harmoniously selective combination of the pictures at hand. For educational purposes, however, it by no means affords the best possible opportunity for the study of the work of the individual exhibitors; and there is small question that what the exhibition has gained in general harmony by the adoption of this method of arrangement is more than counterbalanced by what it loses in effective and striking contrasts, personal individuality and educational effectiveness. That the whole exhibition gained in apparent strength by the distribution of the strong pictures pretty evenly over the walls, and by the "blending in" of the other pictures, so to say, with their surroundings, as a correctly selected frame blends in and becomes part of the picture it holds, is true beyond dispute. The task of the hanging committee was by no means an easy one, for they had anything but a harmonious mass of material to deal with; and a wall upon which to hang whose color, something between a red and a maroon, was almost the most inimical that could well have been imagined as a background for delicate photographic prints, unprotected by great areas of defensive margin such as is

* The jury of selection for 1900 consisted of Alfred Stieglitz, New York; Gertrude Käsebier, Brooklyn; Clarence H. White, Newark, Ohio; Frank Eugene, New York; Eva Lawrence Watson, Philadelphia.

The jury was selected by the board of management of the Salon—Edward H. Coates and Harrison S. Morris, representing the Academy of Fine Arts, and Robert S. Redfield, John G. Bullock and Edmund Stirling, the Photographic Society.

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used on etchings and engravings. From their point of view the committee performed their thankless task—for the hanging of exhibition pictures is almost as thankless a task as that of judging them—very ably; but despite all their efforts nearly all the really delicate work of the exhibition was devitalized by that brutal wall-color, and made to look muddy, colorless or lifeless almost to moribundity by its rough assault.

I have often wondered why so progressive an institution as the Philadelphia Academy—and under its present management it is one of the most progressive art institutions of the country—I have often wondered why it permitted this aggressive burlap, effective as a background for certain things only, to remain on the walls constantly in use for the exhibition of pictures of the most widely different character, and for which some neutral tint would be the most effective and least detracting or injurious. It plays havoc not with photographs alone, but with many of the paintings and sketches shown against it, collections of which I have, on more than one occasion, noted to have been very seriously affected with the contagion of this "red death." The Chicago Art Institute has been more happy in its choice of wall color for its general exhibition walls, and the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburg has likewise exercised great care in this particular.

In the critical consideration of every pictorial exhibition of any importance, and particularly of such as are held annually and represent the progress or retrogression of a pictorial movement, it is necessary for a proper understanding of its entire weight and significance to regard it as a whole, as well as to analyze separately its component parts. In this way only is it possible to form some estimate of the general trend of the work, and to note if there be a marked movement, either organized or spontaneous, in any particular direction.

To do this properly, and in such a manner as to insure approximately accurate results—in matters dependent on human taste and judgment it would be folly to expect more—it is essential that the task be approached with absolute impartiality and the single desire to present things as they are, without fear of offending or desire either to please or annoy.

Keeping this well in mind—for 'tis a rule more often forgotten than remembered in the reviewing of not only photographic but many other exhibitions by professional critics—let us pause for a moment on the threshold of the Salon to consider what it represents and means before turning to a critical examination of its pictures.

It presents to the observer an interesting mosaic of the *results* of a great amount of exacting labor, infinite thought and earnest striving after some phase of what is termed the *beautiful*. With the purely personal element represented by these efforts we must not concern ourselves, results alone, independently of the individuals, having to be passed upon. And it means that a number of persons throughout the country, using and believing in the camera as a means of expressing original artistic ideas, have *voluntarily* submitted their work to a carefully selected jury—composed of five different persons all more or less distinguished in the photographic world, and each representing a certain marked phase and style of pictorial photography entirely different from that represented

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by every other member of the jury—to determine if their submitted work show *"distinct evidence of individual artistic feeling and execution."*

"Distinct evidence of *artistic feeling and execution!*" What does this mean and imply. It means that the jury had two main points to deal with in the case of each picture—one a point of taste, or that having merely to do with the *artistic feeling*—the other one of fact, or that dealing with the *artistic execution.*

In the matter of the first, each juror would in all probability have his own particular view of what *artistic feeling* was; and judgment on this would be purely discretionary—for what may be a distinct evidence of artistic feeling to one may have for you no significance in the world. Our opinion upon this point depends for its color very largely on temperamental peculiarities and educational prejudices; the Spaniard, for example, may regard as distinct evidence of artistic feeling that which would never in the world appeal to the Japanese or the Englishman. In the matter of execution, however, judgment is based on exact knowledge—of drawing, of values, of tonality, of perspective, of composition and the like—things following certain fixed and well defined laws and of exact commensurability—affording no latitude for the exercise of discretionary judgment.

As few people ever agree upon matters of taste, the only possible way of arriving at an intelligent and intelligible standard is by recognizing that set by the agreement of a number of persons of known judgment, ability and taste. This may, of course, fall short of being correct, as has more than once happened in the history of affairs of taste. If incorrect, time alone will show, and the fault will be as much that of the times that produced the judges as of the judges themselves.

The object of calling upon such a jury is, by obtaining its composite judgment to strike a general average of the best taste of the time; for while one member of a jury may be in advance of his time and another behind it—one a conservative and another an extremist—one an impressionist and another a realist—and while each, if left to his own devices, might be too much swayed by his own particular likes or prejudices—when acting together such a body is very apt to hit upon a middle choice that is entirely representative of the really good work of the period and to set a standard that will register the high-water-mark of present progress.

The 204 pictures therefore represent two things—the invited work, the productions of persons of acknowledged and proven ability here and abroad—the selected pictures, the best in point of taste and the most perfect in matter of technique, in the opinion of five competent persons of widely differing tastes—of the mass of pictures submitted for judgment; or, in other words, work showing *"distinct evidence of individual artistic feeling and execution."*

Turning now to the exhibition, it appears that the first impression of the Salon as a whole is one of almost disappointment. Individual pictures and groups of pictures do not stand out from their surroundings as was the case last year, and fix the attention whether or no; but instead subordinate themselves to the general whole, and that general whole to the few really great pictures contained therein in a very remarkable manner. As has already been observed, the

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method of hanging adopted this year is partially responsible for this; and there is an almost total absence of the sensational picture. Furthermore, while there are fewer really big things than formerly, there is a corresponding absence of the raft of mediocre work that managed to slip through last year, the consequent result being the elimination from this year's exhibition of the abrupt and violent contrasts so apparent in the last Salon. In a word, the exhibition of this year is infinitely more even and more evenly refined than formerly.

Artistically speaking, it was almost feminine in its refinement. This apparent evenness of character was partially due, as has already been observed, to the method of hanging, and was made the more possible by the sameness of character of certain of the pictures. After a long and careful study of the exhibition, the conviction remained that certain photographers ambitious to do good work, but still uncertain of themselves and not overabundantly endowed with creative inspiration, had come under the influence and adopted the style and in some cases even the mannerisms, of some of the best known workers, and produced results which, while showing distinct evidence of artistic feeling and execution, lack the vivifying quality of marked artistic originality or bigness of conception.

This is as natural as it was inevitable, and is the best possible evidence of the existence of a distinct movement, serious in its purpose and working towards a definite end.

Strongly original workers are few and far between in every branch of creative art; aspiring, ambitious ones, many wherever the artistic appreciation and perception has been fully awakened into life and action: and these latter seeking to learn how best to cast their feelings into form—study and borrow from the experience of those who have pioneered the way—and adopt such forms and methods as are generally recognized to be the best in which to give expression to their own thoughts: just as the poet casts his fancies into the form of sonnet, or Homeric verse and measures by the rhythmic time-beat of dactyl or spondee so combined as best to convey the spirit and music of his thought—the embodiment of his dream. To the great artist alone it is given to be the slave of no form or law—other than the *law of beauty.*

There could be no better voucher for improved and bigger work in the future when those who now are following begin fully to feel their own strength and to branch out positively along their own lines. Some of the work shown at last year's Salon displayed every evidence of being haphazard and without definite purpose. The American work of to-day as a whole, as represented by the Salon, shows nothing of this, but is quite direct—strong, firm and full of definite purpose. It is marked by a distinct style, that has made itself very evident wherever it has been exhibited alongside the work of other countries; and while, except in rare instances, wanting to a great degree in poetic imagination, it shows keen pictorial appreciation and great refinement of feeling.

Having thus regarded the pictures collectively, we will now consider them singly and according to their class—that is, the invited and the judged prints—after which attention will be given to the exhibits of the members of the Jury of Selection.

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The name of J. Craig Annan is the first of the specially invited of the foreign workers to appear among the catalogued names of this year's exhibitors. It is a name well and more than favorably known throughout the entire photographic-pictorial world. Mr. Annan is, in a word, universally conceded, by all competent judges, to be one of the ablest, the most gifted, most artistic of the really great pictorial photographic leaders of the times. Yet, from the six examples of his art shown at this year's Salon, this would hardly appear. Strong, quiet and full of character, Mr. Annan's portraiture, as here shown, is hardly more than interesting as exhibition pictorial work, and attracts little more than passing interest, either by the richness of its values or the character of its subjects.

Five of the prints are portrait studies. In every instance the interest is centred on one particular point, there being no obtrusive objects of secondary importance to divide the attention with the main one. The lighting is well handled and the body-lines carefully, gracefully, and to all appearances, characteristically disposed. The portrait of *Oswald Fergus, Esq.,* for example, represents a man in the prime of life, keen, alert and determined, almost to fierceness. The contracted brow, almost frowning over the penetrating eyes, the clear-cut features, the firmly set mouth, that faintly hints at the shadow of a quiet smile, all bespeak a man of intellectual aggressiveness. The figure is almost in profile, but the face looks out at us over the left shoulder and is bent slightly forward in an attitude of alert attention; the hands are hitched naturally into the coat pockets in an easy attitude, indicative of momentary repose and nervous attention, that is entirely in keeping with the poise and character of the head. The strongest light in the picture is on the head, centering the attention there, the background and figure being fairly illumined with a diffusion of the light. The frame seemed rather heavy and inappropriate and appeared to detract from certain of the tone values of the picture, yet a fairly heavy one it certainly requires, and I must confess that had I to suggest another style of frame, I should find the task difficult. The portrait entitled *W. Q. Orchardson, Esq., R. A.,* No. 12, portrays quite a different character, and in a much lower key. It is the largest picture in Mr. Annan's collection, and represents a man of probably sixty years of age, in a sitting posture and in profile. His bearing is that of a man of the world, formal, polite and entirely self-possessed. One almost feels an artistic mannerism emanating from the picture, as though the sitter had lived a while in Paris and had acquired a French poise. The tones of the picture are rather hard and leathery. The modelling of the face is especially fine, and the entire picture is in the latest style. *Molly,* No. 7, the picture of a child, is, at first glance, most unpleasant to look upon, but careful examination shows that this is due, to some extent, to the influence of the frame, and partially to the size of the picture. The overbearing massiveness of the frame, and its color, greatly detracted from the picture's value and delicacy, as does the comparative size of the child's figure, which is too large for the space allowed for it. It was only after repeated and close inspection that I discovered it to be a really charming study of a child.

In reality it is a very delicate piece of work, but the frame, by its contrasting strength and heaviness and its closeness to the figure, makes it appear "blurred,

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fuzzy," some might call it, and indistinct. Nevertheless, the picture is not in character, though it may in reality be very true to life. One of the greatest charms of child life is its entire naturalness and truth to self, in its very unconsciousness of self. The child in this picture is clearly posing. There is none of the childish abandon and unconscious naturalness that lend to juvenile life its greatest charm. The turn and poise of the curly little head, the position of the shapely little arms and dimpled hand, the entire attitude of the figure, show that the child was conscious of posing, and in a serious child study that is a grave fault. The two portraits of women, Nos. 8 and 9, are quiet, dignified studies, and there is a pensive, far-away expression about their eyes that is always becoming to women and attractive and incomprehensible to man— attractive partially, perhaps, because of its very enigmatical character. "A penny for your thoughts," you exclaim, my masculine reader, when you behold such an expression, throwing its almost penetrable veil over the eyes of some fair friend, and you feel a longing to know of what it is she is thinking that seems to bring you nearer to her and at the same instant puts you farther away—too far away to follow the finer fancyings of the woman soul within her. And invariably the interrogated one smiles archly and refuses any elucidation at any price or else furnishes you with an explanation that explains nothing. Perhaps it is some vision or dream too ineffably tender for the less spiritual mind of man to understand, and consequently calculated to excite his derision? or is it that the daughters of Eve are fully aware that curiosity is not entirely monopolized by the fair sex, but holds an equally powerful sway over the sons of Adam, despite all their boasting to the contrary? Like enough it is a little of both. But to return from our digression—and to Mr. Annan's pictures—of which one still remains to be considered, that entitled *The Dark Mountains,* No. 11. This picture alone, of Mr. Annan's six pictures, possesses certain dramatic and poetic qualities. "The Dark Mountains"—the very name summons to our imaginations Walpurgian nightmares or Dantesque dreams, ideas of massive, awful grandeur, unknown, threatening dangers, the unexplored countries beyond, whence the last light of day flares up into the night-darkening sky. Such a light flares up into such a sky in Mr. Annan's picture, and outlined against it we see in the distance a range of dark mountains massing against the beyond. Some figures in the foreground, draped Dantesque fashion, walk from us towards the mountains. Their heads are bowed, somewhat like pilgrims approaching some holy shrine, or men engrossed in all-absorbing thoughts. Their figures are indistinct and simply outline themselves in dim masses against the distance. Whence are ye, oh, silent travelers, and whither are ye bound? Follow ye the trail of Death over the range of Time in search of the Eternity beyond? Or are ye bent on Faust-like quest of horrid distraction from the ever present memory of some ill deed done that chafes the conscience and humiliates the soul? There are in the immediate foreground of this picture two white masses that may be rock masses or drifts of snow or glimpses of mountain streams, but which do not explain themselves and whose pronounced unexplained lightness disturb the quiet harmony of the picture. The sky towards the tops and sides, especially to the left, as we face the picture, is rather too densely and harshly rendered, and the transition from light to dark is too abrupt to be

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pleasing or thoroughly artistic. This picture, with the two previously mentioned, lose certain of their qualities through the manner in which they have been matted and framed. Differently exhibited, they would have shown to far better advantage.

The exhibition does not show Mr. Annan at his best, which I regret, for that best belongs, in my judgment, to the very best that has ever been done in pictorial photography; his *Lombardy Plowing Team,* the *Walking Monks* and one or two others of his pictures hold their own with the most perfect pictorial work yet done with the aid of a camera.

Robert Demachy, whose name follows that of Mr. Annan in this class, needs no introduction. Wherever interest is taken in pictorial photography his work and name are known, and with Mr. Annan, he ranks with the foremost. He is one of the few photographers whose best work bears the stamp of a poetic imagination as well as an airy fancy.

Melancholy, No. 43, one of the ten pictures shown by him this year, is a fine example of this. The picture presents to us a young girl, her head and shoulders alone visible, pensively watching the day depart over the distant hill-side. The western under-rims of the gliding clouds are touched with the afterglow of the diurnal light. The girl's hair falls about the head so as to afford but the merest glimpse of her face, which presents itself in profile, and is simplicity itself, showing no trace of any attempt at the petty little vanities and coquetries of youth. The listless loneliness of this girlish figure in this mountain solitude at such an hour, her pensive attitude, her disregard of looks and the idea of death so softly suggested by the fading light that is thus associated and brought face to face with fair young life is certainly a very poetic rendering of the picture's title. When viewed near at hand the picture shows one peculiarity that forces itself upon the observer and very materially detracts from the seriousness of its purpose. I refer to the manner in which the sleeves of the girl's dress have been indicated. Thinking that my imagination had exaggerated this feature, I took a friend to this picture and asked him if there was any particular detail in this print that forced itself upon him over and above everything else. "Yes," he replied, "the sleeves of the girl's dress. They make me think of a vegetable that is one of the chief ingredients of gumbo soup—they look like okra stems." Thus, too, had they instantly impressed me. At a little distance this peculiarity disappears. Of the two portrait studies shown, that of *Count de B.,* No. 49, is by far the best. It is the portrait of a man of middle age, in a costume that belongs to a past century. It is so entirely in character and keeping that it might easily be mistaken for a copy of some fine old painting. It is well and understandingly handled and is one of the strongest pieces of work of the kind that I have ever seen. It presented a phase of M. Demachy's work with which previously I was not familiar. The other portrait, while rather well handled, was not particularly interesting.

Pride, No. 41, *Decorative Figure,* No. 46, *Girl With Guitar,* No. 47, are effective decorative studies. This picture, the *Girl With Guitar,* being especially happy and effective, and executed more in a Florentine than a Parisian spirit. It suggests rich coloring and the dreamy, voluptuous, passionate charm of music. It brought back to me memories of years ago, when

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more keenly alive to the poetry and romance of things, I had lolled in a gondola on Venetian lagoons, and lulled by the caress of the soft summer night, had listened to the music of the guitar, accompanying some rich, melodious love song, come floating over the moon-lit waters out of the shadow of the darkness of some palatial pile as my boat glided on through the topaz night.

Summer Time, No. 45, represents a rather effective landscape, with a female figure half reclining in the foreground, the head supported against a tree. The landscape in itself is more or less satisfying, but the girl's figure seems out of place and incongruous. It is costumed in some sort of flowing gown that resembles somewhat that worn by college girls as the uniform of their scholarship and is not in keeping with the surroundings, as it is sufficiently assertive to attract the attention and bring to the mind the idea of style instead of summer. At the left shoulder there is fixed a large decorative flower. The folds of this gown, running toward the front of the picture, introduce a series of distracting, inharmonious and unpleasant lines into the composition. The theme itself is charming enough, but it seems to me that in this picture M. Demachy fails to realize the possibilities that he suggests. The title of No. 48, while a trifle misleading, designating, as it does, an act rather than a person or condition, comes near enough to convey the idea intended. The picture portrays a quaint little French child, garbed in the white dress and veil of a first communicant; a commingling of happiness, veneration and awe beams from the little one's face, and she presents a charming picture of childish purity and angelic innocence. How well M. Demachy has given expression to this, is best understood by comparing this picture with *Pride*, just above it, and his *Girl With Guitar*. The first, coldly vain rather than proud, and entirely conscious of her voluptuous charms—the other langorously amorous, sensuous. It is only after such comparison that one begins to understand how entirely M. Demachy is in sympathy with his work and how understandingly he executes it.

Paris, No. 40, and *Old Mentone*, No. 44, show another phase of this artist's work. *Paris* is not, as one might be led to suppose from the title, a bird's-eye view of the city to which it is said all good Americans go when they die, but simply an interesting glimpse of a very small part of it—one of the squares, if my memory serves me; and *Old Mentone*, while picturesque and rather effective, is vastly inferior to the Mentone picture shown in last year's Salon and afterward reproduced in CAMERA NOTES. (See Vol. III., No. 3). The framing of this picture greatly weakens the picture's force and detracts from its value. The framing of *Paris*, too, is not in the best taste. It is due to M. Demachy to say that the half-tone reproduction of *Old Mentone* in the catalogue exaggerates the blackness of the shadows and the lightness of the sunny portions of the picture, and makes the woman standing in the shadowed doorway appear an absurd, flat, black shadow plastered against the wall, all of which is decidedly misleading and untrue to the original picture. M. Demachy, while more widely known to-day by his purely decorative work, will be remembered longest and most favorably, by such pictures as *Mentone, Thistles, Melancholy* and *Poster-study*. He is a man of much ability and great versatility, who, though often simply delicately fanciful, can be strong and vigorous when occasion demands.

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Impressive by reason of size and color, the ten pictures of Herr Th. Hofmeister, another of those invited to exhibit, attracted especial and immediate attention to themselves. The collection, with one exception, was given a wall to itself, with ample space for each print and nothing to distract attention. Yet, with everything in their favor, they, with the exception of two pictures, failed to make a favorable impression on the majority of those who visited the Salon, either by reason of the choice of subject or the manner of treatment. At best they excited little more than curiosity as to the method of their production, as the general public is not over familiar with the manner in which gum-bichromate prints are made.* Their very size exaggerates their faults, and the additional element of color conjoined to their strength, for they are strong, makes them appear crude. Limited as the photographer of to-day is in the matter of color, it is practically impossible for him at present to render color effects and combinations with any degree of truth if he would introduce color into his work. Therefore, he must either confine himself to such subjects as lend themselves to his limitations, such, for example, as *In Fog* or *Night*, or else he must attempt to produce such an effect as will not challenge comparison by its intermittent veracity, but which, on the contrary, will win admiration by appealing to the untrammeled love of the beautiful, by presenting to the eye fanciful harmonies that are born of a refined and artistic imagination. Herr Hofmeister, instead of appealing to the imagination, has challenged comparison with certain facts of nature, with which those who study his pictures believe themselves to be conversant; and which seem to them to have been unhappily rendered in most of his pictures. His pictures are sufficiently literal to make one think of facts, and one's sense of truth is therefore rather shocked to find the shadowed side of tree trunks rather strongly illuminated when the light comes from behind them, as in *Summer Evening*, No. 93, or the glimpses of trunks that appear from beneath a mass of shadowing foliage rendered in an almost higher key than any other part of the picture in which appears a light-sparkling stream and a brilliant sun-lit sky, as in the case of the *Meadow*, No. 91, which is, on the whole, perhaps, the most pleasing and satisfactory and the most complete of Herr Hofmeister's landscapes here exhibited. *Landscape*, No. 42, is faulty in composition and very disturbing to the eye. Like *Night*, No. 87, it lacks concentration, and in certain respects reminds one a trifle of a painting by E. A. Bailey, I think, exhibited at the Royal Academy, London, in 1896, Mr. Bailey's picture, however, being more attractive.

Night, No. 87, is the largest and most disturbing picture shown in this year's Salon. It presents a row of silver birches along the side of a stream, with a glimpse of landscape showing beyond the stream and to the right of the trees as we face them. Dividing this picture into the masses which compose it, we find that we have six different triangular forms, three light, the moon-lit receding tree trunks, the light reflecting stream and the sky, and three dark, the landscape on the far side of the stream, that on the hither side and the tree foliage, all converging to one point like some Chinese triangular block puzzle,

* Those of our readers who are unfamiliar with the gum-bichromate process will find a lucid explanation of it by turning to Mr. Carlin's article on the subject. CAMERA NOTES, Vol. III., No. 2, p. 66.

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compelling the attention to fix itself on that point, which is at the extreme left of the picture, from the observer's view point, and which is not the point of pictorial interest; when at the same time the foremost tree-trunk, the foreground portion of the stream, the receding landscape and the evening sky irresistibly attract the eyes to the picture's center and right. The disturbing and positively trying effect upon the eyes of such a composition as this can be more easily imagined than described. Its color is rather good, and were the pictures halved, the sky and landscape portion being retained, a rather strongly decorative night effect would be the result. As it stands, the theme loses all its force and is full of aggressive faults.

In Fog, No. 90, on the other hand, is almost faultless. In color, composition, feeling and technique it leaves little to be desired, and is one of the most masterly examples of marine work of this kind that I have ever seen.

The more I studied it the more its charm grew upon me, and in almost every light it held its own. Anyone who has lived near the sea and been upon it when the wind has died down and one of these diaphanous fogs has settled over the ocean and the sails flap listlessly; when the most uncouth craft hides its ugliness under the veil of the mist and becomes beautiful in a ghostly way—a phantom boat upon a phantom sea; when the muffled sound of horn or bell throbs warningly out of the dim distance; when sailors watch and listen and speak but little, and then not above a whisper; anyone who has experienced this will stop before this picture and return to it again, experiencing each time a new thrill of pleasure and admiration at the thoroughly sympathetic manner in which the subject has been treated.

Harvest, No. 88, *Coming Home from the Harvest Field,* No. 96, and *Against the Stream,* No. 94, are rural, homely subjects that seem to me to have lost much force by reason of the largeness of their size. They are strong. The rendering of the ground appearing between the old peasant's legs in a lighter way than that on either side of them is false and disturbing. In the *Harvest* the landscape is pleasing and well rendered, yet none of these three pictures seemed particularly picturesque or remarkably interesting.

Portrait of the Artist, F. Mackenson, No. 95, is a very powerful and splendidly handled example of portraiture. In drawing, composition, tonality, modeling, lighting, pose and easy naturalness it leaves little to be desired. Everything in the picture is subordinated to the man and his individuality, and while conscious of the palette, brush, artist's blouse, negligee shirt and carelessly fastened tie, and the river and sky background, nothing distracts the eye from the strong, vigorous, splendid head, whose attitude and every feature bespeak boldness, aggressiveness and determination. The touch of light upon the river at the point where it comes behind the subject's shoulder preserves the balance of the values and shows Herr Hofmeister to be a master. It is one of the greatest pictorial photographic portraits that I have ever seen.

Essentially French in its character, decorative, dainty, fanciful, at times almost to frivolity, the work of Captain Puyo never fails to attract the attention: and the ten examples sent by him in response to the invitation to exhibit at this year's Salon are no exceptions to this rule.

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Like many another artist, he seems to derive all his inspiration from the beauty of woman and to devote his art exclusively to representing her in some gracefully seductive pose or attitude, as, for example, in *Slumber,* No. 133, where his fair subject is represented as having fallen asleep over her reading, to the waste of midnight oil and the entire disedification of two puritanical old ladies who stood in front of the picture as I approached it, examining the lace design on pillowcase and counterpane and calling the girl a shameless and extravagant huzzy; and in *Before the Fire,* No. 136, in which a daintily appareled little woman sits in a fascinating attitude warming her hands before a fire; or in some purely decorative way, as in *Torso,* No. 132.

This picture, designed to ornament a fan, just misses being an exceptionally handsome piece of work, but the lines of the crumpled gauze that partially hide the figure are disturbing, and the hip is so posed as to throw the lower portion of the abdomen out of drawing, and to introduce a pronounced curve to the hip line that does not lend itself very gracefully to the fan shape into which the figure is crowded. As I looked at the picture I could not get rid of the idea that the fan-shape was an after-thought and that Captain Puyo, having failed to get what he originally designed to secure, had hit upon the scheme of utilizing the defective picture in this way, that the picture might not prove an utter loss. Again, he will personify the seasons in fair female shape in rhythmically flowing draperies that curve as gracefully and as beautifully as tall grass or long-stemmed flowers when swayed by a gentle wind and amidst exquisite landscapes, as in *June,* No. 130, and *Summer,* No. 134. Of the witchery of her garments, as well as the charm of her person is he an able exponent. Examine, for example, *The Flower Garden,* No. 137. How charming the attitudes of the three girls walking up the path away from us between the banks of flowers, and how daintily beautiful and in what perfect harmony every fold, every line, every curve of their garments.

With the spiritual side of woman's nature, too, he sometimes busies himself, as is shown in his *Sacred Song,* No. 135. This picture shows us two young girls with white transparent veils thrown over their heads, singing from the same book. The picture tells its own story and needs no title. It is treated in a minor key; everything about it is soft and delicate. The girls' faces are innocent, pure young faces, and their expression that of unaffected devotion. The white gauze veils seem to catch the light and hold it in a soft glow about the girls' heads and faces. The picture is perhaps the finest and most perfect of Captain Puyo's ten pictures.

Candle Light, No. 138, is rather forced and theatrical and not especially attractive, and *Salute to the Dawn,* No. 139, while poetic in conception, is faulty and the poorest of the Puyo pictures. An almost entirely nude female figure sits on a sward in an opening in a forest, or on its edges, calling a greeting to the dawn. The foreground of this scene, up to where the woman sits, is still dark with the shadow of departing night, while beyond, the nocturnal mists that still hang over the woods and land are softly gray with the first touch of approaching day.

The nude figure is not only devoid of striking beauty, but is even ungracefully formed; and in no way does it bring to mind the graceful wood-sprite or

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lovely fay with whom poetic fancy has peopled the forests and whom we would expect to find thus saluting the approaching day. *Portrait,* No. 131, is a very characteristic portrait study of typical French woman. I took a strong dislike to the type, yet there was some fascination about the picture that caused me to examine it every time I entered the gallery. It is a very clever piece of work. But whether portrait, character, genre, or decorative study, it is woman—always woman. Nor do I remember ever to have seen any picture by him that was otherwise—his art seems only to deal with the ever-present, the fascinating, the eternal Feminine.

We shall now turn to the pictures selected by the jury, and in considering them we can well afford to pass over those that failed to leave any impression, either by reason of their charm or their faults. It would be unfair to condemn them, since they are possessed of certain good qualities and may be the forerunners of greater things, while to notice them would be to mete out to them undue praise. We will therefore allow them to be forgotten.

Mr. C. Yarnall Abbott is this year represented by three pictures. *Marie,* No. 1, is one of the most pleasing things that Mr. Abbott has yet done, and somewhat resembles a delicate water-color sketch. It presents a child's head, turned away from the observer. The outline of the top of the head is too pronounced and heavy. The lock of hair that strays rebelliously outward from the little brow is also too heavy, and is therefore stiff and wiry in appearance, instead of being flexible and wavy. The shoulder and body of the child, without being strongly outlined, make themselves felt, nevertheless, in too round and bulky a way for so delicate a subject. This shows a lack of artistic technical training, but as Mr. Abbott has strong artistic leanings and influences and moves in art circles, there is little doubt but that he will perfect his technique, and the charm, delicacy and fine feeling shown by this and some other examples engender the hope that he will do so; for a man who can do such work should spare no pains to perfect his art. This picture is so matted and framed as to be robbed of much of its delicacy.

Katharine, No. 2, another picture by Mr. Abbott, is a quiet portrait study in gum, harmoniously framed. The back of the head and shoulders dissolve themselves into meaningless shadow that lightens unpleasantly as it meets the edge of the frame, the edge of the print having the appearance of having been dipped in some weak bleaching solution. The left eye of the picture is so delicately rendered, and the right so forcefully delineated, that the difference thus imparted to the two organs is singularly unpleasant. Viewed from the distance of ten or twelve feet away the picture appears to be that of a young girl with back towards us looking over her right shoulder. In reality the front of the body is towards us, and while the face is that of a young girl, the bust, owing to the manner in which the drapery has been rendered, is that ot a mature woman. The picture as a whole is monotonous.

The Dying Fire, No. 3, also by Mr. Abbott, is the picture of a man past middle age, seated comfortably in a Morris chair before what has all the appearance of being a gas-log grate, in which there is no evidence of flame or fire, and beside which in the tiled mantel front is a hot-air flue. The background of the picture, with its striped wall paper, is rather too pronouncedly in evidence.

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A STUDY HEAD

From a Platinotype

By Eva L. Watson
(Philadelphia)

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The figure is reposeful and very well posed. The picture's title probably refers to the sitter's age, though he seems hale and vigorous.

'Mid Steam and Smoke, No. 4, by Prescott Adamson, is a splendid example of what can be done with an almost impossible subject, if one only have the genius and ability. Few more homely and inartistic subjects can be well imagined than barn-like factories, steam-pipes, steam, smoke and freight cars. Yet out of such material Mr. Adamson has composed a strong picture, truly pictorial in every sense and well worthy of a place in any first-class exhibition. The picture has a few minor faults, but is so complete in itself that these melt into insignificance and are forgotten. It is the most perfect piece of work of its kind that I have yet seen.

Frances and Mary Allen exhibit two prints, *The Willows,* No. 5, and *A Holbein Woman,* No. 6. The first is a landscape that is not particularly remarkable. The upper portion of its sky is unmeaningly dark, and gives to that part of the print the appearance of having been sunned for a tone. At a little distance from the picture the clouds seem to weave themselves into the dark tops of the clustering tree branches so as to become part of them. The light of the picture seems to come from the horizon, yet the near side of the foliage is very well lighted. The picture lacks concentration. Nevertheless it pleased some, for I noticed several admiring it and voicing their admiration in pretty adjectives. The second picture, admittedly inspired by Holbein, is a strong and well-handled piece of work. It presents a woman of fine, strong features and passive countenance, no longer in the prime of youth. The head is encased cloister-fashion in some white material—a long, narrow strip of the same falling down in front of the body beneath the chin. A mantle of dark stuff envelops the figure, falling in fine, dignified folds over the shoulders and down the body. The simplicity of the treatment is one of the picture's charms. The glass over the print neutralizes some of its finest qualities and practically kills its atmospheric depth. The canvas-like texture of the background is very effective. Certain markings—due either to "pin-holes" in film or an uneven deposit in the development of the print—appear here and there over the surface of the picture, and should have been removed. The disregard of such minor details is a charge to which few of us are not open at one time or another, but which is none the less reprehensible. If a picture be worth finishing it should be finished in the most perfect way possible.

F. C. Baker's picture, *At Sunset,* No. 13, the solitary aristo print shown at this year's Salon, is one of the most charming landscape bits of the exhibition. It is of a quiet country road, winding up through beautifully marked trees, and disappearing over a horizon that shows above it a delightful evening sky. The picture is rich in tones, splendid in values, and delightfully simple and harmonious in composition. It gave me more real pleasure than any other landscape shown. Its only fault of any consequence lay in the manner in which a mass of light cloud cut diagonally across the horizontal cloud lines—which was both marring and disturbing.

Of the three pictures shown by Chas. I. Berg, that entitled *A Japanese Study,* No. 16—why *Japanese* I fail to understand, for Japanese it is not in any sense—is by far the best. This picture is peculiarly pleasing in tone. It shows

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a female figure in standing pose, the head inclined pensively forward, resting upon the hand. The head is crowned by a splendid decorative mass of rich dark hair, into which just over the ear have been interwoven two large decorative white flowers. The figure is elegantly and simply draped—the drapery falling in classic flowing lines about the body in such a way as to be inspired with its life, dignity and rhythm without displaying the outlines of the form. Were it not for the decided suggestion of material physical beauty afforded by the drawing of the drapery so taut over the hip so as to display its full round lines and voluptuous modeling—done to all appearances inadvertently and to eliminate the creases caused by the manner in which the sheet, or whatever was used for drapery, had been folded previous to use, but which nevertheless appear—the picture would have had a decidedly spirituelle character, and might have served as a study of Beatrice, the beloved of Dante, or some similar subject. The monotony of background has been rather well broken up, though its light and dark masses are a trifle incoherent and wanting in balance. The after-tinting of the print to something of a yellow tone has added very materially to its charm.

A Child Study shows faulty drawing, indifferent composition and leathery flesh tones. It appears to be an example of an unsuccessful attempt to produce flesh tones by aid of mercury. Were the subject literally copied by some painter and shown on canvas, I am inclined to the belief that it would be condemned as a daub. As an attempt it is very interesting and instructive—as a finished picture it appears to me to be a decided failure. Yet Mr. Frank Eugene, an artist of ability, and whose taste I know to be good—and others—found much in it to admire.

Of all the forms in which *The Bath* has been exhibited, the miniature one adopted by Mr. Berg for this year's exhibition is the happiest. The dainty charms of this little nude study are shown to best advantage, and its faults of drawing and relative values discounted and minimized. It was framed in good taste and has attracted much favorable attention.

An Autumn Twilight, No. 17, Elizabeth Brownell, while possessing certain fine pictorial qualities, is very faulty and restless in composition. Its lights are varied and conflicting, it lacks concentration, and displays the lack of a well balanced selective faculty or sense on the part of its maker. On the wall it carries rather well.

John G. Bullock displays two pictures, *Tree Study,* No. 18, and *The Coke Burner,* No. 19, full of fine feeling and evidencing keen, sensitive appreciation. Mr. Bullock's pictures, while at times faulty in their relative values, show a highly developed selective sense and great refinement of taste. Of the two pictures shown by him, *The Coke Burner* is the stronger and more ambitious effort and is very well handled.

Storm, No. 20, by Louis Casavant, is full of vigor and dramatic force, and is a splendid example of the application of the introduction of poetic imagination into landscape work. A mass of trees, half hidden and blurred as to detail by mist, show rich and dark against an angry, storm-threatening sky. A suggestion of light coming from behind and just above the trees illumines the picture sufficiently to add force and terror to the gathering darkness and approach-

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ing storm. We can almost hear the wind thrashing among the trees and almost see them sway beneath its driving force—and as we look at this little picture there steals over us something of that feeling of awe and dread admiration that is inspired by the heroic fury and massive magnificence of the battles of the elements.

The title of H. E. Cassel's picture, *When Bruce Is Good,* No. 21, led me to believe that I was about to look upon the picture of a pet dog. Therefore when I came before the print I found that I owed it an apology—it was not the picture of a dog, but of a young child draining the last drops from its milk-bottle, with every outward evidence of a well established intent to shy the said bottle at the nearest person as soon as it was quite empty. I've seen infants perform that trick before. Their parents like them thus and think them "cute," and all present, if wise in their day and generation, must unreservedly agree with them—no matter with what mental reservations. Being in this case free from the coercive influence of the parental presence, I am free to speak my real feelings and to say that I do not admire babies under such circumstances, as they are too dangerous, and I do not consider the depicting of them thus either high art or particularly æsthetic—though I know no parent will agree with me. I might even venture to say that in such an exhibition such a picture is out of place. The child's head shows very fine modeling.

Lawrence, Reynolds, and Gainsborough are brought to mind by the five pictures shown by Rose Clark and Elizabeth Flint Wade, of Buffalo. Miss Clark makes the negatives, I understand, and Mrs. Wade the prints. However that may be, this at least is certain—some of these prints show every evidence of extreme carelessness in their making. If one person made both negative and print there might be some excuse for this—but where two are engaged in the operation, one making the one and one the other, the very best results should be arrived at, as each has to do solely with perfecting his or her part of the work; and any carelessness or slovenliness, under such circumstances, is inexcusable. These pictures show a careful study of and familiarity with the best of the old masters and some of the more modern ones.

In the picture *Girl With a Jar,* No. 22, a fine piece of work, the little of the fingers shown is unpleasantly leathery—due to over printing or toning, or both. *Miss M., of Washington,* No. 26, the most effective of this set of pictures, was in no way improved by its heavy black frame. *A Da Vinci Type,* No. 23, in many respects one of the most perfect pictures of the Salon, is greatly marred by the singularly brilliant and abrupt manner in which the left side of the boy's face is illuminated. The picture's classic outlines and delicate tones are quite subordinated and lost in consequence of this search-light like band of light that strikes across the face. The exaggeration is, I am confident, not in the negative. *Doris and Her Mother,* No. 25, while a fine piece of composition, I soon found failed to hold the interest. All of these pictures are good in composition and finely conceived, and while borrowing inspiration and style from well known paintings, are in no sense copies.

Mynherr Van Dyke, No. 27, by Frederick Colburn Clarke, is a very clever and well handled piece of work, showing artistic training and appreciation. Its values are true and its tones rich and virile.

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Alfred Clement's *Evening Light,* No. 28, shows the light of evening glimmering over the dunes. There is an air of loneliness about the scene that lends to it a touch of melancholy sadness.

Of Mr. Allen Drew Cook's three pictures, I found the *Hungarian Girl,* No. 30, the most interesting. It is a pleasing, simple study, that would have been greatly improved had the light design appearing on the cloth of the sleeve of the girl's dress been subdued into harmony with the rest of the picture. As it appeared it clashed harmfully. *Study of a Girl's Head,* No. 31, while interesting, was not quite so good. *Before Playing,* No. 29, seemed very much out of place.

F. Holland Day is represented by eight prints. A picture showing a woman costumed as illustrators are wont to costume angels in Christmas pictures, and seated in the shadow of a decorative alcove beneath the artistic stairway of an æsthetically designed house, is entitled *The Annunciation,* No. 36. The segment of light appearing at the figure's right is presumably symbolical of the announcing angel. The idea was, I have no doubt, serious and reverential enough, but the result is almost travesty.

Mrs. Potter, No. 33, is a rather fine bit of decorative portraiture, and *Madam Yaco,* No. 34, is by far the most perfect of this set of pictures. It is a really charming study of the gifted little Japanese actress, executed in manner almost Japanese, and the whole picture, even to the mounting and framing, is kept in perfect character. It is a fine example of Mr. Day's nearly perfect taste. The other pictures are not up to Mr. Day's standard, and are scarcely interesting from the purely pictorial viewpoint. I believe the pictures shown do not represent Mr. Day's latest work, he having been absent from the country for some time, and the pictures finished before his departure.

The five pictures shown by Miss Mary Devens show force, originality and versatility. They are, if the distinction be permissible, remarkable rather for artistic strength than for artistic beauty. The portrait studies are especially strong. The *Charcoal Effect,* No. 54, is interesting as a study but not as a picture. *On the Hillside,* No. 55, while the most pleasing of Miss Devens' pictures, failed to satisfy. The theme is a good one and well and strongly handled, but the technique uninterpretive. As an imitation of some old Dutch painting deadened and spotted by time it is excellent; as an interpretation of familiar nature it is open to strong adverse criticism.

Wm. B. Dyer's eight prints show him to be a man of the finest poetic feeling and the most fanciful and artistic imagination. They are all refined, delicate, without being either weak or frivolous. *The Model,* No. 59, I do not care for—the subject is unattractive to me, and the mounting seems to hurt it, while the red of the Academy wall certainly kills its values. It is exactly what its title indicates—a nude model—and nothing more. Its nudity is in no way offensive, even to the most prudish. It is simply a model far from perfectly formed, who will shortly be called on to pose, and whose defects the artist will do best to hide or eliminate. The figure is very delicately rendered. The whole thing is kept in perfect character.

Chloris, No. 57, reproduced in the catalogue, is a very artistic piece of work, and is, I fancy, a subtle character interpretation.

A Portrait, No. 60, is a charmingly decorative portrait study, thoroughly

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artistic in conception and treatment. I am inclined to the idea that had the curve of the hip line been less pronounced, so as to suggest more accurately the anatomical structure of the form, or the folds of the skirt more clearly suggested, so as to explain the exaggeration of the line in question, the results would have been more entirely satisfactory and pleasing. As it is, however, they are very charming.

The Darwinian Theory, No. 62, is a quaintly satirical smile at the theory of Darwin, in which the artist seems to say, look on this delightful little one and then on the suggestive object that she holds, and say if you can entertain so unpoetic, so material, so preposterous a notion? Mr. Dyer is singularly happy in his portrayal of children. His pictures of them possess a charm and fragrance that is as rare in child portraiture as it is original.

The picture *Such as Sit in the Darkness and Shadow of Death,* No. 63, rises to the dramatic, and the nude figure that crouches in the shadow and stretches forth its hands as if to ward off some dread blow about to fall, is strongly expressive of tragic fear and distress. The technical rendering of this picture is faulty to some degree, as though the gum medium had not been entirely responsive to the worker's touch and thought; but the idea is full of poetry and the rendering strong and expressive. Mr. Dyer's other pictures are all full of interest and merit, and while his work sometimes indicates a diffident hesitancy, as though he were feeling his way and was not quite sure of the path, it always evidences a definite purpose and a reaching for the truly harmonious and beautiful. Here and there in his work I have noted wavering, as of a flickering light—as though in the seriousness of his purpose he even doubted his own ability and feared that he were fostering *mere cleverness.* This is because he really feels, and his pictures are the creations of his heart rather than his brain. Yet, like all real artists, he is guided by a something higher than mere reason. Somewhere, somehow, he has caught a flashing, dazzling glimpse of the *Perfection of Beauty,* and as the force of his nature has developed he has striven harder and harder actually and fully to realize what in the past he has felt, but was able only very imperfectly to comprehend because of the limitations of man's spiritual vision. Thus is it ever with the true artist, to which class Mr. Dyer properly belongs. He is one of the few American workers who put something more than *mere feeling* into their work, and I feel that he will yet give to the pictorial photography of our country some of the richest of its possessions.

T. M. Edmiston's three pictures, while showing the influences of Mr. White's work, are original and ambitious attempts that give much promise of stronger and better work in the future. They evidence decided ability, but are rather monotonous in tone, and lack force and vivacity.

Among those who show a very decided improvement and advance in their work are George D. Firmin, whose two pictures, *At the Seashore,* No. 78, and *Through Morning Mist,* No. 79, are much in advance of the work shown by him at last year's Salon. *Through Morning Mist* is much the better of these two pictures, both by reason of its theme and handling. Through the gray monotony of a misty morning two fishermen are about to launch their boat upon the incoming waves. The composition of the picture is very well handled, and it

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only wants a touch of luminousness, to relieve it of its flatness, to make it a very good picture in the best sense.

I attentively examined the picture entitled *Jael* to discover if possible some reason for its having been hung, and finally concluded that it must have been due to its eminently unpicturesque qualities. If meant to represent the Kenite woman, it was, besides being singularly inartistic, false in both type and costume. Placed where it was, it was a paradox, for its admission stamped it a picture—I use the word in narrower and purely artistic sense—and its appearance negatived its every possible claim to pictorial merit.

The Street, No. 82, by Dallett Fuguet, presents a strikingly interesting and original delineation of a New York street in fine perspective. The force and fine quality and real artistic work of this picture can be hardly appreciated in so small a print. The picture really needs to be considerably enlarged in order to show its merits to advantage.

In *A Stormy Night in Town,* No. 85, Arthur A. Gleason, another striking street view is shown. Mr. Gleason's picture is a strong and very effective effort, full of local character. The picture is well composed, and handled with much appreciative feeling. The manner in which it was mounted seemed to me not to help it very materially.

The four pictures shown by Francis Watts Lee do not rank with the work exhibited by him last year—but it would be difficult for a far less busy man than Mr. Lee to keep up to the exceptionally high standard then set by him, and which so suddenly advanced him to the ranks of the most advanced workers. Of these four pictures, *Sisters,* No. 116, and *Stephana,* No. 117, are by far the most interesting. They are fine, unpretentious and sympathetic portraits of children, very simply rendered, very directly. After all, how much there is that is beautiful, that is pathetic, that is touching, in child life; that can be known only from the rapid play of expression that flits unrestrained over the sensitive little face. At that period the language at its command is too limited, its vocabulary too simple and its comparative experience too narrow to permit of any verbal description of its feelings or its sensations, and as childhood ripens into youth it forgets. It is this that gives to such pictures as Mr. Lee's a special value, for in their earnest expressiveness they open up to us that undiscovered country from whose bourne we all have come, yet which we do not know.

To those in touch with the world of photography and familiar with its personnel, the name of Moore will come, not as a new sound and barren of significance, but as a very pleasantly familiar one, inseparably associated with the pictorial photography of a few years ago—through the very popular pictures of Mr. Clarence B. Moore, one of the most cultured and genial gentlemen among the photographic workers. Mr. J. Ridgway Moore is a cousin of Mr. Clarence Moore, and one of the most ardent and energetic of those engaged in photographic pictorial work, as his recent one-man show at the New York Camera Club has fully and vigorously demonstrated. Mr. Moore brings to his work an art training of long and full experience, and a love of strength such as might be expected from one who has looked upon and participated in the tragic grandeur of war and followed big game over the wild western prairie. He is here represented by two pictures, *Eventide,* No. 121, and *Hazy Morning Among the*

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Keys, No. 122. The first conveys much of the quiet repose of the country at eventide—when the ear is treated to the rustic music of the lowing of the cow or the fluttering of the farm fowl as they return to their places of rest. The picture displays an understanding appreciation of values and tones not always to be found in the work of those better known in the photographic world. The second picture is an attractive little marine—broad in its scope, well composed and delicate—and it is particularly worthy of note that in expressing the idea of his picture Mr. Moore has not found it necessary to give us a single toned, flat, lifeless picture, as so many have done when attempting to convey the feeling of haze or fog.

Of the two prints shown by W. L. Page, *A Bit of Nuremberg,* No. 126, is the most interesting and full of character. It is so small and so black that it escaped my notice for some time, as I saw little else but a heavy black blot in the frame. On close examination it proved to be one of the most interesting pictorial architectural pictures in the Salon, next to Mr. Sharp's work. It opened up a momentary vista into the romantic middle ages, when heavy walls and barred windows and a strong arm were necessary to a man's comfort—that translated the observer for the moment from the unromantic present into the remote and picturesque past. The picture is too small for such a big, strong subject, and it was rather too dark and heavy, the blacks of the picture having something the appearance of clogged printer's ink.

L. L. Peddinghaus shows two pictures, of which that of the sheep is much the more perfect print. The picture is very familiar. I feel sure that I have seen it before in a less pleasing shape. The old picture, as I recall it, contained the present, and much more that conflicted, hence failing to compose into a picture. All that was superfluous and disturbing has been trimmed away, the heart of the print, or its pictorial part, alone being permitted to remain. However that may be, the picture before us is truly pleasing and a picture properly so called. It found many admirers, and was one of the first of the collection to find a purchaser.*

The landscape, while interesting and showing good feeling, was neither so satisfactory as a theme nor so entirely picturesque. Some of the light cloud strips showing in the sky come between the observer and certain of the tree tops

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in a rather disturbing way. The phenomenon was probably the result of slightly unsuccessful local development of the sky portion of the picture. This picture also was soon sold, which is a very material tribute to its value.

It was with a sense of genuine pleasure that the photographic visitors of the Salon read in its catalogue the name of Wm. B. Post, for it was generally known that he had been quite ill, and it was feared that in consequence he had given up photographic work. Mr. Post is represented by two pictures, the frames of which are an outrage to their finer feeling and a blight on their delicacy. The immediate result of this framing on *Lovewell's Pond,* No. 128, was to freeze its surface hard and chill the life out of the water lilies thereupon. The blight removed, and it all thawed into life again, and proved to be a very charming and delicate piece of work, in keeping with the best that Mr. Post has ever done. It is so subtle that it is apt to be passed by, but once carefully examined, its beauty and delicate charm grow upon the observer and win from him unstinted praise. It is a fragrant picture, as fragrant and delicate as the lilies in the foreground, and it is full of placid rhythmic harmony. Some of the dark spots on the watery foreground of the print produced by projecting stems or reeds are a trifle disturbing. *Intervale in Winter,* No. 129, suffers less from its frame than does the other print—it being a cold picture naturally—yet it is like bringing the dead cold of the grave—which is one sort of chill—into juxtaposition with the glimmering cold of the frost—which is quite another. This picture is an exceptionally fine and artistic piece of snow rendering—but those frames! Oh! those frames! How could a man of Mr. Post's taste be guilty of such a crime? Maybe, though, it was the sole fault of some undertaker, who missed his vocation and became a frame maker instead.

The Glove, No. 140, by Robert S. Redfield, is a fine, simple study in the composition of perpendicular lines. It is exceptionally well managed, and marks a new departure in Mr. Redfield's work. *Becalmed,* No. 141, is one of the most delicate marine pictures in the exhibition. Mr. Redfield's work shows excellent taste and feeling, both in the selection and treatment of his subjects, and their mounting and framing.

Of Mrs. Margaret Russell's five prints, *Eventide,* No. 144, is, taken all in all, one of the best things that she has ever done. It is a splendid piece of marine work, rather well composed, full of atmosphere, and rich and strong in its tones, and well balanced in its values. It has substance and virility, and besides all this it is essentially pictorial in its nature. The picture's technique is open to criticism here and there, the sky near the sides of the print showing some evidence of indifferent handling; but, taken all in all, it is very satisfactory, and, judging from this print, the ozotype is clearly Mrs. Russell's most fitting medium of expression—technically speaking.

Portrait, No. 143; *Morning Mist,* No. 146, and *Elenor,* No. 142, are all pleasing, well finished pictures, showing good composition, nice taste and almost perfect technique, but otherwise not remarkable. *A Sprite,* No. 145, is a well executed photograph of a pretty, nude child. In a purely pictorial exhibition it seems out of place. I see nothing in it to justify its presence in the exhibition.

Benjamin Sharp shows two pictures, of which the *Old Mill at Nantucket,*

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No. 148, is the more striking and picturesque theme. It is done in gum and well handled, but the color, in combination with the mount and frame of the picture, is anything but pleasing. *The Citadel of Wuerzburg,* No. 147, is the more complete of the two pictures from the point of pictorial finish. It is a really fine example of pictorial architectural work.

Of Mrs. Virginia G. Sharp's two prints, *Babette,* No. 149, a fine portrait of a child, is the more complete as a finished picture, while *A Brown Study,* No. 150, is the more ambitious attempt and the more pictorial subject. The color is rather bad and the treatment somewhat crude, but the subject is essentially picturesque, and the print, with all its faults, strongly individual and artistic.

Swampland, No. 151, by T. O'Conor Sloane, Jr., while somewhat hard and cold in treatment and faulty in composition, is a strong piece of work. It is full of individuality and shows a strong feeling for the poetic, sombre sadness and pictorial possibilities peculiar to flat, dreary marshlands the world over. To have been able to instil this into his pictures is no small accomplishment, and proves that Mr. Sloane's work possesses something more than superficial merit, as is unhappily not the case with many landscape workers—in both photography and painting.

Ema Spencer shows three prints, of which the cleverest is *A Mute Appeal,* No. 154. This picture is exceptionally well handled, both as to composition and values. It is a very well composed picture, and merits high praise. Her other pictures, while less perfect, are well worthy of mention.

Portrait of Dr. Stanbery, No. 155, by Katharine Sheward Stanbery, is an original piece of portrait work of much interest.

The Bar-Maid, No. 176, by Mary R. Stanbery, is well conceived and well executed, and is essentially a picture in the best sense of the word. It proves that in photography, as elsewhere, where there's a will there's a way, and that the homeliest of material and the most seemingly impossible places can be used to advantage, and fall most naturally into service when seriously wrapt in our work and not merely superficially interested in it. Under such circumstances one instinctively understands the pictorial value of things, and uses them, while the mere mechanical worker is arguing about the qualities and relative merits of lenses, and trying to find out how long an exposure Mr. Eickemeyer gave his plate when he made his *Dancer,* or whether Demachy uses a broad or narrow brush in making his gum prints. Nearly everyone, for example, has a cellar, barrels, demijohns and the like constantly accessible, yet how many photographers ever thought of putting them to such use till they saw Mrs. Stanbery's picture. Doubtless there will be many to follow her example, and numberless cellar pictures will be turned out; but only a person of real ability would have recognized the value of such things from the start. Such see their pictures in their mind's eye, and then proceed to realize as best they can what they have seen. The picture, while by no means a great one, is as a picture a great success and challenges our admiration.

The three landscapes by Eduard J. Steichen stand alone in the Salon and in the entire range of American photographic landscape work. A single glance tells the observer that they are pictures by an artist of no mean ability, and that they are entirely distinct from all other photographic landscape work. They are

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full of poetic originality, and display an understanding of the artistic richness of the forest—the wonderful luxuriousness of its twilight shadows—the caressing softness and silvery qualities of the grays of its mistbreath—the flowing beauty of its trunk lines—the weird enchantment of the fading light through the countless vistas of the fragrant, sombre woods. All this and more do these three pictures reveal, and anyone who has ever known and really felt the charm of the forest, who knows its moods and its seasons, its humors and language, its discords and its harmonies, cannot fail to find a something in Mr. Steichen's pictures that will bring back to him some of the most delightful moments that he has ever spent in woodland solitudes. And if I may venture a prediction, I will assert that the maker of these three pictures is destined to rank among the greatest pictorial photographers of the world if he continues to use the camera. The sky of *Landscape,* No. 157, struck me as rather too light in value for the rest of the picture.

Mr. Edmund Stirling's five prints are all subdued in tone, fine in feeling and refined in conception. While showing the influence to some extent of both Mrs. Käsebier's and Mr. White's work, Mr. Stirling's pictures are on original and new lines, the final outcome of which yet remains to be determined—for, while on the way, he has not yet reached the goal of which he is in search. He has executed fine work and made marvelous progress, but he has not yet sounded the depths of his own genius. His pictures are quiet, refined and pictorial, but as I look at them I feel that they are wanting in something, and do not express what I believe he has it in him to express and what he is striving to say. His work is more pictorially illustrative than purely pictorial.

Ave Maria; Blessed Be the Hour, No. 176, Walter P. Stokes, possesses a poetic charm. Its title is for a moment misleading to those who are accustomed to the somewhat original manner of applying prayers or prayer-titles to pictures now in vogue, but a glance at the picture itself, which shows a simple little church on the borders of a lake, pointing its spire towards heaven and sanctifying the waters with the touch of its shadow, and outlining its form against a sky that tells of the approach of night, at once explains that it is just the hour of evening when in all Catholic countries every church and chapel, every convent and monastery, rings out over the land the nine strokes of the Angelus, three in succession—calling all the faithful to stop for a few moments in whatever occupation may be engaging them, to offer up a short prayer in honor of their God. An hour later, when twilight has melted into night, the same bells will again ring out a plaintive summons to prayer—this time to remind the living that in their charity they must pray for the dead. Mr. Stokes has evidently felt the poetic charm and beauty of all this, and has done his best to express it in his picture. How much of the feeling is in the picture and how much suggested by the title cannot very well be determined, and depends to a great extent on the knowledge and experience of the observer. To one unfamiliar with Catholic customs the picture under such a title would have no meaning, or only a very vague one. On the other hand, to one familiar with such customs, the absence of a cross from the spire of the church steeple would mar the whole effect, for he would know at once that the church was not a Catholic church, and hence that its bell would be mute and still at the hour of the Angelus.

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In the Fold, No. 177, the single picture shown this year by Mr. Henry Troth, is one of the best things that he has ever done, and one of the most pleasing pictures shown this year.

Of Miss Amelia Van Buren's three pictures, *Study of Head,* No. 179, was in every respect the best. It was hung rather too high. It is the picture of the head of a young girl. A thin white veil almost entirely envelopes the head. The face, which is not covered, shows in profile against this veil, which stands out slightly from the far side of the head, after the manner of stiff veils. The effect is most pleasing when viewed on a level with the eye, but when so hung as to compel the observer to look up at it, the veil seems to grow somewhat stiff and wiry. All things considered, I think that this is the finest piece of work that Miss Van Buren has ever done.

Miss Mathilde Weil's picture, *Mrs. G.,* No. 193, is a strong, simple portrait study, entirely free from affectation, and having every appearance of being an excellent likeness. It is well posed, and I doubt if it could have been better handled.

Yerkes, No. 204, by Mr. John Wright, is a rather strong study of a child, rather conventional in treatment.

There are certain other pictures in the exhibition which, as often as I have been in the gallery, have left no impression. They were sufficiently faultless technically to escape criticism on that score, and not sufficiently attractive, to me at least, either by their beauty of subject, originality of conception, of vigor, or charm of treatment, to hold the interest after the first view of them—and not to be forgotten as soon as the back was turned. These I have now quite forgotten, and their names in the catalogue mean nothing to me—hence my failure to refer to them. Of course my failure to see anything in them may be an evidence of my own want of taste. Be that as it may, the fact that any picture has been forgotten or adversely criticised means nothing if it be really good and possess true beauty. If it possess real merit and beauty it will live long after my reviews have been forgotten, and will be another evidence of how very much mistaken judges and critics can be and very often are.

We will now turn to a brief consideration of those pictures exhibited by the jury on the invitation of the Salon Committee.

Each juror was invited, shortly after consenting to serve upon the Salon jury, to select from his or her work ten pictures, to be representative of the work of the individual juror, and to be hung without going before the jury of Selection.

There were two main reasons for the adoption of this course. First, as judges are invited from among the ranks of those having the reputation for doing the best work, and on the strength of work already publicly exhibited and honored, and acknowledged to be highly meritorious, it was customary, as an expression of appreciation, and likewise from motives of delicacy, so to invite them to exhibit; and secondly, in order to afford the general public ample opportunity to form some idea of the character of the average work and taste of each individual juror, that some understanding might be had of his qualifications to serve in the capacity of a judge; and likewise to make possible an appreciation of the exact weight and value of the composite judgment of the jury as

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a whole, representing as it does the average judgment of a number of persons, each doing admittedly excellent individual work.

In response to this invitation, each juror picked out from his work ten pictures and placed them in the hands of the Salon Committee before the jury met to perform its work.

The ten pictures shown by Mr. Frank Eugene are, in my judgment, representative of his art at its best. Examination of them shows him to be a strongly original worker, and beyond dispute an artist of ability and power. He is clearly fond of strength and rich, strong coloring—and when working in monochrome of such tones as are most suggestive of strength and warm color; and correspondingly is he intolerant of that which suggests a lack of vigorous force or pale coloring. To appeal to him a picture must have body. Look, for example, at his *Dido,* No. 67.* It represents a nude female figure seated in an attitude of despair. Every curve, every line, is indicative of magnificent life, magnificent force, magnificent despair. Its tones, too, are rich and strong. The whole thing is big and fitting the theme—the heroic despair of the humiliated Queen Dido after the flight of Pius AEneas, black coward that he was—and the errors of drawing, the faults in the subtle values of the tones, and other minor defects that the picture shows, are forgotten or forgiven. We are conscious only of the splendid power of the picture. The print of this picture shown at the Salon does not render the flesh values so splendidly as that shown at Mr. Eugene's one-man exhibition, and later reproduced in CAMERA NOTES, and is less rich in tone, yet withal it is a splendid print.

In his *Evening,* No. 70, will be found the same peculiarities of force and richness of tone, combined with similar faults. Such also is the case with the *Adam and Eve,* No. 73. It is to be found just as strongly marked in his portrait as in his other work. His portrait study entitled *Alfred Stieglitz,* No. 72 (see gravure reproduction opposite p. 156), is an excellent example of this. There are things about the picture that are almost crude. The line of the profiled brow is so exaggeratedly out of drawing as to amount almost to deformity; the tone values in the cloak, in their balance and harmony—in those transitions from light to shade in the single tones that break up a flat surface bounded by descriptive or explanatory outlines, and give to it coherent meaning, vibration and sensuous charm, are not all that they might be—yet had it far graver faults the force and vigor of the picture would outweigh and overshadow them. Thus, too, it is with *Anton Seidl,* No. 71, and nearly all of his portraits. For fine decorative composition, *Mrs. D. and Family,* No. 74, is as splendid a thing as is shown in the Salon—besides being good as portrait work; while in the *Madonna of the Vine,* No. 75, he shows one of the most poetic and beautiful of his conceptions. It is classic in form and line and irresistibly recalls the recumbent female figure entitled *Arianna*† in the Vatican collection of antique Roman and Grecian sculpture. I do not mean to convey the idea that Mr. Eugene's picture

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is copied from this statue, for it is clearly not so. What I do mean to convey is that it was conceived in the same spirit. Delicate almost to indistinctness as this print is, it nevertheless conveys the feeling of strength in repose—of form, of color, and of the rhythm of flowing line. Mr. Eugene's work is often crude in certain respects; sometimes he scratches and streaks and excoriates the backgrounds of his negatives till they look like the maps of the tracks and switches of some great railroad yard in a condition of mad riot and confusion; and in certain instances his combination of the line-technique of the etcher with the tone-technique of the photographer is inharmonious, and even in bad taste, and anything but pleasing; and there are times when it displays a nonchalance of drawing that is positively naïve. On the other hand, it is always strong and purposeful, invariably artistic, and at times masterful. It shows clearly that he sees form—that he feels the other side of the subject that engages his attention—that he has a great love for strong, brilliant color; that life in its most perfect form—robust, palpitating, glorious life—is the idol of his artistic shrine, the spirit of his artistic inspiration. His art is essentially healthy and ennobling.

Mr. Clarence White's work, on the other hand, leans rather to the perfection of line than of form; to the delicate and refined rather than to the robust and heroic; to the spiritual rather than the physical; to composition rather than color. Eugene's work delights and overpowers us like a sudden flash of dazzling light; White's wins and soothes, like the soft rhythmic harmonics of perfect music. His color sense, if less vigorous than Mr. Eugene's, is more subtle and exquisite, and his appreciation of values infinitely truer and more comprehensive.

Girl With Statuette, No. 201, is an excellent example of this line-work. The statuette in the picture has evidently suggested the theme, and beautifully and with entire originality has he played upon it. The lines of the flowing drapery are singularly beautiful, and the gentle personality of the subject lends a soft, sweet fragrance to the picture. In certain respects this print is not so pleasing as one previously seen by me, done in platinum, the gum medium appearing in this instance not to have been entirely responsive.

The *Ring Toss,* No. 196, is an excellent example of Mr. White's mastery of the art of composition. Not only are the picture's lines and masses well and harmoniously disposed, but the proper relationship is preserved between them, so that while each one plays its particular part, it is to the theme or subject of the picture and not to any one of these parts individually that the attention is attracted. Then, too, the picture has been handled in the broad manner most befitting it, instead of with the exact regard for minute detail, necessary and made use of in *Girl With Statuette* or *The Song,* No. 195.

In *Girl With Statuette* and *The Round Table,* Mr. White has delighted us with the beauty of flowing and curved lines in connection with the portrayal of the winsom spiritual charm of youthful feminine nature. In *Street by the Canal,* No. 200, he attempts the more difficult task of demonstrating the beauty and power of the straight line entirely independent of the help of any charm

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that it might borrow or share from association with the living form. For his subject he has chosen one of the most commonplace imaginable—a canal and a number of telegraph poles, and some factory-like buildings in the distance. Not much beauty in that, you say? Yet Mr. White has succeeded in making out of it an exceptionally fine picture—a symphony in straight lines. Every city, every town, has material such as this, yet how many photographers or draughtsmen of painters ever think of using it for pictorial purposes, ever even realize their great pictorial possibilities? Instead, they travel the country over; they invade France, or Spain, or Italy, or the Orient, in search of picturesque and beautiful subjects. Is it then to be wondered at that so many fail utterly and pitiably, when they are blind to the beauty that lies in the things and places with which they are longest and most intimately familiar? It is like the old story of the man who searched the world for happiness, to discover too late that it was to be found within sight of his own door. How many of the artists of Philadelphia or Pittsburg appreciated the pictorial possibilities of those cities till Raffaelli happened along and pointed them out? When we reflect on all this we can begin to form some idea of the character and order of Mr. White's genius. What can you possibly see in that picture? I was asked at different times by different persons, strangers to each other, of Mr. White's *The Lacquer Tray,* No. 199, a very clever study in perpendicular line composition. The picture was dim and gray, yet though the figure's outline was just barely visible, the form of the body could nevertheless be felt through the grayness. The pictured face that looked from the picture's frame wore an expression of strange, almost tragic melancholy. The picture was clearly designed to excite curiosity by awakening interest and still leaving something to the imagination. That it had accomplished its purpose with those who claimed to see nothing in it was evident from their having had their attention caught by the dimmest and least obtrusive picture in the entire Salon, and their curiosity excited to the point of crossing the exhibition hall to find if I understood what it meant—if I could see anything in it. Mr. Frank Dumond, the artist, once told me that he had found among art students and those interested in art a certain class whose interest was proportionate to the incomprehensibility of the subject, and that once clearly explained it became unattractive and of no further worth. I have met similar characters, and as I felt that any persons who could say with entire seriousness and honesty that they could neither understand nor see anything in such a print, would be deprived of the single pleasure that it could afford them by having its mysteries explained, I considerately held my peace. It is an evidence of strong individuality and force that even his weakest work has strength enough to excite the most vigorous kind of opposition among those not in sympathy with that phase of art which he so ably represents.

While never without interest, his work is at times more or less unattractive to, or too subtle for, the average taste, as in the case of *The Lacquer Tray,* No. 199, *Portraits,* No. 203, and *Asters,* No. 194. Sometimes its delicacy is so rarified that it loses body and becomes visionary, as in the case of *Spring Morning,* No. 197, which with all its fine qualities is rather a charming substanceless apparition than the material life-throbbing reality. Sometimes his work is monotonous in tone and wanting in color suggestion, though this can hardly be said

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of his more recent efforts, which show both variety and range of tone and the feeling for delicate color.

In Mr. White's work we find at every turn earnest, serious striving for a realization of the rhythm of pure beauty and the pure beauty of rhythmic line. As Eugene idolizes throbbing, magnificent life, White seeks—through bringing the incidents of line, body, situation and sentiment of an event or circumstance, or the characteristics of a place, into a perfect and absolutely harmonious accord—to lessen the friction of discord, and with the key of harmony to unlock the way to that rhythmic beauty that is to be found at every turn, and in most homely circumstances of life, if we but know how and where to look for it.

Mrs. Käsebier differs strongly from both Mr. Eugene and Mr. White. Her work is not as evenly consistent as that of either; it is often more compelling and emotionally artistic. Two strong influences seem to dominate it—an internal one, or her own individuality and genius; an external one, or that of early artistic idols—those penates which in one's art-student days one selects to preside over one's artistic domicile. Her pictures are either purely decorative, and at times even to the point of superficiality—as is the case with *A Group,* No. 101, *A Boy,* No. 100, and *Miss Sears,* No. 103, or sympathetic and powerful interpretations of some of the most characteristic traits of her sitters, as with *Mrs. S.,* No. 99, and *Portrait of Mrs. L.,* No. 106; or else they are the pictorial embodiment of a sentiment, as with *A Young Mother,* No. 105, *A Sunbeam,* No. 104, and *Blessed Art Thou Among Women,* No. 107—all of which thob with the sentiment of motherhood. In the case of the *Miss Sears* and *A Boy,* it is as though the subjects were merely used to break up a given space into pleasing masses and lines, in order to make it possible to turn out a piece of delightful and decorative tonality. But for its title, *A Boy* might just as well be a girl so far as appearances are concerned; indeed, it looked more like the latter than the former—but you did not concern yourself with whether the subjects of these pictures were boys, or girls, or dolls—they looked a trifle like pretty dolls—but with the general decorative effect and the greater or less beauty of the tonality. The pictures were really exquisitely finished and mounted. Both the portraits, *Mrs. S.,* and that of *Mrs. C.,* on the contrary, at once interested you in their personality, yet they are very far from being representative of Mrs. Käsebier's best portrait work. They are beautifully finished, exquisitely and harmoniously mounted, and almost commonplace. The *Portrait of Mrs. L.* is far more vigorous and powerful. The sitter seems to have relaxed for the moment from the conventional poise, and for the time to have unmasked some phase of real self, under the strongly sympathetic influence of the artist. There is splendid dash and breadth and action to the picture that gives it peculiar charm and puts it in an entirely different and much higher class than the picture previously mentioned.

A Sunbeam, The Young Mother, and *Blessed Art Thou Among Women,* are all expressive of the sentiment of motherhood. The first two are in certain respects extremely crude. *A Sunbeam,* which, by the way, is the picture of a young mother and her child, is rather faulty in composition, and the drawing of the right hand and forearm is so outrageously faulty as to make the wrist and hand seem the upper forearm, and the elbow the wrist, and to give the impres-

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sion that two forearms instead of one spring from the left upper arm—the two arms of the young matron are brought thus into proximity in holding the sunbeam, a young and, of course, pretty, infant.* The spotting of the background with very assertive patches of light that really give the effect of sunlight, is rather disturbing, because overdone, but the picture is nevertheless full of strength and the sentiment of young motherhood.

Of *A Young Mother,* also faulty in drawing and crude in execution, the same can be said. Framed so as to rob it of much of its impressiveness and apparent beauty, and named in the manner most calculated to shock, if not outrage, the sensibilities of every person who holds Mary, the mother of Christ, in special veneration as peculiarly blessed among women as the mother of their God, and distinct and thus distinguished from all other women—*Blessed Art Thou Among Women* is unquestionably one of the most perfect and beautiful pictures of the Salon. In subject, composition, line, tone and feeling, it is singularly beautiful—and the beautiful solicitude of the delicate, charming mother, and the almost indifference of the child, who accepts the maternal devotion as a matter of course, and looks straight ahead, as though forgetful of the mother in the contemplation of what is before it, is a picture that will long remain in the memory of those who have once seen it.† It is natural that the mother should look solicitously to the child—it is also in accordance with the laws of nature that the child should look beyond and be even indifferent towards the mother: that the mother should give all as a matter of nature, and the child accept everything as a matter of course, and I have never seen the thought so beautifully expressed as by this remarkable picture. It is full of maternal love, and suggestive of the maternal sorrow that in the depth and silence of her own heart every mother feels at the seeming unresponsiveness of the child. It is charming in rendering and truly beautiful in sentiment.

Andante, No. 102, is a very pleasing and poetic picture of a child playing a violin. The lightings suggesting the outlines of the picture by tipping its outlines with high lights are a bit forced and false, but the picture, while by no means great, is quaint, expressive and charming.

Like all true artists, Mrs. Käsebier has her moments of real inspiration, her days of striving, and her periods of relaxation. Her greatest work wins approval, not through the brain, but through a direct and irresistible appeal to the heart. It is always the eloquence of the mother than floods out to you from these pictures. In *The Manger*‡ it is the radiant, pure, holy love of the young mother as she feels the little being in her arms and has brought home to her for the first time the wondrous mystery of life. A tenderly beautiful theme, that has inspired some of the greatest masterpieces in art. In *Blessed Art Thou, etc.,* as we have already seen, it portrays the mother's loving solicitude; and in *La Grandmère,* now old and neglected, it is the mother still, brooding and sorrowful because youth in the exuberance of fresh life and amorous happiness in

* The number of infantile pictures shown at this year's Salon forcibly reminded one of the great increase of population shown by the last census.

† A very accurate reproduction of this picture will be found in CAMERA NOTES, Vol. IV., No. I., facing page 18.

‡ For reproduction of this picture see CAMERA NOTES, Vol. IV., No. I., frontispiece.

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the satisfaction of that more selfish love, from which again will spring the beauteous flower of motherly solicitation, has forgotten the existence of her unselfish affection.

Mrs. Käsebier's work is nearly always strong. It shows feeling for rich color at times, and at others it is nearly flat and colorless. The decorative value of mass and tone, rather than a feeling for drawing or perfect composition, seems to have had the greater influence, and there are times when the charm of some particular feature of a picture, which of itself may possess much merit, but which is more than counterbalanced and outweighed by others that are distractingly faulty, will apparently blind her to the gravest defects. When she works from mere feeling or appreciation she is not always either satisfying or convincing—when from inspiration, she irresistibly overpowers and compels universal respect and admiration, and creates pictures impulsed with the immortal life of genius.

The work of Miss Eva Lawrence Watson differs entirely from that of all the other jurors. *Head of a Young Girl,* No. 190,* is the most perfect example of her art of the ten pictures—it is very quiet, very simple, very refined. It is composed very harmoniously and owes much of its charm to the great delicacy of its tone values—which, by the way, suffered very materially from the tone of the narrow brown mat that separated the picture from the mount. Nevertheless it is in *Omar-Khay-yán LXVIII.,* No. 188, that she gives a more definite insight into the real character of her work. This picture, evidently inspired by and intended to illustrate the sixty-eighth stanza of the Rubáiyát, shows us a veil draped form passing through a forest. The landscape is really fine and is most feelingly rendered, but the figure in many respects is open to criticism. Attention is drawn immediately to the figure by the play of the sun on the white gauze veil and the figure beneath, which shows through the transparent veil in such a manner as to leave the observer in doubt as to whether the figure be going up the hill-side or descending it—whether walking to the left or to the right —it is, in a word, impossible to decide which side of the figure you behold, which is very disturbing to the general harmony. But as to the title—the sixty-eighth stanza reads:

> We are no other than a moving row
> Of magic shadow-shapes that come and go
> Round the sun-illumin'd lantern, held
> In midnight by the Master of the Show

It is from this that we get an insight into Miss Watson's work.

"Shadow-shapes!" Many of Miss Watson's pictures show shadow-shapes flitting by—substanceless forms—creations of pure fancy. In many instances it is not the human being as such that attracts Miss Watson's interest; it is the purely decorative part which that being plays in a pictorial scheme—its ornamental use, to put it explicitly. Another characteristic is, that in observing an object Miss Watson rarely sees form; things seem to appear to her, as is the case with many artists fond of decorative work, in flat rather than round or modeled surfaces. The greater part of her work is not sympathetic—that is, it

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sion that two forearms instead of one spring from the left upper arm—the two arms of the young matron are brought thus into proximity in holding the sunbeam, a young and, of course, pretty, infant.* The spotting of the background with very assertive patches of light that really give the effect of sunlight, is rather disturbing, because overdone, but the picture is nevertheless full of strength and the sentiment of young motherhood.

Of *A Young Mother,* also faulty in drawing and crude in execution, the same can be said. Framed so as to rob it of much of its impressiveness and apparent beauty, and named in the manner most calculated to shock, if not outrage, the sensibilities of every person who holds Mary, the mother of Christ, in special veneration as peculiarly blessed among women as the mother of their God, and distinct and thus distinguished from all other women—*Blessed Art Thou Among Women* is unquestionably one of the most perfect and beautiful pictures of the Salon. In subject, composition, line, tone and feeling, it is singularly beautiful—and the beautiful solicitude of the delicate, charming mother, and the almost indifference of the child, who accepts the maternal devotion as a matter of course, and looks straight ahead, as though forgetful of the mother in the contemplation of what is before it, is a picture that will long remain in the memory of those who have once seen it.† It is natural that the mother should look solicitously to the child—it is also in accordance with the laws of nature that the child should look beyond and be even indifferent towards the mother: that the mother should give all as a matter of nature, and the child accept everything as a matter of course, and I have never seen the thought so beautifully expressed as by this remarkable picture. It is full of maternal love, and suggestive of the maternal sorrow that in the depth and silence of her own heart every mother feels at the seeming unresponsiveness of the child. It is charming in rendering and truly beautiful in sentiment.

Andante, No. 102, is a very pleasing and poetic picture of a child playing a violin. The lightings suggesting the outlines of the picture by tipping its outlines with high lights are a bit forced and false, but the picture, while by no means great, is quaint, expressive and charming.

Like all true artists, Mrs. Käsebier has her moments of real inspiration, her days of striving, and her periods of relaxation. Her greatest work wins approval, not through the brain, but through a direct and irresistible appeal to the heart. It is always the eloquence of the mother than floods out to you from these pictures. In *The Manger*‡ it is the radiant, pure, holy love of the young mother as she feels the little being in her arms and has brought home to her for the first time the wondrous mystery of life. A tenderly beautiful theme, that has inspired some of the greatest masterpieces in art. In *Blessed Art Thou, etc.,* as we have already seen, it portrays the mother's loving solicitude; and in *La Grandmère,* now old and neglected, it is the mother still, brooding and sorrowful because youth in the exuberance of fresh life and amorous happiness in

* The number of infantile pictures shown at this year's Salon forcibly reminded one of the great increase of population shown by the last census.

† A very accurate reproduction of this picture will be found in CAMERA NOTES, Vol. IV., No. I., facing page 18.

‡ For reproduction of this picture see CAMERA NOTES, Vol. IV., No. I., frontispiece.

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Mr. Stieglitz's work I will pass over without description or comment. This seems hardly fair treatment of one of the most important exhibits of this year's Salon, but in view of our intimate association, and under the existing circumstances that there are those in the photographic world contemptible enough to declare any mention of his work by me to have been inspired not by the merits of the work, but by my intimate association with its maker, and wishing to spare him any further insult on that score, I refrain from other reference to it than a list of the titles of the pictures: *Autumn; A Study; At Anchor; Mending Nets; The Street Paver; Portrait of a Baby; The Beach: Katwyk; Landing of the Boats; At the Window: An Unfinished Study.*

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The answer to this is, that, first, we have no evidence that the jury was unduly severe. We may perhaps know of one or two cases in which it seemed to us that in not seeing merit in the pictures offered the jury's taste was warped or at fault. But that is a matter of taste. Judgment in matters purely of taste is regulated by no law, but is entirely discretionary, and the presumption is that one who is deemed fit to act the part of judge is equally, if not better, fitted to exercise discretionary judgment than those of us who have not been chosen for that position. For argument's sake let us presume for a moment that the jury was severe. In submitting our work to them for judgment we have confirmed

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It has also been advanced that the jury confined their selection to low-toned and dim impressionistic work and barred every other wind, because that happened to be their own particular kind of work and they could see no merit in any other—and that this impressionism was apt to have a very bad influence on the photographic work of the country.

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The jury has been quite roundly abused, and it has been suggested that they judged with such severity in order to make their own work stand out pre-eminently, or, in other words, to make it appear that no other person showing had so large an exhibition as theirs.

Let us understand the precise meaning of this. It means in plain language that the members of the jury were deliberately dishonest. Doubtless the person who made this charge, if accused of sending poor pictures before the jury in order to have the prints rejected that he might on the strength of it charge the jury, hitherto eminently respectable, with this sort of low dishonesty, in order to undermine their positions and characters, would reply that the charge was preposterous and grossly insulting; and would feel greatly hurt that anyone could have seen fit to call his honor and honesty in question on the strength of such a negative supposition as this. Yet the one charge is identical with the other, except that the tables have been turned.

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How would this work? Photography is practiced by at least 50 per cent. of the population, and the majority of those using the camera are convinced that their work is artistic—no matter though they have never had the slightest art education, and even are ignorant of the real meaning of the terms art, beauty, or inspiration. With these the art of photography lies purely in the mechanical process—composition, tonality and the like being considered utterly superfluous. Of course they may be right and the art traditions of the world, confirmed and strengthened by time, wrong—with that contention we have no concern. What we have chiefly to consider is this: It is believed by a certain number of people that it is possible to use the camera in the expression of art and in accordance with the requirements of art traditions and teachings. These people have proved their case to some extent—and the Salon is the result. The only possible excuse for such an exhibition in a conservative academy of art is because it does show evidences of living up to the standards and requirements of art. The very facility of photography, and the newness of the still not over conclusively proven artistic possibilities of photography, demand the highest possible standard—for a movement that is well established can far better afford to be lax in its methods than one not yet come to its maturity. If, therefore, the bars were let down, so to speak, and any sort of work let in and hung, it might possibly draw a crowd to the art gallery in which such an exhibition was held—but it would be an attendance and a collection entirely out of harmony with the surroundings; and such an exhibition would call down upon the art gallery that had the temerity to permit it, the derisive ridicule of the entire artistic world wherever the thing was known. No art institution with any sense of self-respect could permit such a thing—and were it permitted, it would be a great set-back to artistic pictorial photography as a movement. The mistake of the element that now raises the hue and cry against the Salon lies in their total misunderstanding of the Salon's meaning and purpose. They evidently want an all-round, open to all exhibition of photographs, fine as such, and with no regard to the pedantic limitations of art. The Salon was never intended to be such an exhibition—yet instead of following the example of the photographic pictorial wing of the body photographic, and getting up the sort of exhibition they desire, they must needs —without taking the trouble to understand the significance and purpose of the Salon—enter their photographs in such an exhibition, agreeing to all the prescribed conditions, and when, as was inevitable, their work is rejected, they rise in their ire, abuse in extremest terms all those connected with the movement, attribute to them mean or dishonest motives, damn all the accepted pictures as vile freaks and monstrosities, and finally try to crush the Salon itself.

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IV.

The Salon movement has helped the photographer to advance a long way on the road to fine art—and has helped very materially to add to his freedom of action and his artistic liberty. "But it is usual with the people," to quote from a letter from Cicero to D. Brutus, "and especially with ours, to be particularly disposed to abuse their liberty, by licentious reflections on those to whom they are indebted for the enjoyment of it. *However, one should be careful not to give them any just cause for their censures.*"

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Current Notes.

Intensifier for Platinum Prints.—To obtain strong platinum prints from weak negatives, Jacobi recommends a 20 per cent. solution of oxalate of ammonium, five drops of which are added to each ounce of developer.

Double Exposure.—A clever device to avoid double exposures is given in a recent number of *Photography*. After loading the plate holders a small strip of thin gummed paper, such as is used by stamp collectors, is pasted on the holder so as to include the slide. Remarks as to the make of plate, speed, etc., may be written on this. When the slide is drawn for exposure the paper is broken, so there is no fear of double exposure.

Local Intensification of Negatives.—The following method is given in *Photography:* A solution of aniline orange in methylated spirits is applied locally to the negative by means of a small tuft of cotton. This deposit may be modified or removed with cotton moistened in water.

Modification of Undesirable Background—In figure studies where the background is too prominent, trace the outline of the figure on a piece of paper and then paste the paper on a thick piece of felt. The felt is now trimmed to the traced outline with a sharp knife. At the corners and around the edges of the negative paste narrow strips of cardboard. Fasten the paper the print is to be made on to the cardboard so as to strain it. The negative is placed in the frame, the felt form placed over the figure on the paper and the frame is closed. The pad presses the paper upon the figure, which is sharply printed, while the cardboard keeps the rest of the paper away from the negative, giving diffused printing and an even background.—*Photography.*

To Prevent Frilling.—Before development take a piece of common wax candle, and with the side of the forefinger as a guide, softly rub a light line with the wax along the four sides of the plate on the film side, allowing it to gently touch the film. This does no harm whatever and prevents the developing and fixing solutions from getting under the film at the edges and so cause frilling. —*G. H., in Photography.*

CHAS. W. STEVENS.

✦ ✦ ✦

In the various articles on gum-bichromate printing which have been written, the formulæ usually call for a half ounce of a 2 to 5 gum solution (about 40 grains of pure gum), to the ounce of coating mixture. But when a less grainy print is desired, and one on which the brush may be used without striking through to clear paper in the half tones, it is advantageous to reduce the amount of gum till there is just enough to prevent permanent staining of the paper by the pigment used. In the case of Montgolfier crayon paper this may be by as much as a half, with other papers more or less, depending on the sizing. In the finished print there is a much better gradation, and a smoother quality, than in those made with the full strength mixture. It should, however, be observed that more surface of paper will be covered, and so it may be necessary to slightly increase the amount of pigment per unit quantity of coating mixture, to insure a proper depth of color in the finished print.

T. O'CONOR SLOANE, JR.

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Books Received.

Photograms of the Year, 1900.—A pictorial and literary record of the best photographic work of the year. Compiled by the editors and staff of *The Photogram*, assisted by A. C. R. Carter. Published by Dawbarn & Ward, Ltd., London.

No other annual receives such a hearty welcome by us, as that accorded to the "Photograms of the Year." This year's volume is in many respects even more satisfactory than its predecessors. It is somewhat larger, and deals more fully with the various phases of international pictorial photography than heretofore.

Mr. Demachy writes on French photography; Mr. Ernst Juhl, on German; Mr. Keiley, most exhaustively on the Salon question and matters pertaining thereto in this country, etc., etc. Mr. A. C. R. Carter, like last year, reviews the two great exhibitions of Great Britain, the Salon and the "Royal." In addition we have a reprint of Mr. Emerson's now famous convention paper, "Bubbles"; but possibly the most interesting of all the literary matter to us, are those pages in the "Fragmentary Retrospect on the work of the Year," written by the editor, and devoted to the controversy which is now waxing hot in this country, and also in England, about the value of the so-termed "new movement" in the United States. All seriously interested in the latter will do well to read these pages, for after all the rubbish that has been written upon that vexed subject, both here and abroad, it is most satisfactory to find some unbiassed writer who tries to look at things as they are, and to place them at their right value. We do not agree with all he says, but we compliment him upon his fairness, a rare virtue in these days of photographic warfare.

The illustrations of the book are quite up to the standard, and are sufficiently diversified to meet with the approval of all tastes.

A. S.

The International Annual of Anthony's Photographic Bulletin, 1901. Edited by W. I. Scandlin. Published by E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., New York.

A copy of the above annual comes to hand as we go to press. A glimpse at its pages proves that the volume is quite up to the standard of its predecessors in its general character. The articles are good, and of value to all classes of photographers. The illustrations are of the old-fashioned type. The typography is above the average, showing great care in editing and printing. The volume has our hearty approval, and we therefore recommend it to our readers.

"Down South," A series of photographic pictures, by Rudolph Eickemeyer, Jr., with an introduction by Joel Chandler Harris. Published by R. H. Russell, New York.

In "Down South" Mr. Eickemeyer has made a praiseworthy attempt to picture negro life of the South—and the effort cannot be commended too highly. Mr. Eickemeyer shows much artistic inspiration in his work, and we safely predict a popular success for this series of pictures.

A Handbook of Photography in Colors. By Thomas Bolas, Alexander Tallent and Edgar Senior. Price, $2.00. Published by E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., New York, and Marion & Co., London.

Of all branches of photography, none creates so much general interest as that pertaining to the reproduction directly or indirectly of color by photographic means. The work before us has for its authors three men thoroughly versed with that department which they have treated. Alexander A. K. Tallent writes very fully about tri-color photography, elucidating it practically and theoretically in a most able manner. Mr. Bolas gives a synopsis of the progress of color photography from its origin up to its present stage, and it is needless to add that in such competent hands, the matter may be deemed authoritative. The Lippman process is handled by Mr. Senior, who, it is said, is the only Englishman thoroughly conversant with, and who has actually obtained results with this method. Taken as a whole the book can be heartily recommended to all those interested in the photographic color processes, for it is concise, fully illustrated, practical, and when dealing with theory, not too heavy for the average student of photography. A. S.

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"In and Out of the Nursery." By Eva Eickemeyer Rowland. Pictured by Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr. Published by R. H. Russell.

This volume contains a series of nursery verses by Mrs. Eva Eickemeyer Rowland, illustrated by her brother, the well-known photographer, Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr. Author and illustrator have worked well together, having been in perfect sympathy in the production. The book contains some of Mr. Eickemeyer's greatest photographic successes, as "The Dance" and "The Kitten's Breakfast." Mr. Russell displays the same good taste he always does in his publications.

Notes.

The Agfa-Reducer is a novel and specially prepared combination of a ferric salt and an alkali. Like the Agfa-Intensifier, it is one of the most convenient things put on the market in a long while, and is sure to find immediate favor with all those who will give it a trial. It is applicable to plate, slides, prints, with equal efficiency. In another issue we shall probably have more to say upon this subject.

Panoram-Kodak No. 1 is a recent novelty introduced by that ever live institution, the Eastman Kodak Co. Below we reproduce a picture taken with the same. The instrument is inexpensive, and for a certain class of work is unequaled.

The New House Committee.

The first meeting of the present House Committee was held on the evening of October 31, 1900. The full committee, consisting of H. B. Reid, chairman, W. E. Wilmerding, Edward Heim, and L. W. Brownell, was present.

After organizing the committee, the first business to be attended to was the election of a secretary, which position was filled by Mr. L. W. Brownell.

Nearly two hours were spent in outlining a campaign of general improvements to be made in the rooms and apparatus, and that this campaign has been commenced and is being vigorously carried on by all the members of the Committee is evidenced by the noticeable falling off of complaints in the past month.

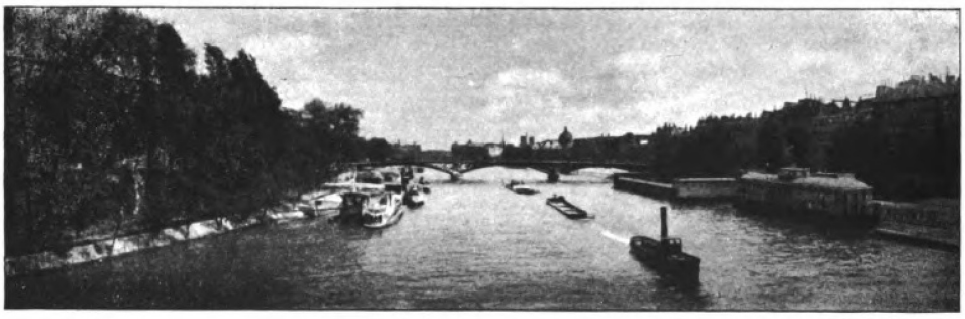
One of the first jobs to be attempted by the Committee upon taking up their duties, was the cleaning of the Club rooms. This was accomplished in a most thorough and efficient manner, both the reception and working rooms undergoing a much needed scrubbing.

Among the details of the campaign which have already been carried into effect can be enumerated the painting of the vestibule, and two new mats placed therein; a new rug bought for the reception room; racks made for the trays; a partition placed across the front of the entrance to the dark rooms; new and better lights put up in the work rooms, and numerous other minor items that it would be useless to call attention to.

As yet very little has been done to better the condition of the apparatus, but it will all be repaired as rapidly as possible, and new lenses supplied where they are needed.

The committee will be glad to receive suggestions from any member of the Club, and can promise that everything within reason will be attended to. They intend that every facility for doing photographic work shall be provided, and that everything with which reasonable fault can be found will be rectified, but in order to accomplish this the active co-operation and support of the club at large is absolutely necessary.

L. W. BROWNELL.



Taken with a Panoram-Kodak.

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The Camera Club.

THE Camera Club, of New York, is the result of a consolidation of "The Society of Amateur Photographers" and "The New York Camera Club," effected May 7, 1896, when the new club was duly incorporated under the laws of 1895. The corporate existence of the two component bodies dates from 1884 and 1888 respectively.

The objects of the club are:

First.—The advancement of the photographic art.

Second.—To provide a club house where the members may practice photography, and cultivate social acquaintance.

Among the advantages of membership may be noted the following items:

Free use of all the club apparatus and stock chemicals, together with the assistance of the club custodian.

Free subscription to CAMERA NOTES.

Lectures upon many subjects, including Travel, Art, Practical and Scientific Photography.

Expositions of new photographic apparatus and demonstrations of modern methods of photo work.

Weekly test nights for lantern slides, accompanied by instructive comments by the club critics.

Frequent exhibitions of prints and slides sent in from other photographic clubs of Europe and America.

Annual competitions for silver trophies, open to all print and slide makers of the club.

Annual public exhibitions of the best work of the year in prints and slides.

Occasional jolly "smokers" and dinners.

A comprehensive library, including the leading photographic periodicals of the world.

And best of all, the daily opportunity to "see how it is done" by the leading amateurs of the country, and to almost unconsciously acquire a higher photographic standard through simple association with the masters of the art.

All of which advantages may be enjoyed at a nominal cost.

Further particulars will be furnished on application to Mr. H. B. Reid, Secretary, 3 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York.

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Alfred Stieglitz, Chairman.

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The portfolio

"AMERICAN PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY, SERIES II.," will be ready for distribution some time in January. Its publication has been unavoidably delayed. Subscriptions will be received up to and including January 15, 1901.

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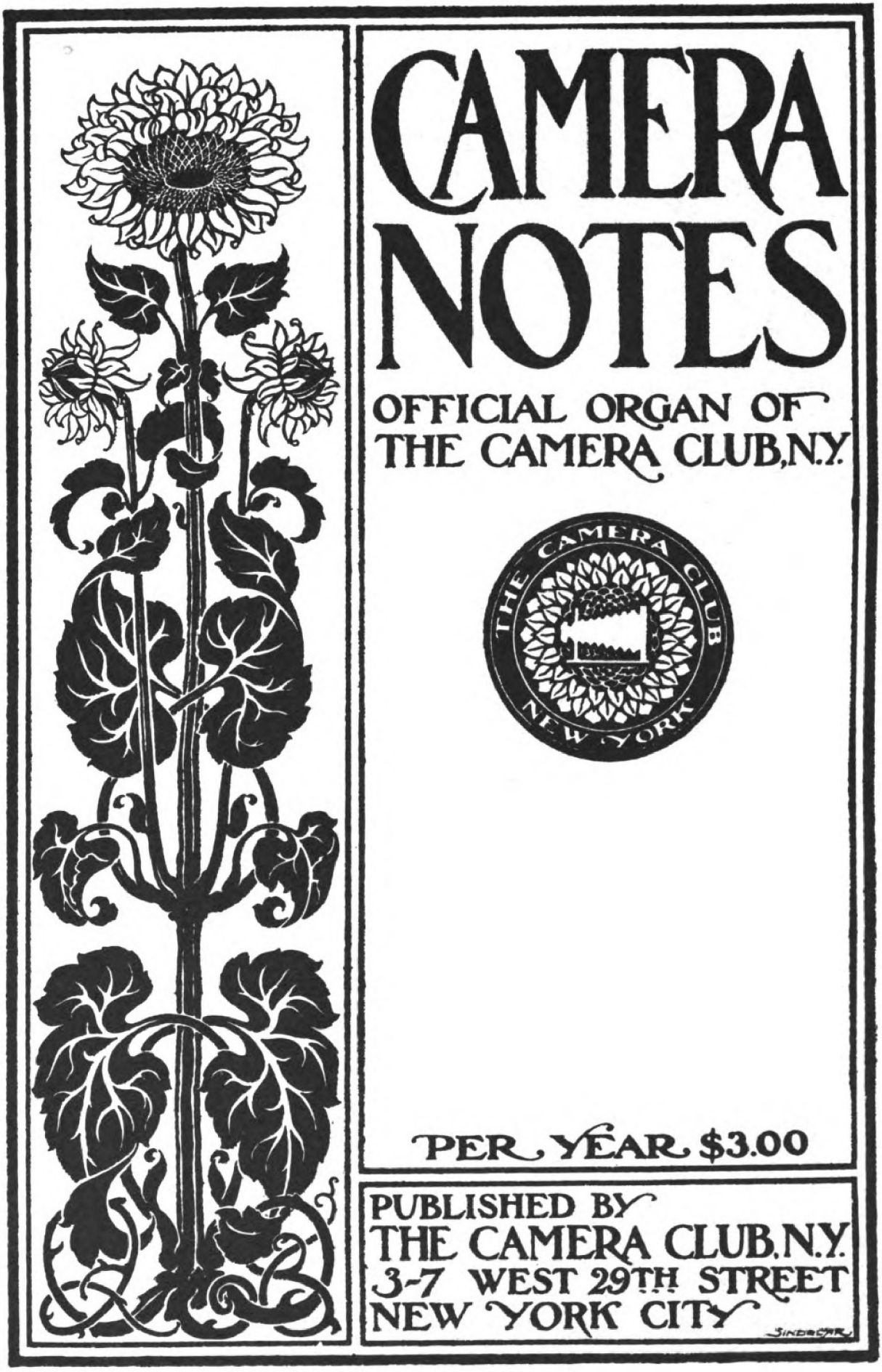

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The Publication Committee,
Alfred Stieglitz, Chairman.

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The portfolio

"AMERICAN PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY, SERIES II.," will be ready for distribution some time in January. Its publication has been unavoidably delayed. Subscriptions will be received up to and including January 15, 1901.

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Volume IV, No. 4

Errata in Vol. IV., No. 4.

Current Notes, indexed as appearing on pages 281 and 282, Vol. IV., No. 4, through printer's error, were omitted from body of the magazine throughout entire edition.

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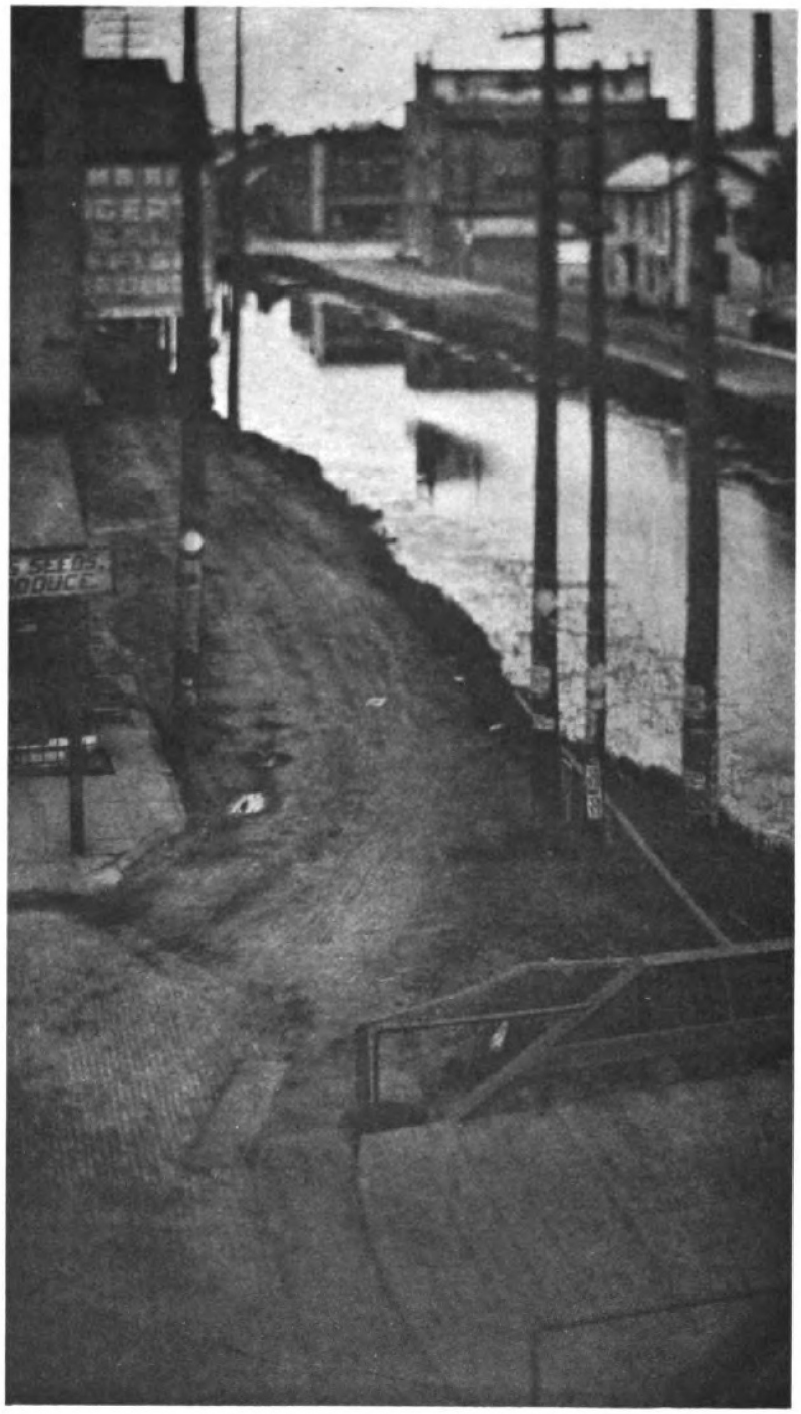

TELEGRAPH POLES

From a Platinotype

By Clarence H. White

(Ohio)

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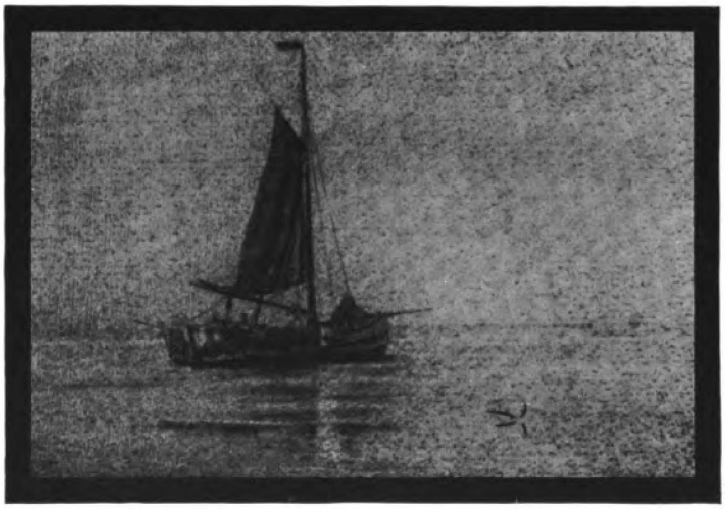
Whither?

The salons and other photographic exhibitions and one publication, CAMERA NOTES, have brought together in America those interested in the pictorial idea in photography. There has come of this a movement which abroad is even now dubbed the "New American School." So far this "school" seems to consist of hardly more than a primary department with kindergarten attached. There are a few good teachers, and the rest of us are slowly learning to apply elementary ideas in our practice. During the last few years we have had chances to get new lessons frequently. Before then we felt that something might be done towards making our work artistic, but we had no teachers, no examples, and above all, no rallying ground. One a lawyer, another a doctor, you a business man, and I a student of literary art—we were willing to try to be artistic in our photography; but in spite of all, our practice was affected and infected by the influence of the old-time scientific-dogmatic practitioners.



"AT ANCHOR."

FROM A

"GUM-PRINT."

BY

ALFRED

STIEGLITZ.

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Now-a-days a few lead, the rest of us follow; many, as is usual in such cases, berating those who are guiding them in the efforts of all to escape from the arid wastes of mechanical process-work. The best pictorialists have set a rattling good pace, and what do we see? Most—the old, the winded, the muscle-bound, the halt, the partially blind—all cry out that such pace-makers must be restrained, stopped, ruled off the course, because one-legged veterans to whom historical honor is due can not compete with them, and rickety youths whose shinbones warp under them, make themselves absurd by trying to race. But the pace-makers naturally keep up setting the pace somehow, and after them toil the game athletes, and then the ragtag and bobtail that strive to get there by fair means or foul. On a clearly delimited track, what could these do but get hopelessly "left"; but in a winding way through wood and thicket, over hill and dale, what short cuts may not those unfit ones try, whose only desire is to "get there." Art is such a race; but those who try short cuts never really win. The brand of superficiality is stamped upon them, plain to the discerning eye.

The worst of it is that fair, moderate goers allow themselves to be forced out of their stride by a pace too hot for them. We see the evil effects in all the exhibitions. To change the figure: the lady with the small-bore popgun tries to make as much noise as the man with the blunderbuss. Noise! alas, yes; we too often allow ourselves to be carried away by the visual noise, and many there are who strive to make a photographic racket. It is the story of the ox and the frog over again.

We are an energetic nation, adaptable, and desirous of success. To excel, to become prominent, indicates success in material affairs; we are not always mindful that in art it is somewhat different, for art is of the spirit, and success therein must be judged primarily by æsthetic standards. It is not to be gauged by notoriety, as many seem to think; and there is always danger that, led on by desire to succeed at all costs, we sacrifice true success to win a fickle publicity.

We are a clever people, but mere cleverness will not serve in place of true art feeling; and as a people our art feeling and culture are quite elementary and crude as yet; although with possibilities of greater promise than those of the more matured European nations. Our day in the fine arts is yet to come, and this century will see a wonderful development here. Perhaps photography is to open the way for the general movement. This is dangerous ground, and as we can not beat it over at present, we must hurry by. It is simply a question of whether or not we can believe in the newly-preached democratization of art. If we can, we must believe that the photographer will produce something of real worth to show in the future, although we may not dare claim for photography a position among the fine arts, and may even be reluctant to recognize it as more than applied art.

Clever as we are, disaster awaits many who mistake adaptability for talent, and sensibility for taste. A bright young American was hesitating in his choice of professions between the law and medicine. "The question is," he explained, "in which I should find the more pleasure in after life—for I can make a success of either." One can imagine him considering art, if he had taken the notion, with just as much confidence in his abilities and fitness.

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This desire to succeed, to be notable, is hurting the pictorial movement. A veritable craze to be exhibited is upon us, and all agonize to win notice. This is true of no one cult, but of all. Many sacrifice themselves and, as painters of clever claptrap plan show pieces to catch the eye at exhibitions, so photographers strive, and dislocate their little talents in trying to compass big things. Hence the "American School" has made itself talked of as sensational. Eccentricity and pretentiousness have been much in evidence in the ideas; just as in rendition minor tones and mercuric tints have become a fad. Photographers of some originality have been too reminiscent of well-known painters' styles and allowed Whistler and the now-past Preraphaelite ideas to influence them too continuously; while smaller photographers often have not gone even to the originals, but been content to echo and play variations on the variations of their stronger brethren. Those who prate of naturalism may not seem as often imitative or insincere—that is, as untrue to self—as some of the pictorial workers, but that is merely because their work usually is not significant enough to enable us to tell whether they have any sincerity or self, for they show no originality or personality.

Imitative work is natural at first, in the student stage, when one has not yet come to his own personal note. Some disciples of a big man can develop out of their study a style more or less their own; others are hopeless imitators always. More favor is accorded those personalities formed by the influences of a foreign or classic art (I use classic here in a very wide sense), from which they have modified certain formulæ or caught a certain spirit. But even in such cases critical taste is rightly exacting, and would pronounce, for instance, that the Japanese influence is not an aid or merit in our art until it is thoroughly merged and all but untraceable. The ingenuous imitator who becomes merely the ingenious imitator, in seeking to rival those who have succeeded, will end by copying their mannerisms as essentials. He decides that this trick or that trait was of especial assistance, and borrows it. He makes a blunder that is more excusable in Kipling's "'His Majesty the King,'" when the neglected Toby explains to Patsie's mother: "I only fought vat you—you petted Patsie 'cause she had ve blue wibbon, and—and if I had ve blue wibbon too, m-my papa w-would pet me." But Toby realized his error before he tried the effect of the ornament as a winner of favor; the artistic Tobies never realize their mistakes. As Edward Armitage, in his lectures to the students of the Royal Academy, said: "Nothing can be more fatal to the career of an artist than the *intentional* imitation of another man's work."

In literature we have several designations for the sensational and pretentious. The "forcible-feeble" style is one in which a would-be strong writer defeats his aim by overweighting his ideas with too many and too big words. Some of our photographers indulge in a style similar to this, which Ayres characterizes as "novicy, high-flown and weak." Other pictorialists become rhetorical and even graphically bombastic. In graphic art, as in literature, small ideas pretentiously expressed are stupid and tiresome, though if they had been depicted unassumingly and simply, as was fitting, they would at least have gained respectful consideration. Says Elia: "Herein the great and little wits are differenced; that if the latter wander ever so little from nature or actual exist-

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ence, they lose themselves, and their readers. Their phantoms are lawless; their visions nightmares. They do not create, which implies shaping and consistency."

True, novelty is ever welcome, but work cast in ephemeral forms for the sake of this will not hold favor. Fads are thus used to win notice, but the charm of novelty puts artists under the influence of fashion, and as Schlegel has said of dramatic literature, exposes them to the danger of passing rapidly from a grand and simple style to dazzling and superficial mannerism. Even worse—if worse can be—are the extravagances and affectations indulged in for the sake of oddity—to have what may be recognized as an individual style. The tattooed man has distinction of that sort. Genius is unique; but when ordinary mortals strive to be unique, they become simply uniques. Armitage said: "Mannerism is perhaps the rock on which most rising reputations are shipwrecked. . . . A clever young artist paints a really fine picture, full of feeling, originality, and poetry, but rather low in tone. He has an immense success; a success which he too often ascribes to a wrong cause. The consequence is that his next picture will probably be less poetical, but still darker in color. His friends and admirers, instead of pulling him up sharp, are more prodigal than ever in their praise. . . . It is, therefore, not surprising that our promising artist paints lower and lower in color every year, until at last he becomes a confirmed mannerist."

Are not American photographers attitudinizing, posing—faults not peculiarly photographic? We experiment, even dabble, in the pictorial. We go at picture-making hit or miss fashion, without being able clearly to define a difference between the pictorial and the merely picturesque; and our best results, as well as our worst, surprise us. Having made a picture, we then concoct its motive; we make a darker print and call it something else.

It is to be hoped that we will not seriously harm the movement in which we are interested, at its very beginning; nor hinder our progress by persistence in our divagations, excesses and stupidities. We must not mistake sensationalism for strength, mannerism for individuality, nor fashion for art. It will not pay artistically to be merely showy, startling, frivolous, nor yet again, imitative—longer than we can help it. We need that artistic repose which is really the steadfast poise of purpose, but it comes not to the posturer on stilts. We must come down from our borrowed heights and plant our short legs on firm ground, before we can have any right to make answer similar to Browning's to the objection: "But nobody writes like that." "Yes, I, Robert Browning, write like that!"

We need the discipline of mind and heart that gives culture. This will enable us to recognize the difference between sound and unsound workmanship, to do our work not only simply, but in the most fit manner, and to be sincere and natural. Then we shall not be misled when some hail the sensational as strong work, any more than when other extremists call commonplace work nature and art combined. The true artist does not strive for such undiscriminating applause. We must not expect everyone to understand and value good work, any more than we expect everyone to be able to appreciate the carefully prepared articles of CAMERA NOTES. If you offer sound and honest work, you may rest

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"A NEW ENGLAND HILLSIDE."

By

Robert S. Redfield.

content that those who are worth appealing to will be pleased. They will understand artistic restraint, and require no overassertiveness, and no endorsement other than that given by the internal evidence of the thing itself. They will say of you: "He teacheth with authority, and not as do the Scribes." Style will come; it is a resultant of the sincere worker's emotional and intellectual gifts and his technical acquirements. As for striving to be exhibited, we are surely making a great mistake when we let what is a very natural desire become a misleading craze. Exhibition should be of secondary importance to us; otherwise we rob ourselves of the enjoyment we ought to derive from the pursuit of photography, for our own pleasure and improvement. With reference to painters, Hamerton says on this subject: "Whoever produces art that is right in itself deserves fair recognition, although such art may not be in the category of rarities; and the object of young artists ought not to be *excellence,* or the *excelling* of others, but sound quality in their own work, irrespectively of what others may perform." In another place he says: "Nothing is more baneful to the work of an artist than the conviction that it is not the quality of what he does but the noise that is made about it which is the most powerful factor of success."

If we search history for a popular art impulse with which to compare and contrast our growing pictorial movement, we must not go to graphic art, for that has been an exclusive branch of the fine arts, in which the elect have been distinguished from the inexpert as sharply as clergy from laity. Perhaps we may venture to consider the Elizabethan lyrical impulse in this connection. There occurred what might be called a popular efflorescence that has given to English literature much good and beautiful poetry; and also many instances of excesses in style, and poverty or smallness of ideas accompanying the ambition to create. "Conceits" were the fashion and their figures were too often pursued to the bitter—or absurd—end. Sir Philip Sidney was the greatest of those whom we may call the amateur poets of that day. Even in the short period dur-

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ing his brief career that he devoted to literature, he achieved some immortal work, despite the snares and pitfalls of fashion and the affectations of the time. With his name begins the glorious roll that is the pride of modern English literature, for Sidney antedates Edmund Spenser in production. He succeeded where others failed, because he was sensible and sincere as well as gifted. He says he puzzled his wits to invent fine things, as all the rest did; and so he studied the work of others. But he resolved to let others ape and imitate, to leave to them affected styles and the elaboration of old ideas with new-found tropes and strange similes. He declares he is "no pickpurse of another's wit," and the first of the Astrophel and Stella sonnets ends with the fine line:

"Fool, said my Muse to me, look in thy heart, and write."

A recent one-man exhibition at the Camera Club won much favor. Perhaps the fact that it consisted mainly of pleasing landscapes and foreground bits had something to do with the welcome received, for this sort of work is comparatively rare here, owing to the fact that most of our best workers are busy city-dwellers. But probably this exhibition pleased all mainly because it showed not only much love of nature and regard for the canons of art, so far as the photographer knew them; but also because the work was so unostentatious and "natural." We all know that pictures are not to be judged, but merely to be understood, by their truth to nature; that proposition is the pictorial *pons asinorum*. The quality that charmed all was the consistent sincerity.

To be entirely sincere is to be one's self. It is requiring a good deal (and very little, often, as a result) of most persons, really to be one's self, especially in art. Such a requirement may at first seem almost to presuppose the early accomplishment of the Socratic end and aim of all rational life. But that is not necessary, for "know thyself" and "be thyself" may go hand in hand upon a way of self-discovery and self-development, the one aiding and making sweeter the other. That is the only way to fall into step with the age and to keep marching in the army of progress, as we leave youth behind and realize our truly humble positions in the ranks. As William Chandler Bagley, in the *Smart Set*, sings:

"It is good to hear a myriad voices swell
All your mighty, all your vailant deeds to tell—
    But you've gained the subtlest art
    When, with cheerful, willing heart,
You can play a minor part—and do it well."

DALLETT FUGUET.

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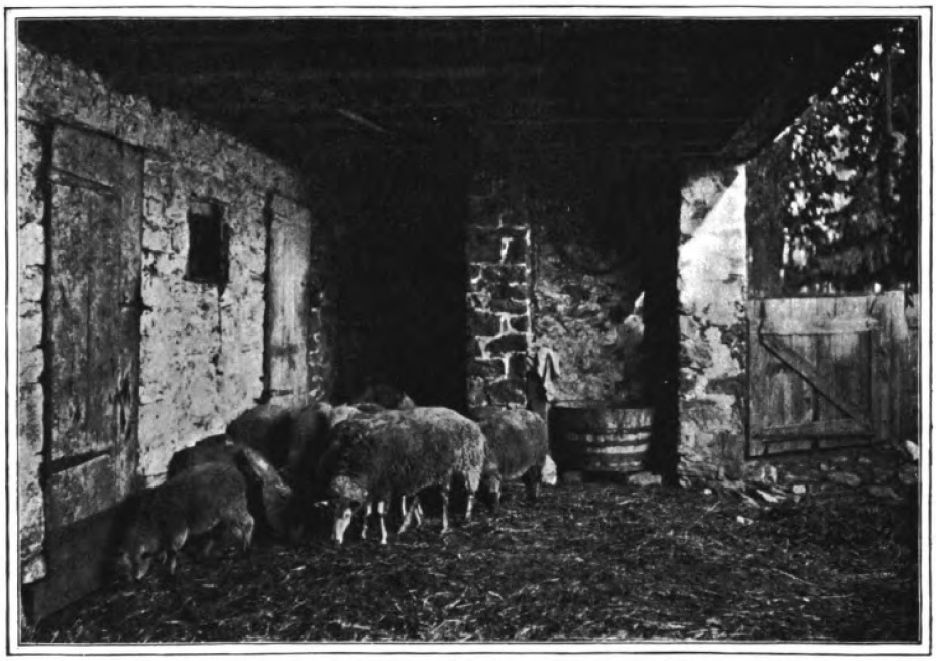

"In the Fold." By Henry Troth.

Catchwords and Cant.

"Man is a creature who lives not by bread alone, but principally by catchwords."—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

Robert Louis Stevenson, that trenchant observer of human weaknesses, gives utterance to many philosophic truths in this most delightful essay, but to none more righteous than the one just quoted. Indeed, it would seem that catchwords and cant are products of our highly organized, modern civilization, without which we must needs stand abashed at our own ignorance of all but an iota of the vast sum of human knowledge. However, by employing them freely in our conversation we avoid so humiliating an alternative.

In those long past, good old days when life moved with statelier stride, men wrote with slower pen and spoke not without a fuller understanding. But we of to-day, realizing that in our neurotic gallop through existence there is not time, even in the allotted three score and ten, to master so much as a single department of knowledge, must needs insist upon taking all knowledge for our individual province. Our fine spirit will brook no circumscribed culture. Hence springs our fatal superficiality, and because of this do we seek, of necessity, to conceal behind a veil of catchwords and cant our lack of learning. So cleverly do we fondly fancy to have hidden our ignorance that we think to beguile not only our neighbor, who is in no better state than we, but the scholar as well; and lastly do we carry our infatuation to such a pass as to imagine that we are in fact what we pretend and wish.

It is, indeed, most wondrous strange; but stranger still are the manifesta-

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tions of all this in the great realm of art—in painting, music, sculpture and in literature. Here do we run riot to our hearts' content. Men, aye and women, too—for the eternal feminine can out-herod Herod for many shameful minutes —honest, as the world goes, useful, loving and steadfast, deem it no blot upon their 'scutcheon to confess ignorance of medicine, mechanics, chemistry or other science, but the meanest of them all stands ever ready to pass a hasty and a final judgment upon aught in literature or in art. Here is the happy hunting-ground of cant. Here catchwords reign supreme.

"I have always suspected public taste," says our beloved Stevenson again, "to be a mongrel product, out of affectation by dogmatism; and felt sure, if you could only find an honest man of no special literary bent, he would tell you he thought much of Shakespeare bombastic and most absurd, and all of him written in very obscure English and wearisome to read." But to find that honest man! He, the great exception, lives but hides himself from view; for society, as it is constituted to-day, does not relish outspoken convictions which are opposed to established canons. It is the dread of our neighbor's scorn which makes cowards of us all, and therefore do we assume a virtue though we have it not.

In every department of human endeavor there arise men who seem endowed by nature with an intuitive comprehension of their specialty, or who have acquired by tedious, diligent study a thorough proficiency therewith. Such men we recognize as authorities by virtue of their talents or their labors, and by them are set the standards of excellence in their respective fields of activity. Mankind accepts their dicta because it recognizes that their genius and labor fit them for the task of judging between good and bad. It may be a very fallible authority, but it is the best we are capable of producing.

Some of us are born with a musical temperament; some by study acquire musical knowledge; most of us know no more than that certain melodies please and that others do not. But because musicians have declared Wagner a great composer—even here all are not agreed—and Seidl his greatest interpreter, straightway do the vulgar, easily acquiring the proper catchwords, prate solemnly of toccata, fugue, symphony and opera, of colorature, phrasing, motif and interpretation. Händel, Liszt, Mozart, Beethoven and other great composers become our familiars in conversation, though in our hearts we know rag-time to be the measure of our understanding. It is an easy rôle to learn, in which a few catchwords are made to do service in place of knowledge.

So in literature it is our part always to laud Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and the other classics, and glibly to discourse of style, of meter, of source and of poesy; though were we but honest, many would confess Ouida or Corelli to be more to their taste.

And in Art it is the same wearisome cry: Catchwords and Cant! Cant and Catchwords! We have not studied Art. What need of that to criticise? We do not know its history. What need of that to fool neighbors as ignorant as we? We go to a picture gallery; we hear of Michaelangelo Buonarotti and Leonardo da Vinci, or Andrea del Sarto and Botticelli, of Rembrandt and Van Dyke, of Corot and Claude Monet, and at once we are equipped with all that constitutes a critic and a connoisseur.

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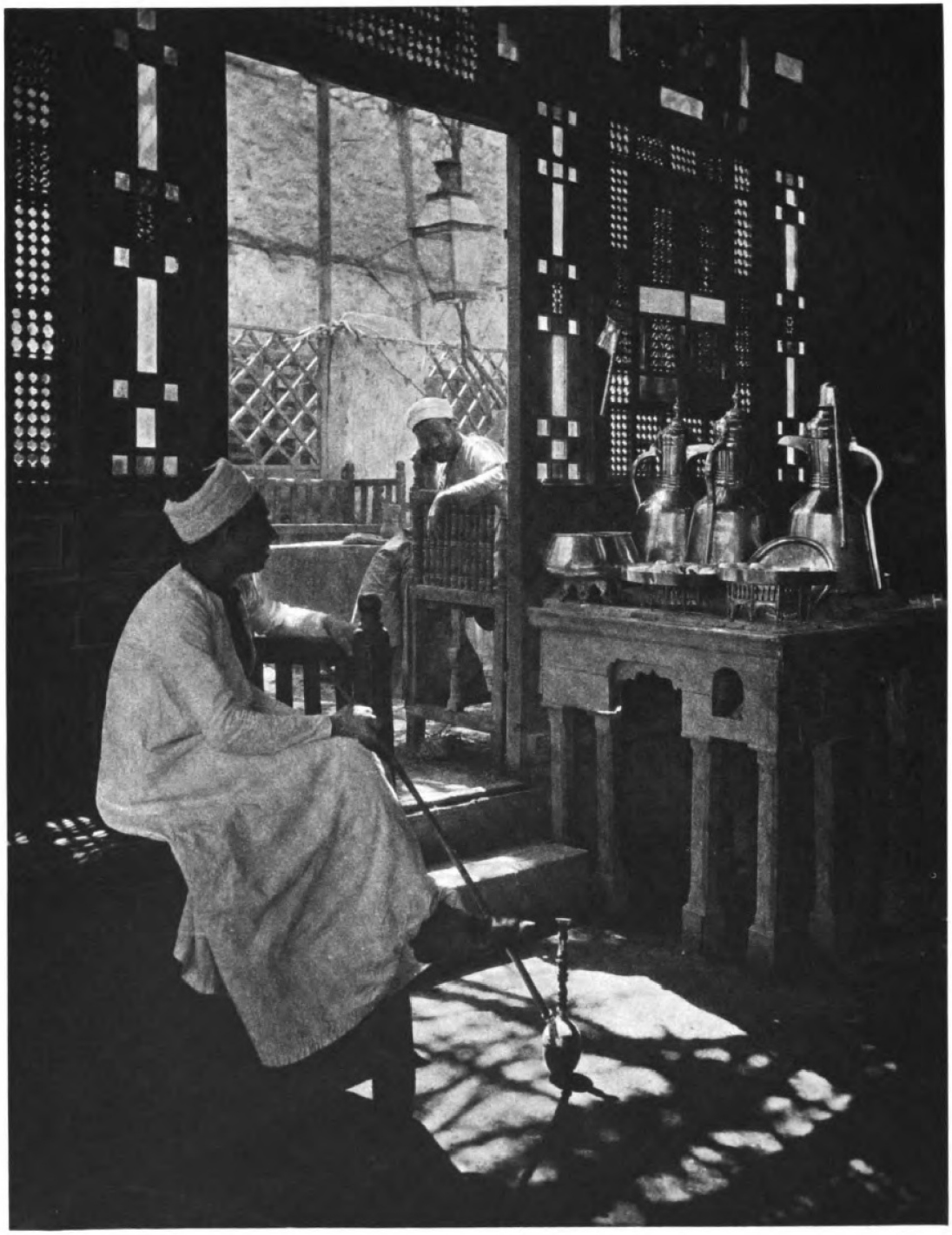

A CAIRENE CAFE

By Ernest R. Ashton
(England)

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Lately photography has become in the hands of a few a vehicle for the expression of artistic feeling and poetic thoughts. Artists have come to recognize, grudgingly at first, but more liberally later, that, as used by some, photography has become an Art. Great was the jubilation among the button-shovers. All determined to become artists at once. Work, hard work, and study were not to their taste. They had discovered, they fancied ,a royal road to fame. The catchwords and cant of Art were impressed into new service, and to-day no photographer is equipped without a supply of these ready to hand. What matters it if we are devoid of feeling or of taste! Can we not bandy adjectives with the best? Feeling, depth, line, masses, composition, light and shade, tonality, and a host of other words are in our armory, and are we not then ready for any fray?

Were it not better to go about all this less blatantly? Were it not better first to learn what art is, and how it has grown and developed? Is it not more becoming to try to learn the aims of art and artists, than to speak flippantly without knowledge? How many of us have studied nature in her varying moods? How many? And yet we deem ourselves competent to judge. Let us rather, beginning at the beginning, seek out those pictures which the world deems great and by study seek to learn what makes them great. Let us train our eye and our understanding by association with the beautiful, and there will come to us in time a reverence and an abiding knowledge that will scorn the hypocrisy of cant and the subterfuge of catchword.

Then shall we sympathize with Laurence Sterne in saying, "Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!"

JOHN FRANCIS STRAUSS.

✝ ✝ ✝

Impressionism in Photography.

At the outset let me state that I am a beginner. My first camera was purchased in February, 1899, and my first exposures were made during the great blizzard of that month, a courage born of ignorance. During the last two years I have followed the current literature of photography quite closely, and am familiar with the sometimes earnest and sometimes acrimonious discussions of "What Is Legitimate Photography"; "The New School of Pictorial Photography"; "Impressionism *versus* Realism," etc., etc.

I think it fair to assert that the disputants have scarcely expected to convert their adversaries, but rather that they have hoped to impress, each his own views, upon the newcomers, and by so doing to stamp with his influence the future trend of the art. Consequently, as a newcomer, it seems to me that my views might interest some at least of the controversialists, as affording in some slight measure an index to the results of their efforts to teach the young idea how to shoot.

I think I have read twenty pages against the new school to one in favor of it, yet I must confess that the minority has won me. It has seemed to me that the disciples of the new movement have felt so strong in their position that they

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could afford to let the scoffers have their day, and trust in the ever increasing interest in art in this country, for the results of to-morrow.

To my mind, those who have opposed impressionism in photography have weakened their cause by the use of such words as "wuzzy," "fuzzy," etc., for these are adjectives which are never applicable to a truly impressionist picture, but only to the very bad work of persons with little or no artistic instincts of their own; such as, having seen a vague picture and having heard that it is "impressionist," come to think that anything vague would represent the impressionist school, and would be hailed as an artistic product.

As I understand it the two great schools of art are the realistic and the impressionist. The realist depicts things as he knows them to be, while the impressionist endeavors to express things as they seem to be. Pictures by both methods are meritorious and artistic, and when they tell the truth, the two schools will be found not far apart. It is the self styled realist, drawing the eagles on the brass buttons of his soldiers in his background, who gets into the most heated argument with the impressionist (?) who shows a few high lights 'midst a sea of blackness and calls his picture "The Portrait of a Lady."

To better illustrate what I mean by saying that the two schools, when telling the truth, are not far apart, let us suppose a realist set to paint the view from our Battery Park during a dense fog; is it conceivable that he would include the names of the passing steamboats because he happened to know them. Then put the impressionist in the same spot on a brilliantly sunny day; is it supposable that his canvas would be full of gray mists?

I fancy that the highest attainment of true art, whether in painting or in photography, is to tell the truth; but the truth is not discernible to all men, and thus the best that any man may hope for is to truly depict the scene before him as he sees it, as it seems to him, as it impresses him. If he succeed, he is an impressionist. Of course some men have astigmatic eyes, and such men, working without proper spectacles for correcting their sight, may produce pictures which accurately record their impressions, but which do not appeal to persons blessed with normal vision. These pictures, perhaps, might be called "wuzzy." But should a truism in art be condemned because a few workers are astigmatic?

Restricting the discussion now to photography, it seems to me that there can be no school of pictorial photography except the impressionist. All else is mere mechanism. One man takes his camera and sallies forth; in the presence of a scene that strikes his fancy he sets up his sticks and goes to work; with him it is all a mere matter of sharp focus, small diaphragm and full exposure, followed by full development and a negative which prints a hundred pictures exactly alike. This is your photographic realist.

Just as soon as we reach the man who is dissatisfied with his negative and the resulting positive, so that he begins to "doctor" his negatives in order to change his results, we come across the embryo impressionist. There is something about his print which to his eye differs from his recollection of the scene as it appeared to him in nature, and he is endeavoring to make his recorded picture conform to his mental image. When we find the man who accurately stores within his brain a picture of a given scene, with all its multiplicity of light and shade, with all its detail and all its atmosphere, and who, making his

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camera, lens, developers, restrainers, printing processes and tricks of the trade subservient to his end, produces a picture which accurately portrays the impression within his mind, the true impressionist is before us, and, I fancy, this gentleman will win the photographic laurels during the new century.

I believe it to be rare indeed that a landscape is truly portrayed, except where the worker has conception and produces his result by interfering at some point with the straight course of technical photography. The artist with his brush looks at his scene with two eyes, and at his canvas with the same two eyes. The photographer selects his view with two eyes, and records it with one, which has in a sense microscopic power. Between the record on the plate and the print he must interfere to reach the truth. Again the camera artist is confronted with the unequal manner in which the different parts of his scenes will affect his sensitive plate, and because of this it is only the true impressionist who may hope to reach the goal; he who carries in his mind a mental picture with which to compare his photographic result.

I venture here to introduce three pictures, all of which have been made from the same negative. The scene is in the Adirondacks, where I spent my last vacation. A day or two after my arrival I walked around a point of beach and came upon the view suddenly. The first impression made upon me was that there was not only a pretty scene, but one in which the foreground was most attractive. The middle distance was rather commonplace, though interesting, while the clouds when I first saw the place were too scattered, there being too much blue sky. I studied this view from day to day in all kinds of weather and became quite familiar with it. I made test exposures, developing plates with poor facilities with no intention of preserving them, but merely to determine upon the best exposure. I wished to treat the subject broadly, and was using a lens working at 6.3. I first tried a fast plate, with a Bausch & Lomb ray filter (the solution diluted to one-quarter its usual strength, making a very light color screen), the exposure being one-twenty-fifth of a second. The plate was badly over-exposed. I then used a medium plate in same way, which proved also to be over-exposed. This ended the tests, and when the atmospheric conditions and clouds next suited me I exposed for my picture, using a slow plate, isochromatic. This experience is recorded not as having relation to the subject of impressionism, but as a suggestion to those who photograph over sunlit water. I think better results may be obtained with slow isochromatic plates, than by fast plates and small diaphragms.

The negative of course proved to be under-exposed throughout the middle distance. Nevertheless development was not carried very far, but just to a point where sufficient detail showed in the blacks for printing purposes. A dilute developer was used, and no tricks resorted to for hindering the development of the clouds.

The first proof made from the negative was positively hideous, no part of the scene, sky, land or water, being truthfully shown. Then began a series of experimental printings to discover the relative density of the three parts of the plate, foreground, middle distance and background, and the time required to print each, so as to produce a picture which would accord with my "impression" of the scene.

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The formula for printing this picture, as I have it written on the negative holder, reads as follows:

In bright sunlight:

Print the whole plate one minute.

Foreground, two minutes more.

Sky, three minutes more.

Thus the relative densities are: Middle distance, 1; foreground, 3, and background, 4. In printing, the whole plate is exposed for one minute, by which time the middle distance is fully printed; then all but the foreground is screened for two minutes, and then all but the background is screened for three minutes. The result produces the first picture, which accords with my impression of the scene.

There is nothing "wuzzy" about it, nor is any part conspicuously "in

FIG. 1.

focus." There is atmosphere, at least I think there is. But it is the atmosphere of a storm slowly breaking up, not enough rain having fallen to leave the air absolutely free from moisture. There is the slight mistiness of the sun shining through clouds, but not the fog which is inseparable in some minds from impressionist work. The sharpest focus is on the grasses among the lily pads, because the foreground was interesting to my eye and because my eye saw most clearly what was nearest to me. The lily pads are readily distinguishable for what they are, though the many water insects which I knew were on the leaves are not visible in the picture. The very gentle ripple on the water, especially where a slight breeze is coming up from the lake, is observable, though all that part of the picture is behind the focus. The clouds are as I remember them, the tone being very accurate. It is of the middle distance I would specially speak. The houses, the trees with their foliage, are sufficiently plain; I think the birches are distinguishable from the maples. More particularly I call attention to the shadows in the water, especially of the trees. Though "vague," there is abundance of detail. Above all is there not a feeling of soft sunshine over all?

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Fig. II.

Now let us examine the second picture, made from the same negative, on the same day, within five minutes of the first print. I regret to say that I have seen a great many pictures like this reproduced in magazines devoted to photography, the editors presumably considering them meritorious. I have noted that many illustrations appear in our magazines to which no allusion is made in the text. An editor has told me that no text is needed; that the pictures are shown merely as examples of photographic art and must speak for themselves. Let this picture speak then. The sky is exactly the same as in the last picture, and is consequently correct. The foreground is darker, and proportionately departs from the truth. But what of the middle distance? Why this blackness? Is the sun setting somewhere behind those houses? Impossible, for see the shadow of the eaves of the boat house, or better still, of the main building. What has become of the detail in the reflections? If magazines which decry the "new movement" in photography continue to print such examples of art (?) their followers may learn to make pictures of clouds, but no more. Yet this is a

Fig. III.

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FIG. IV.

"A MISTY MORNING."

BY

R. OTTOLENGUI.

straight print from the same negative as was used for the first picture. The time of printing was four minutes, which, according to the formula, was just right for the clouds.

I am myself astigmatic, and the third picture, made from the same negative, is an "impression" of the scene as it appeared to me without my spectacles. I have no objection to the application of the term "wuzzy." The print was made by merely interposing a sheet of clear glass between the negative and the paper, and it is to be noticed that the part which was in focus suffers most by this treatment. In the first picture we see water dotted with lily pads, the truth. In the third we see a muddy bottom through thin water, which is false. Some critic, seeing this last print, and not having seen the view itself, might look upon this as a good impressionist picture, but he would be wrong. Can the light and shade on the houses belong with the indicated atmosphere? Certainly this is not the vagueness of fog. I have made pictures of fog, and the effect is quite different. It is not mistiness. I have a picture made on this same lake when the mists are rising from the surrounding hills, and the vagueness is quite dissimilar. I do not think it fair to call pictures of this kind impressionism; they are simply the results of astigmatism. At the same time I would not wish to be understood as declaring that all pictures should be as distinct, as sharp, if you please to call it so, as this one of mine which I venture to consider as impressionistic. But I argue that atmosphere is not to be obtained by trickery The photograph should record the atmosphere which was present when the plate was exposed in the camera, whether it be sunshine, haze, mist, smoke, fog, rain, or snow. The much sought after "vagueness" should be dependent upon the quality of atmosphere between the lens and the object; rather than the fog in the eye or brain of the artist.

R. OTTOLENGUI.

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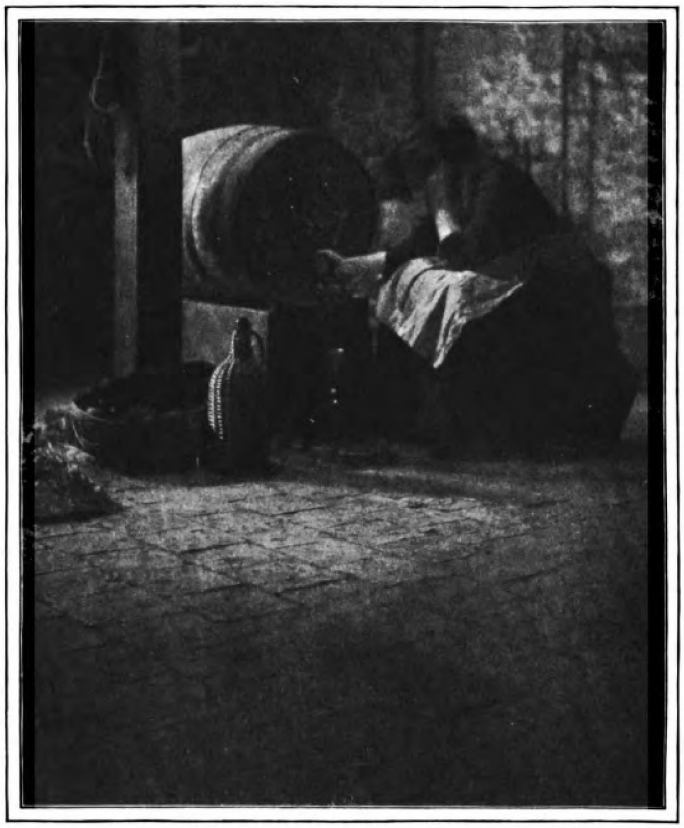
"THE BAR-MAID."

By

Mary R.

Stanbery.



On Composition.

A friend of Jean Léon Gérôme came one day to the painter's studio, when he was busy with the composition of a new picture. One sketch after another appeared upon the canvas, only to be rubbed out again. In the afternoon the friend happened to call again, and seeing that the painter was still occupied in the same fashion as several hours before, exclaimed: "Still laboring at your composition?" "Oui, il n'y a que ça," answered Gérôme; "yes, there is nothing else but that"—not meaning that composition is the only quality of importance in painting, but very likely holding the opinion that it is the most valuable of technical accomplishments, as it determines the character of the entire work.

To Gérôme it has meant even more. It has saved his work from the clutches of absolute mediocrity. He is one of the men of whom the young art students say: "Pshaw, Gérôme, he is so old-fogyish; but he knows something about composition."

He is one of the few painters to whom composition is still a science, not merely a decorative scheme of handling a certain space in a way that does not offend the eye. Study his sketches, "Conspiracy" and the "Death of Marshal Ney"; how, by continual alterations, he gradually improved the pictures, and

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you begin to understand why the constructive element played such an important part in the creations of the old masters.

It will only be necessary to mention some really genuine work of art, like Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" or Titian's "Entombment of Christ," to prove how sound principles of composition transfused and enabled all their mode of expression. The whole success or failure of their work, the sentiment, the character, the triumph of the soul over matter, hinged on composition in those times.

How marvelously do all the lines in da Vinci's picture converge to the central figure of Christ—he made the laws of perspective the laws of his composition. Raphael composed in an entirely different manner—he applied the typical geometrical forms of nature with preference, the triangle, the circle, and the ellipse, giving them full sway, to reign in supreme beauty and significance over the creations of his brain. Titian proved that an accurate juxtaposition of colors and the relations of their tones can be just as valuable for the making of a perfect picture as perspective and geometry. Michael Angelo regarded architecture and the plastic element of sculpture as the foundations of great paintings, and Rembrandt believed that the massing of light and shade was sufficient to produce a masterpiece.

Each of these men excelled in his style of composition, which had become a part of their individuality; and one was as good as the other.

The situation has somewhat changed in modern times. Composition is no longer considered absolutely essential. It is even disregarded by the realists and impressionists, or at least subordinated to other qualities. They want to represent life as it is, and claim that nature cannot be improved upon. A faithful reproduction of what they see before them is all they desire. They claim they work on broader principles than hitherto, principles derived from the habits of the eye to note transient effect—largely produced by instantaneous photography of movement, and to compare the values of color-patches with each other and to arrange them to an harmonious ensemble. They even assert that composition is no necessity; that there are no iron cast laws to go by, and that the true artist works out his salvation unconsciously.

I beg to differ on that point.

True enough, composition cannot be narrowed down to a few laws, which assure success to everyone who slavishly follows them. There are no definite laws for the composition of a portrait, a landscape or an historical picture. But it has taken men like Chavannes and Whistler to prove that the decorative treatment of comparative values, or a solemn, low-toned key of color are as effective as the elaborate technical resources of the old masters. These men are geniuses who have beaten their own track through the labyrinthine thickets of modern art. Yet I doubt very much if they are not just as dependent on certain principles of composition as their predecessors, the only difference being that they proceed in a less scientific manner, and work more unconsciously—not because they know less, but, on the contrary, more They have seen everything that art has ever produced, and their knowledge of composition really embraces the entire history of art, ancient, mediæval and modern; Oriental as well as Occidental.

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AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS—EVENING

From a Platinotype

By Clarence H. White
(Ohio)

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Every great artist makes his own laws of composition by studying the methods of his predecessors, and by giving infinite time and trouble to the elaboration of their ideas on the subjects. The mastery of composition is the final result of patient study of everything that is available in life and art.

And who can deny that the elements of Japanese art, the parallelism, the continual repetition, with slight variation, the wayward caprice of losing detail here and scorning it there, the rhythm of line, and the harmony of space proportion, have influenced modern western art to such an extent that nearly every artistic production of the last thirty years shows a trace of one or another of its peculiarities. We believe that by adopting Japanese methods of composition we have discarded science and become more intuitive. But it is an illusion. Nobody who has studied the rigid canons of Japanese art will make such an assertion, for he will have found out that the fundamental process of so-called space-art and the putting together of lines and masses is as scientific as the theories of Leonardo da Vinci and the renaissance, and the academic rules of French artists.

As for the photographer, I do not believe that even the best have ever bothered themselves much about composition. Of course, they cannot do without it. But they have never taken it half seriously enough. They have simply imitated the painters in a more or less careless fashion.

It will be interesting to see how far they have succeeded.

There are four styles of composition in vogue at present:

Line composition.

Light and shade composition.

Space composition.

Tone composition.

Eickemeyer is principally a story-teller of the old school, and his composition is largely a deduction of the methods of genre painters; he is at times very good in detail, but lacks fundamental principles. His pictures very seldom show concentration. Stieglitz excels in space composition (*viz.*, "Fifth Avenue," "Scurrying Home," or "A Decorative Study"). Also Day, in his "Miss Devens," for instance, and Käsebier, in several of her portraits, show how cleverly space can be broken up into parts of various shapes. Light and shade composition (in the sense of Mauve or Corot) is rarely accomplished in photography. The distinction between light and shade in photography always lacks vigor and, what is more, proportional value. The first shortcoming is a mechanical one, the second due to the ignorance of the art. Stieglitz's "Old Mill" is a fair specimen of light and shadow composition (although from the point of subject, a sentimental platitude). A better one, because more rhythmic in its massing, is Käsebier's "Mother and Child." Line composition is still rarer. The only photograph I know that can claim this quality is Stieglitz's "Decorative Study." White at times makes weak attempts at it. So do others, but in most cases it is largely due to the model when they succeed in suggesting it, as in Eugene's "Miss Lillian." Keiley is the only exception; he was wise enough to study A. W. Dow's book on composition, and whenever he fails he at least knows why. In tone composition our artistic photographers celebrate their greatest triumphs. Day, Käsebier, Keiley, and White are all ardent competi-

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tors for the harmony of tonal effects. I give the palm to Day and White; Day's tonal nuances in his portraits of Ethel Reed, and Mrs. Potter and some of his foreign types are so subtle and fugitive that any painter could be proud of them. I believe even Whistler would appreciate some of his prints in that respect. White's tonal schemes are managed with such delicacy of sentiment that they lend a peculiar poetic charm to all his work.

There is really not much else to say about composition in artistic photography—that is, of what is actually done. Volumes could be written about what should be done, but I doubt if it would do much good. As I have said before, every artist of any independence of thought must make his own laws of composition. The photographer must go outside his profession and enter the province of the painter. The wielders of the brush must be his teachers.

The great painters, in the course of their practice, have authorized a sort of conventional language of composition, which every photographer ought to know, and apply whenever he possibly can. You are astonished that I, who otherwise always clamor for individuality, give such advice. You argue that your originality would be sacrificed by the use of such conventionalism. Pardon me; do not. Authors of books use combinations of words, which have been in use for centuries, and yet display their originality, when they have any. Do they not enhance the beauty of their style by such knowledge?

The same way it is with composition. It has certain qualities which are understood by all who have studied art. And it is wiser to express one's own ideas, with such modifications as may be necessary, in this language, than to make the vain attempt to form a new one, or to talk incoherently.

If you are still young and do not aspire as yet to be ranked among the artistic photographers, amuse yourself for a while in trying different methods. Should you ever feel a decided preference for one or the other, have faith in your preference, for it is suggested by your own mental constitution, and practice your selected method till you succeed in it.

Les photographistes arrivés must work out their own salvation, for they won't listen any more to well-meaning advice; they know it all, or at least the largest part of it.

SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

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Newark (Ohio) Exhibition of Pictorial Photography.

Newark's Camera Club exhibition has quality—significance. It shows that a western art movement exists, and that the known eastern workers lend it kindly assistance.

Although not noticed to the extent it deserves, its influence is felt within a radius of many miles. It has affected the quiet people who in the breathing spaces of commercial life turn to the true and the beautiful for relaxation and recreation. Formerly they found these in books, later in the illustrated magazines, now it is being sought in the fine arts as represented by artistic photography.

Artistic photography is becoming the "art of the people." Professional photographers are beginning to see that the people feel the new pulse. The only safeguard for those in the profession is art itself. But art thus far is a vague, indefinable thing to all concerned, yet it is *felt*, and the feelings it has inspired will not abate. They will grow, and the conception of "What is Art?" will become verified; its study will be brought into system and its possibilities will open to everyone. The old starved condition of photography will disappear, because it lacks vitality, and is without every element that touches the emotional side in art.

The hindrance to progress along old lines is the *devotion to formulae*, to recipes, both in tools and methods. This robs the photograph of the *personal quality* that the *artist* must always give to his work. The conception of "What is Art?" and "What is Nature?" have not established distinctions. The cry is, "We must have nature," and the definition given is that nature is the thing upon which the lens is focused. This is the fundamental mistake.

Art is above all things an interpreter of the artist's character, his emotion, his intellectual powers, and it is his nature that the finished photograph must reveal! It is *his* "grasp" of the subject—whatever the subject may be—that makes *art*.

Art is treatment; it is never subject, and art has its peculiar language, the laws and principles of which should be considered.

Men of strong talent and experimental disposition often do very artistic work through half awakened perceptions of pictorial truths. They reach this stage through the channel of feeling, and gradually become conscious of the structure of their own creations. Without exception the good works in this exhibition have grown out of such conditions.

To make of this body of art-aspiring workers artists whose productions shall endure will require earnest art study. To elucidate, we will ask the question: How many photographers have the slightest perception of what influence the four lines bounding the frame have upon the lines delineating the forms of the picture-motive? Though this exhibition is full of photographs in which we read beautiful thought and feeling, almost all of them show a lack of *picture-balance*, due to the absence of such knowledge.

Further, if we were to ask, "Do you know the characteristics of lines and what feelings they produce when they are brought into relation with one an-

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other?" We may safely say that the answer in most cases would be, "We do not understand that there is a known relation."

If Burne-Jones and other masters of line of our day had worked only from a vagueness of feeling their pictures would not be incontestably "right," or go down to history as a phase of the high art of our time. If the realistic tendencies in art from Michael Angelo's day to our own had not blurred the significance that line-knowledge and line-treatment should have, we would not now, as a people, be so entirely without guidance in our valuation of art, and so utterly without aids in acquiring a knowledge of how to practice it. Fortunately for us Japanese and Chinese influence has come to reawaken our appreciation of the meaning of lines, suggesting to us their unlimited scope for expression, disclosing their beauty as abstract forms. The Japanese and the decorative Velasquez have formed many a great modern master. Even in black and white art, to which photography belongs, their influence has been felt.

Why are Whistler's etchings so charming? Because the etcher loves his paper; he knows how much is said with its white surface, he realizes that saying ***much*** depends upon doing *little* upon this surface. Why does a Japanese print so charm modern artists and art lovers? Because the paper upon which the image is printed is tenderly considered when lines—felt with the intensity and rendered with the skill of the violinist's art—are traced upon it.

Refinements like these are echoed in the pictures shown in this exhibition, and are especially characteristic of the work of Clarence H. White, of Newark, who is a power in the new photographic movement, not only in our country, but abroad as well. Although Mr. White has not the inspiring surroundings of the Louvre or the thrill of Wagner's music to stimulate him, he has a nearer conception of what is the true sphere of photographic art than any other worker. Nature to him is less reality than it is vision. Tangible and intangible objects become in his art abstract forms or spaces, to be treated in such a manner as to awaken feelings of pleasure. He reaches this enviable conception of picture-truth through his right instinct, and he holds to it against criticism, because his moral courage as an artist is as great as his gift.

Mr. White has never produced a picture that either he or anyone else will declare to be a great masterpiece; he is simply searching in the high art evolution for self development. He feels that the qualities that appeal to him are salient in art. For this reason his work leads all other. It is healthy, although subtle. It is *"right"* in its intention, and beautiful as a photograph for that reason. The conditions under which he works do not endanger his mission. He has been severely criticised; at times he has been ignored. One glance at his pictures convinces us that his detractors have in their natures those undesirable qualities that he omits in his work.

Mr. White has followers. Those at a distance do not deserve our notice, but those that are under his personal influence are possessed of the vigor that comes from his personality.

He has recently gone further than even his admirers deemed it possible for him to carry photography. Probably the reason for this lies in the circumstance that his picture *subjects* have not greatly varied, but he has constantly gone toward a deeper exploitation of these subjects. In this he escapes the weaken-

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ing process of many modern photo-art aspirants, who hope by their wealth of a studio lumber room, or by varied scenery sought in unexpected places, to produce the new. Mr. White shows that art is more a matter of going deeply into the artist's own nature than an imitation of the unusual and unfamiliar forms that surprise one in travel. Whether he is treating the old factory-lined canal, or the hillside with a figure, his motive is always truly artistic, growing out of the desire to express feeling through the *arrangement* of the features offered by his subject. And it is this arrangement, this capacity to *treat* the subject, that gives to the one who views his work such pleasure as is derived from all true works of art. We do not now feel impelled to praise so much what he has accomplished, as the sincere intuition and keen insight into the true and the beautiful that his work aspires to. The enjoyment of his work lies in its resourcefulness and its promise. His mastery over arrangement enables him to go further than to awaken only the sense of beauty in the abstract. He can even tell a story without destroying his art; in fact, in "The Spider," he shows himself to be possessed of the ability to use the familiar forms occurring in the fields, to symbolize traits of human character, and temperaments. He walks this dangerous ground with safety.

If the young aspiring artists throughout the land could only be taught by his example what is more truly the nature of art, and how story-telling of any kind is but an auxiliary—that the *narrative feature of any picture is the strain upon its intrinsic art quality*—we should have a less crude state of affairs.

Some school for imparting the principles that underlie art in photography must arise and must be fostered and recognized by educational authorities. Our country will find it one of the greatest influences toward intellectual and artistic advancement that could be found. Art *can* be brought into photography and it *can* be taught! In photography the camera imitates drawing and the light and shade, but it does not compose.

Composition is a mental exercise, subject to system, capable of growth, and productive of fine form, logic, good taste, and its most effective fruit is invention.

Lack of composition means confusion in the right conception of what constitutes the properties and elements to be dealt with in the art, resulting in a sort of floundering. Progress is dependent upon the general acquisition of composition.

Possibly the greatest danger to the progress of modern artistic photography is the fact that he who possesses a fine *tone sense,* and renders his theme in the melting quality of color, too easily becomes unmindful of the vital forces that exist in line structure. Ignoring this, he is apt to produce a one-sided technical development, always carrying with it a flavor of the unsatisfactory, as in modern painting the half-study, half-picture tendency fails, because of its incompleteness of purpose.

We recognize that the greatest thing an artist possesses is *feeling,* and we know that he should almost blindly follow his impulses at times, but there are hours of mental training that if well used will make a more intelligent rendering of *feeling* possible.

Mr. Eugene, in his example of a girl playing the violin, fairly fills the

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picture with "feeling." His technique is so rich and subtle that it forms a beautiful medium for the expression of such feeling, and the result is a high art-endeavor. Whether it suffers by comparison with Mr. White's pictures of music is a matter of personal judgment. In my own opinion, the mental qualities of the two artists are greatly different; so is their method of rendering their feelings. Mr. Eugene has delved in oil colors, he is so used to rendering the model before him that he does not sufficiently detach himself from the human to fully render the *music* that—judging from the figure's action—he intended to express. Mr. White renders his perceptions with perfect self-control, and they have a refinement and intelligibility appealing to those in normal health.

There are other pictures in this room attempting to express music—one especially noticeable in which the *misuse* of over-abundant material so affects the action of the violinist that we have not music, but rather a man sawing. To put a person out into the fields at dusk, posed in the act of playing, is not *art* unless the parts of the pictures are so managed that *sound* will be made felt.

This aspirant belongs to that large body of photographers who have in all the past believed that "*fact*-telling" is the only means of satisfying mankind in relation to pictures. This conception fixes upon the theory that a beautiful type alone will make a beautiful picture. If this were true, why do people passing through greenhouses filled with choice flowers yawn within five minutes? It is because the sight of *enumerated facts*, even though they are beautiful—is a strain on the mind. In art a beautiful type is often a hinderance; it is sometimes an evidence of weakness where the *personal quality* so outweighs the meaning of the picture's technique as to drain it of its vitality.

If art consisted in fact-telling, its length of life would be the time required to comprehend a fact. Art is something more, something deeper.

I would rather surround myself with the work of William B. Dyer, of Chicago, though the pictures he shows are too subtle to be weighed with a title, than with the *fact-rendering* of the usual subjects of the spinning-wheel, the river bank, etc. Mr. Dyer believes with Emerson that it is not the *fact* that is of interest, but the *impression* of that fact; hence we do not feel fatigue before the numerous examples of his work in this exhibition, but our interest is held. Mr. Dyer is "feeling his way." His tendency will perhaps appeal more to the people whose intellectual life is fanned by the reading of Maeterlinck and Nietsche than to the inhabitants of this little town, where healthful living does not encourage mystic dreaming.

Among the western workers, Mrs. Mary R. Stanbery shows a picture possessing qualities of a high order. It is catalogued "Posing the Model," and holds against any photograph on the walls of the exhibition.

Mr. Edmiston has a charming picture of girls on a hillside. He belongs emphatically to the school of "White."

One of Mr. White's followers who shows a decided individuality is Miss Ema Spencer. In two pictures there is a sense of flowing color, a sustained breadth, that is new and an evidence of vigor. It will be interesting to see this tendency developed.

Mr. H. W. Minns and Mrs. Eva G. Walborn, both of Akron, O., have sent portraits of considerable merit. The fact that these pictures do not differ from

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those given to their patrons is encouraging evidence of the growth of *art instinct* on the part of the people.

Work such as is shown in this exhibition proves to all who view it, that art is ***not*** a mechanical process. Photographers are moving away from that idea that has held them so firmly in the past.

Mr. A. Stieglitz, R. Demachy, Mrs. Käsebier, Miss Rose Clark, F. H. Day, and J. F. Keiley are represented. Their work, however, has been so well reviewed in the Philadelphia Salon reports that it would be futile to speak of them individually here; their presence conveys an idea of the scope to which art in photography has attained, while their eastern and foreign flavor are instrumental in accenting the local color of the western pictures.

E. O. Beck.

Pictorialistic.

No!...Yes!...It really must be I,
I recognize the coat and tie!
This is my portrait, is it, Slopper?
Somehow I seem to look improper.
I warned you, midnight beer and rabbit
Were not improving as a habit.
I wish I hadn't sat just then,
I'll never feel quite strong again.
The weather's been so bad, I need
Some tonics, I can see; I'll feed
On them a month, each hour I'm waking;
Then have a tintype, "after taking."
But hold! 'twill nearer cure this thing
For you to take the physicking.
Your hair, your clothes, your "little way"
Are all so neatly negligée,
I'd like to take your majesty
At your own valuation—high.
You feed your muse on anti-fat
And liver pills, we all see that;
Such work must be sincere, I own;
You speak and think in monotone.
No art has given us, since the flood,
A world so thoroughly "*à la* mud."
I'm glad I'm not your oculist;
His mind must be so much oppressed!
But some would ask you, do you pose
Yourself, or him who to you goes?
Don't think I mean to make a fuss,
My dear Pictorialisticus!
I'm only half in earnest, man—
I know you do the best you can. Dallett Fuguet.

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Naturalistic.

Your Studio is an awesome place;
Your velveteen coat fits your face.
I daren't bring a gun with me—
It's not a shooting Gallery.
Last week you operated; since
I hope you've finished up my prints.
Um...well!...Eight dollars by the dozen?
I owe one to my fourteenth cousin,
And many more a fellow gives
To hush his clamoring relatives.
Each decade I go through this thing:
It keeps me humble; here death's sting
Is well foreshadowed—close that eye
And thus I'd look if I should die.
Before fair nature you are meek;
You are so careful, Mr. Sleek!
You've analyzed me beautifully;
You've laid me out, by all that's holy!—
Composed me well, by rite and rule—
And don't I look a pretty fool.
I've iron rods to hold my head;
I'm stuffed with sawdust; ages dead.
You ought to put me in your case,
A specimen with hairy face.

* * * * * *

To aid art's cause were you designed—
Philistine, slaughter all your kind!

DALLETT FUGUET.

"Often ornateness
Goes with greatness;
Oftener felicity
Comes of simplicity."

—FROM WM. WATSON'S "ART MAXIMS."

"Talent that's cheapest
Affects singularity.
Thoughts that dive deepest
Rise radiant in clarity."

—FROM WM. WATSON'S "ART MAXIMS."

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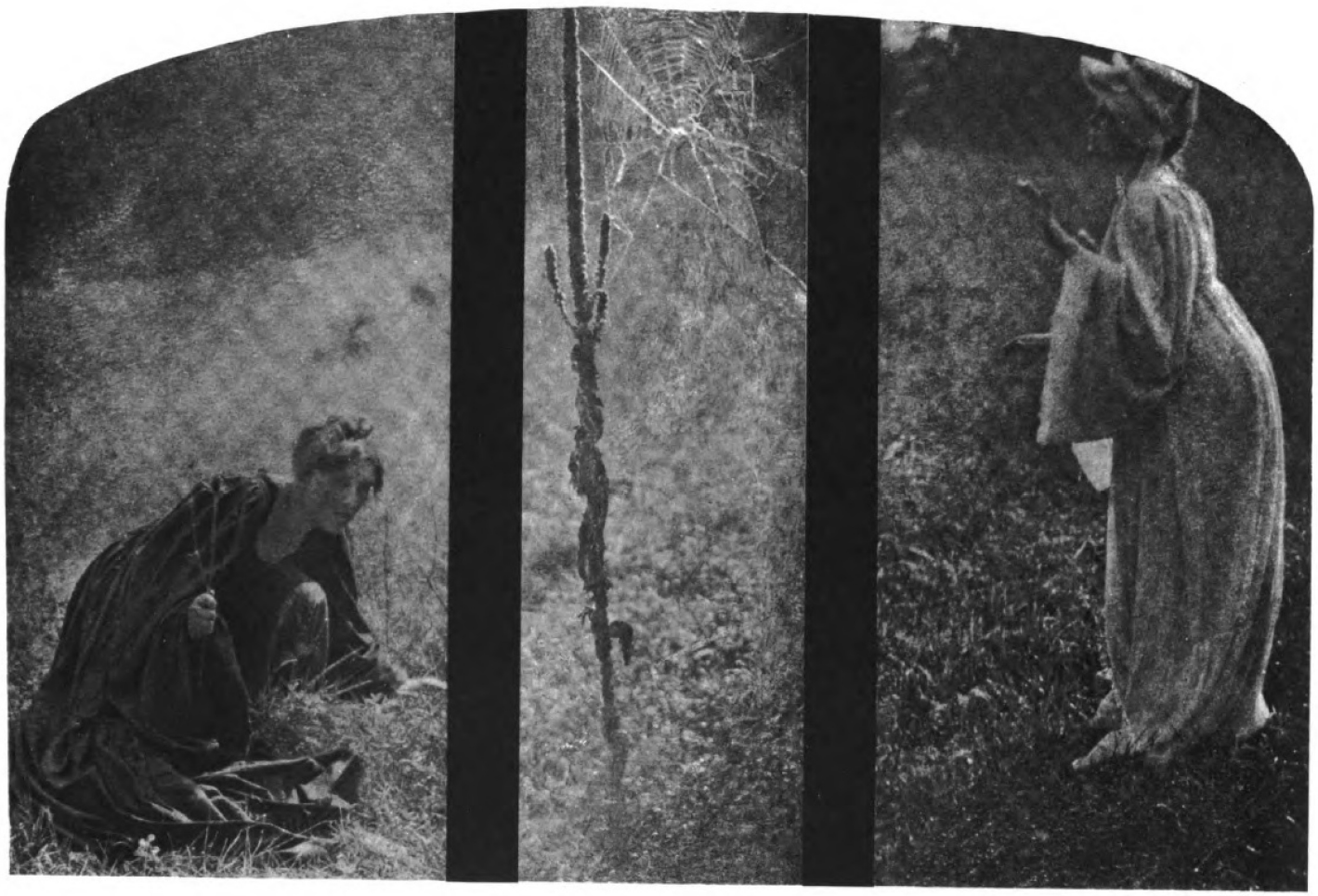

THE SPIDER–WEB

From a Platinotype

By Clarence H. White

(Ohio)

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Designed by Chas. I. Berg.

The Club Smoker of 1901.

On Saturday evening, January 19, an old club tradition received a staggering blow at the hands of the smoker committee. Previously it had been believed that by appointing men to committeeships, regardless of their abilities or inclination to serve the club, they became, by the magic of their appointment, competent committee-men. Repeatedly had results disproven this myth, yet repeatedly had club superstition, nevertheless, attested blind faith in its virtue. On the night in question there was held in our rooms the irregular annual club smoker, and its unquestionable success once more demonstrated that it takes competent men to make a success of anything.

Messrs. Hadaway, Agnew, Hoge and Stevens are to be congratulated upon the results they achieved that evening. Everything worked so smoothly that their labors were not superficially apparent, but anyone who knows the host of details incident to the preparation of such an entertainment, will readily recognize how hard these four men worked to secure a few hours of pleasure for the 125 members and guests who had assembled.

A stage, with footlights, had been erected at one end of the exhibition hall, and all the remaining available space filled with chairs and small round tables, around which groups of five or six gathered. There was no room to spare. Clay church wardens and tobacco, cigars and cigarettes were there a-plenty, and just before the programme was begun there appeared, after the audience in chorus had several times demanded

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its instant production, beer galore, and sandwiches to boot. The quality of all was such that the waiters were kept out of mischief, and the quantity held out to the end.

We reprint the programme:

Pianist.....Mr. William Redmond
Baritone.....Mr. Richard Ridgely
Humorist.....Mr. Tom Ballantyne
Lantern Slides.....The Camera Club
Banjo Specialists.....Mr. J. M. Turner and Mlle. de Granville
Song and Dance.....Miss Flossie Sinnott
Comedy Sketch.....Mr. Dick Gorman and Miss Nellie Leonard
Prestidigitateur.....Professor Waters

One of our deservedly most popular members, Mr. John Aspinwall, in quickly turned phrases introduced the performers and explained, with many good and some bad puns, the lantern slides. The audience was in jolly humor and so liberal in their plaudits that even members of the smoker committee and our secretary were roundly applauded when they appeared upon the stage with chairs or tables, in preparation for the next number of the bill. It is hard to say what "turn" was most enjoyed, though, when Prof. Waters produced wooden balls and other articles from various parts of Mr. Johnson's anatomy and caused our vice-president to sneeze packs of cards out of his mustache, the members left their seats and crowded to the front in order not to miss the fun. Should any member of the club be capable of doing a tithe of the "stunts" with a pack of cards that Prof. Waters did that night, let him remember the fate of Bret Harte's Ah Sin and beware.

By W. E. Johnson and F. Hale.

At midnight all was over, and if the members of the smoker committee heard half the pleasant things that were said of them and their labors they had just cause to feel self-satisfied. If this same effort to produce only good things before the club and its friends could be innoculated into some of our other committees, the members at large would owe a double debt to the management of the smoker.

JOHN FRANCIS STRAUSS.

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The American Pictorial Photographs for the International Art Exhibition at Glasgow.

The Collection of the seventy pictures that are to represent this country in the important International Art Exhibition about to be opened in Glasgow, in which for the first time in the history of such exhibitions, pictorial photography is to have its proper recognition and representation, is completed, and on its way across the water.

Mr. Annan, to whom the photographic world is indebted for having convinced the management of the exhibition of the desirability of including a certain phase of photography in its art section, was busy during the summer in travelling over the Continent, making arrangements to have every country interested in pictorial photography fully represented. Not having been able himself to undertake the trip across the ocean for a similar purpose in this country, the writer was duly appointed to select the American pictures which are to represent the United States. Limited to seventy frames, the selection was a most difficult task. Now that the same has been completed, we have full reason to believe that American photographers will have no valid excuses to offer if their section is not one of the most attractive in the exhibition. The greatest care has been exercised in collecting thoroughly representative pictures of the various phases of what we dub the American School.* Examples have been chosen covering a period of some seventeen years, that is, from 1883 to 1900 inclusive, thus showing that the collection is also retrospective. The collection contains nothing but picked prints, by which we mean the best prints extant of the pictures chosen. In order to enable us to accomplish that, many collectors were called upon for the loan of frames from their private collections, and one and all gladly responded. As for the invited, all but three contributed the selected pictures as requested.

The following is a complete list of the selections made:

GERTRUDE KASEBIER, New York.....	"The Manger." "Blessed Art Thou Among Women." "Decorative Panel." "Fruits of the Earth." "A Portrait."
CLARENCE H. WHITE, Newark, Ohio.	"Ring Toss." "Portrait of Mrs. H." "Telegraph Poles." "Spring." "Lætitia Felix."
FRANK EUGENE, New York.....	"Adam and Eve." "La Cigale." "Portrait of Mr. Alfred Stieglitz." "Dogwood." "Man in Armor."

* It is popularly supposed in certain quarters that the American School is composed solely of what are termed impressionistic pictures. Such is not the case, and never has been, as this collection, which is typically representative of the American School, containing, as it does, examples of every phase of pictorial photographic work, will more than demonstrate.

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JOSEPH T. KEILEY, Brooklyn.....
- "The Rising Moon."
- "The Erlking."
- "A Study in Flesh Tones."
- "Garden of Dreams."
- "Zitkala-Sa."

ALFRED STIEGLITZ, New York.....
- "The Net Mender."
- "Winter—Fifth Avenue."
- "Scurrying Home."
- "Watching for the Return."
- "A Decorative Panel."

EDUARD J. STEICHEN, Milwaukee, Wis. (at present, Paris).
- "Self-Portrait."
- "Landscape—Evening."
- "Landscape—Winter."
- "Landscape—Interior of Woods."
- "The Lamp."

RUD. EICKEMEYER, JR., Yonkers, N. Y.
- "Vesper Bells."
- "The Dance."
- "The Sheep Path Through the Pasture."
- "The Dying Day."

WM. B. DYER, Chicago, Ill.....
- "A Nocturne."
- "Landscape."
- "Clytie."

ZAIDA BEN YUSUF, New York.....
- "Odor of Pomegranates."
- "Portrait of Mrs. C. J."
- "Portrait of Sculptor French."

ROSE CLARK and ELIZABETH FLINT WADE, Buffalo, N. Y.....
- "Doris and Her Mother."
- "Annetje."
- "Out of the Past."

YARNALL ABBOTT, Philadelphia, Pa...
- "Beyond the Day."
- "The Dying Fire."

EVA L. WATSON, Philadelphia, Pa....
- "Head of a Young Girl."
- "The Rush of the Flags."

W. B. POST, Fryeburg, Me.....
- "Lovewell's Pond."
- "Intervale in Winter."

CHAS. I. BERG, New York.....
- "The Bath."
- "Decorative Study."

FRANCES B. JOHNSTON, Washington, D. C.....
- "A Roycrofter."
- "In the Picture Gallery."

JOHN E. DUMONT, Rochester, N: Y..
- "The Village Choir."
- "Hailing the Ferry."

EMILIE V. CLARKSON, Potsdam, N. Y.....**"Say Yes."**
PRESCOTT ADAMSON, Philadelphia, Pa.....**" 'Mid Smoke and Steam."**
JOHN G. BULLOCK, Philadelphia, Pa.....**"The Coke Burner."**
EDMUND STIRLING, Philadelphia, Pa.....**"Bad News."**
T. M. EDMISTON, Newark, O.....**"On the Hillside."**
MARY R. STANBERY, Zanesville, O.....**"The Bar-Maid."**
H. TROTH, Philadelphia, Pa.....**"In the Fold."**
E. LEE FERGUSON, Washington, D. C.....**"A Study."**

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MATHILDE WEIL, Philadelphia, Pa.....“Return of the Fleet.”
R. S. REDFIELD, Philadelphia, Pa.....“New England Hillside.”
TOM HARRIS; deceased.....“Portrait of Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann.”

Miss Mary Devens and Mr. F. H. Day, of Boston, but at present abroad, have been requested to make their own selections, and send the prints thus chosen directly to Glasgow.

Unfortunately no arrangements were made in season to exhibit this comprehensive collection to the New York public before its departure for Europe. This does not preclude its probable presentation to the public upon its return.

ALFRED STIEGLITZ.

✦ ✦ ✦

Exhibition of Prints by J. Ridgway Moore.

(October 27—November 12, 1900.)

The announcement that J. Ridgway Moore was to be one of this season's exhibitors was the cause of considerable surprise and speculation, as Mr. Moore was not only a comparatively new member of the Camera Club, but had scarcely been longer at photography than he had been in the club. Therefore when Mr. Moore's prints appeared in due time upon the walls, they were examined with carful scrutiny—by all those familiar with the circumstances. The general verdict was that this exhibition more than held its place among the exhibitions of the season, and was infinitely superior to the majority of them in character, technique and artistic appreciation. The exhibition consisted of landscapes, figure studies, types, etc. Though but recently enlisted in the ranks of photography, Mr. Moore's exhibition clearly shows that he comes not as a raw recruit, but as one possessed of something more than a superficial knowledge of the broad principles of pictorial art, both oriental and occidental. His temperament and training as an army man, sportsman, and extensive traveler has brought him much among the stronger types of men and events the world over, and developed in him a strong love and admiration for what is vigorous and powerful. The effect of this upon his pictorial work is very marked, his best work showing a striving after the verve and vigor of the picturesque and an intolerance, almost, of the merely refined or delicate which he himself is wont to term, and not without some justice—simply “inoffensively inocuous.” Nor does he hesitate so to characterize certain of his own productions that seem to fall within that class. The prints of this exhibition were in the main vigorous. They all showed a careful regard for the artist's *rule of three* (the three tones held to be the essential requirements of every correct picture), and a knowledge of composition that was nicest in its dispositions of masses, which may be due to Mr. Moore's intimate familiarity with the art of Japan, to which he has devoted considerable study, as a certain semi-Japanese critic once found to his discomfiture when holding forth in the vaguely learned manner of an absolute authority on Japanese art. A few well-timed questions from Mr. Moore very quickly proved that the critic's knowledge of the subject rested mainly on his objective imagination, and he very promptly shifted the conversation to other topics. The pictures were harmoniously framed, and hung with much taste, and the whole exhibition possessed an air of refinement. Nevertheless I felt after a careful study of the prints that they were far from expressing the best of which Mr. Moore is capable. Good as some of his studio work is, and pleasing as many of his landscapes and marines are, the studio seems as circumscribed, stuffy, costumy and anti-climatical as the green-room, and the idyllic charm of the warm seacoast and the languid south country appear hardly big enough to supply Mr. Moore with the material most congenial to his taste. or enough to make him forget camera inspiring technique, the

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dogmatism of the art schools, and everything else in the bigness of the theme presented. It is with the wilder and grander things of the world—with the savage dignity of Indian life or the rugged magnificence of some of our glorious mountain ranges that one expects; nay, really hopes to find him concerning himself. The present exhibition, with all its merits, does not represent the man as I know him. It seems scarcely more than a feeling-out to make sure of the ground. When he comes to deal with the bigger themes, as he surely will, I am confident to find him more at home and creating really splendid work.

Jos. T. KEILEY.

✦ ✦ ✦

Exhibition of Prints by Virginia M. Prall.

(November 14-26, 1900.)

Surely, one expects too much of a photographic critic nowadays. His fate is tragic. He is invited to an exhibition of faded prints, where he is received by the editor of a green periodical, and politely asked to absorb within half an hour or less the entire show, to express his opinion about some work which represents, if not the practical labor of a lifetime, at least the efforts of several years. Now, is that possible? The fact is that it is impossible. The critic can only surmise the character of the work and give his haphazard impression about it, and as productions of real interest are rather scarce in photography, it is generally not the adventures of a soul among masterpieces, but the excursion of a tired and annoyed intellect among commonplaces

Alack, if there could be in every photographic exhibition such an outburst of individuality as in the case of Miss Käsebier! Then criticism would be indeed an easy task

But what in Daguerre's and Niepce's names can be said about the work of Miss Virginia M. Prall? Hopelessly I wandered up and down along the wall, hung with dozens of handsome frames, that were picturesquely arranged on the yellowish grayish green background of the Camera Club's reception room, without finding a trace of individuality, on which I might "harp," like the melancholy prince of Denmark on the charms of Ophelia.

Already willing to give up the task, as my eyes were getting sore in the vain endeavor to discover something worth noting, I espied the back view of a nude against a vine-clad trellis. My first impression was rather of a jocular mood: I did not know that Philadelphia back yards could also be found in Washington, but soon afterward the nude itself began to attract me, not because it was particularly artistic or well done, but simply because there was something delicately suggestive, something *intime* about it. This nude was not taken from an ordinary model. Years ago I once wrote an essay on "Ideal and Profane Models," designating the professional ones as profane, and as ideal ones those heroic members of the gentler sex who revere art sufficiently to overcome conventional scruples, and to pose occasionally for an artist of their acquaintance. There is something so chaste and refined about this nude, as well as the other semi-nudes, including the one which attempts to depict bachanalian joy by a handful of grapes, rather transparent drapery and limbs all out of proportion, which could only be obtained by the use of an "ideal" model. If photographers would only banish profane models altogether from their studios, the nude would become somewhat tolerable in "pure" photography.

About the whole Prall exhibition there is something *intime*. It looks like a gallery of family pictures, and impresses one like domestic reminiscences, parlor experiences and diary disclosures. Miss Prall's work also contains a sort of half religious, half esoteric flavor, which struggles for expression, but only in rare instances really asserts itself. Her madonnas, affected and commonplace as they are from a strictly artistic viewpoint, have some charm about them, in particular that one with a child nestling to her bosom. The mother's face is full of character and sentiment; the child, however, looks as if it were conscious of posing before a camera. Some of the child pictures are in parts well posed, and I suppose true to the character of the little sitters. Fairly pleasant to look at are also

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a madonna wrapt in a veil, the ghost-like apparition of an old man resembling Richard Wagner, the picture of a choir boy which almost looks like a Murphy, a sort of Rabel with a fierce Angelus sunset behind her coiffure, and a young woman resting her head in Titianese fashion on a pillow.

The most satisfactory of all her pictures is a woman in an embroidered kimono, reclining on a couch and occupied with sipping a cup of something, with screen and flower vase as background. The cup, face and hand seem, at the first glance, as deliciously handled as certain passages in Mellen's etchings. At closer scrutiny, however, the charm evaporates. At any rate Miss Prall tries hard for composition, her art is still undeveloped, but she has decided talent.

SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

Exhibition of Prints by Wm. B. Post.

(December 1-10, 1900.)

When I entered Mr. W. B. Post's exhibition, I was most agreeably surprised by its general effect. At the first glance I recognized that I had to reckon here with an individuality, not a very powerful one, perhaps, but nevertheless a full fledged personality. The framing of his light gray prints in gray and silver frames is superb. What a stunning background this symphony in gray would make to a full length portrait by the brush of Alexander or Aman-Jean! The American photographers really deserve the international fame they have acquired for their exquisite taste in framing; they are past masters in that art. The keynote of Mr. Post's individuality is a certain elegance and grace. Mr. Post's elegance is elegance, pure and simple, the elegance of the salon of well-bred people. At least, it is such in his best work, in his most recent efforts, which during the exhibition hung near the window. The other half, representing his earlier work, some of them in darker frames, proved rather uninteresting to me. I undertook only one stroll in that direction, and returned bored, after discovering a portrait of the drawing master of the league, a rather spotty pumpkin field, and a herd of cows coming towards one on a dusty road. Neither do I care very much for his studies of apple trees in blossom, particularly when they represent nothing else but a confused massing of flower laden branches. One branch is sufficient to a Japanese artist to give us the impression of spring. Mr. Post's attempts are, at the very best [I refer to one solitary bush standing in a meadow (No. 1) and an oblong panel, quite suggestive and cleverly spaced (No. 13)], only simply conceived bits of nature, finely selected and delicately arranged. Also in his harvest field at twilight (No. 15) and various landscapes, in which he has introduced figures, he does not strike out a line for himself. One does not know what Mr. Post is capable of before one studies his snow landscapes and water lily ponds. They alone reveal him; although neither faultless nor complete in every detail, they at all events show him as artist to the core. There we have a boundless wealth of loveliness before us. Do not think for a moment that my enthusiasm runs away with my judgment on this occasion. I am weighing my words most carefully. I said "loveliness," and mean by it nothing but a certain charm of manner. I know of nothing more exquisite in recent landscape photography than that picture (No. 43), where a straight line at the horizon separates the stretch of snow from the depleted vegetation in the distance and the sky. Its simplicity is astonishing. It almost seems like an insult to Dame Nature that she can be expressed in terms of such simplicity, but it should be accounted rather as a virtue than a shortcoming that the artist can see nature so simply and in such a sound attitude of mind. Our American Tryon likes to paint nature in such frugal moods, but Mr. Post's treatment is entirely his own. His picture reveals the pearly atmosphere of a winter day and its infinite gradations of aerial colors, as far as a photographic print can do it. Nearly all his winter landscapes (in particular No. 48) denote a poetic temperament and an eye but poorly satisfied with the result of commonplace selection. The traces of snow shoes in the snow in two of his pictures are, however, out of place; they jar, but are, after all, a trivial matter, when we consider the other sterling qualities of his work.

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Delightful also are his studies of water lilies. Here again we meet that pearly atmospheric quality which is so rare in photography. He strives to express the exquisite delicacy of still water, the shapely growths of reeds in the distance and the shimmering surface of large leaved water plants. These pictures show an effective combination of the elements of natural poetry with decorative treatment. In addition to ordinary truth of local color, of detailed shape, of comparative values, one notes in two of these studies (I refer to those with the picturesque bank line, No. 2, 3 and 10,) a cheerful high toned key of grays. He is an interpreter of nature in her simplest aspects. He seems incapable of magnificent tone contrasts, of rich harmonies of values, of unusual effects and frank and bold foregrounds. His impressions are not broad, and his poetic conception lacks force, but in his best work he never fails to recall nature. His love for simplicity, however, becomes very dangerous to him at times. A long row of parallel evening shadows is in no sense rythmical, but commonplace, and some of his *caprices* in gray impress me as hopelessly empty, and are, even to his broadest appreciators, absolutely meaningless. And Mr. Post lacks the ability to represent nothing in a picturesque manner. He should leave that to Mr. Keiley.

Remarkable is a little marine (No. 51), very small in size, taken from the Battery. It is merely a fragment, an expanse of water, a cluster of posts, and a steamer in the far distance, but it is the one picture which is sure to be pleasurably remembered by artists.

Summing up Mr. Post's faculties as an artistic photographer, I might term him the poet of snow and water lilies, but I hope he won't restrict his good work to these two subjects entirely. He has a wider field of action before him. His talent lends itself curiously well to the realization of open air effects. He understands the delicacy and luminosity of daylight, and the gentle gradations of color that result from the aerial varieties of our climate. He is the one photographer of whom I would say, what a pity that he is no painter, what a pity that he cannot turn to an art which would widen his scope and add opportunities of moment. In photography one is debarred from so many effects that are extremely worthy of pictorial record, and even the most charming translations of landscapes in monotone become hackneyed after a while.

But it remains a question whether he would be equally successful in giving form to his imaginings by the aid of another technical process, taking for granted that he would readily adapt himself to the handling of the brush. Mr. Post seems to be specially fitted for the vocation of a photographic landscapist in all its phases. He is a thoughtful worker, who applies principles in a manner best calculated to lead him in the direction he desires; he is capable of taking full advantage of his medium, and makes his choice with rare discretion.

SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

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Exhibition of Prints by Members of the Boston Camera Club.

(December 12, 1900—January 4, 1901.)

The exhibition of prints by members of the Boston Camera Club consisted of seventy photographs, representing the following photographers: Edward R. Andrews, Percy Emerson Brown, Owen A. Eames, Dehon Blake, Miss Sarah J. Eddy, Miss Emma J. Fitz, Albert E. Fowler, Mrs. Rowland B. French, Harold Hutchinson, Samuel Johnson, 2d, Joseph Prince Loud, Frank F. McLeod, Charles Hall Perry, William P. Robinson, Mrs. Sarah C. Sears, William J. Smith, Walter B. Swift, Mrs. Susan S. Wainwright, David W. Weaver.

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Exhibition of Prints by Members of the California Camera Club.

(January 15-29, 1901.)

In the exhibition of prints by the California Camera Club, the following members of that organization were represented: Messrs. W. J. Street, H. D'Arcy Power, A. Nelson Crowell, Oscar Maurer, W. J. Platt, A. L. Coombs, T. H. d'Estrella, George C. Meeker, L. E. Rea, John A. Langstroth, Arnold Genthe, W. E. Dassonville.

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PORTRAIT OF MISS M., OF WASHINGTON

From a Platinotype

By Miss Rose Clark and Mrs. Elizabeth Flint Wade

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Proceedings.

The regular monthly meeting of the Club, which was held on December 11, was well attended. Mr. Murphy was in the chair. The minutes of the preceding meeting were read and approved. The treasurer's statement showed a balance on hand of $3,599.99.

Mr. Murphy reported for the trustees. He announced that the latter had thoroughly gone into the matter of the scurrilous and vulgar doggerel which had been referred to that body by the Club at the previous meeting. The author of the document had facilitated matters for the Board by a further offence, for which charges were preferred to the trustees by a certain member, who was in no way associated with the Publication Committee. This offence being admitted, and no defence of any kind offered when the gentleman was called before the Board for that purpose, the Board found no other course open but the unpleasant one of expelling the member in question.

Dr. Stevens proposed the following:

Resolved, That all graduates, scales, and measures marked according to the American or English system, be removed from the working rooms of the club, and that there be substituted in their place proper measuring apparatus marked in accordance with the metric system.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Beach. A lively discussion ensued, Messrs. Wilmerding, Fraser, Chas. Simpson and others speaking against any such change. Dr. Devlin, Messrs. Waterman and Bracklow spoke against the radical change.

Mr. Stieglitz spoke in favor of the Club adoping the metric system officially, although he did not see how the members could be forced to use it for their own work, if they did not appreciate the decided advantages of the system. Mr. Waterman again spoke against the change as proposed. Messrs. Stieglitz and Waterman then drafted the following: *Resolved*, That the Club officially adopt the metric system in its publication of formulæ and papers read before the club. That it also provides weights and measures in both systems for the facility of the members. Mr. Dayton spoke against the practicability of a double system, when Mr. Stieglitz called his attention to the fact that it had already existed for years in the club, as he himself had been using the club property, and never used anything but the metric system.

Dr. Stevens having withdrawn his original motion with unanimous consent, the Stieglitz-Waterman resolution was carried. The meeting then adjourned.

The regular meeting was held January 8, 1901, forty-five members being present. Both Messrs. Murphy and Berg being absent, Mr. R. A. B. Dayton was elected chairman.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The treasurer reported a balance on hand of $3,380.91. The House Committee made a verbal report, and dwelt upon the need of additional club lenses. Mr. Berg having arrived, Mr. Dayton gracefully vacated the chair in his favor. The chair announced the death of a fellow-member, John V. Van Woert, who had died on January 6. The following resolution was drawn and passed: *Resolved*, That in the death of Mr. John V. Van Woert the club has lost an old and honored member, whose personality had charmed all who had been acquainted with him, and whose place it will be hard to fill.

Mr. Reid arraigned the Committee on Meetings, of which he himself is chairman, for the lack of lectures, demonstrations, etc., etc. He spoke of the importance of making the committee a live one, and begged the Club to help him.

Dr. Stevens, Messrs. Hoge, Abel, and Schoen spoke in favor of more active work, the latter moving: "That it is the sense of the meeting that scientific and practical lectures and debates on photographic subjects are favored by the members."

Mr. Stieglitz spoke in favor of the motion, and at some length gave the meeting an outline of how and what ought to be done. He pointed out that just before his resignation as vice-president, he had succeeded in inducing the trustees to appropriate the sum of $200 for lectures, which sum had never been touched. He emphasized the fact that this policy of false economy was ruinous to the welfare and prosperity of the club, especially as he considered that good entertainments and lectures would become an ultimate source of revenue to the treasury. He claimed

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that only in this way the Club could ensure the procuring of persons competent to lecture upon subjects both valuable and interesting to the members at large and to the general public. He also pointed out that college professors and specialists on scientific subjects were, as a rule, not in a position to deliver lectures gratuitously, especially as the demand upon them for such lectures was practically overwhelming. Furthermore, and perhaps most important, payment for the lectures would be an evidence of the seriousness of purpose of the Club, and paid lecturers would be careful to prepare matter which would, unlike most popular lectures, contain sound, valuable material, and would not consist of mere verbiage.

Mr. Schoen's motion was duly seconded and carried. The meeting then adjourned.

Club Paragraphs.

Mr. J. Wells Champney continues giving his "five-minute talks" on Wednesday evenings, to the great edification of most of the Club members, who are wont to assemble at the rooms on that night. Mr. Champney is so happy in his manner, and so lucid in his remarks and observations, that, in the near future, we hope to give our readers a synopsis of these valuable "talks." They are of educational value to all photographers.

Miss Frances B. Johnson was awarded two gold medals at the recent Paris Exposition for her photographic exhibits.

Mr. John Beeby has recently been very successful in winning honors abroad with his slides. At the Cripplegate Institute he won two medals, a gold and a gold center, while at Blairgowrie the judges awarded him a bronze medal and a diploma.

Our honorary member, Mr. Dwight Lathrop Elmendorf, under the management of our Chairman of the Lantern Slide Committee, Mr. Alfred Simpson, during February gave a delightful series of lectures at the Waldorf-Astoria. The subjects were: *"Paris and the Exposition;" "London, the Metropolis of the World,* and *"Old Mexico and the Bull Fight."* It is needless to say that the slides were the main features of these lectures, both Messrs. Elmendorf and Simpson having more than a local reputation as slide-makers of the first rank.

On January 3rd Mr. Gilbert Ray Hawes delivered a talk on "Up the Thames to Oxford and the Shakespeare Country," illustrated by lantern slides, at the Club rooms.

The following new members have been elected. Active: Dr. H. Close, 347 West One Hundred and Twenty-third street, City; Mr. J. W. Rumsey, 31 West Twenty-sixth street, City; Mr. Chester A. Darling, 174 East Seventy-second street, City; Mr. Chas. De Roy, Birmingham, Ala.; Mr. Ezra H. Fitch, 2 West Eighty-sixth street, City. Non-Resident: Mr. Wm. J. Mullins, Franklin, Pa.; Mr. Cecil B. De Mille, Pompton, N. J.; Miss Lily E. White, Portland, Oregon; Miss Sarah H. Ladd, Portland, Oregon.

Attendance of the Trustees at Board Meetings.

(February, 1900—January, 1901, Inclusive).

Meetings.	Names.	Attendance.
17	Wm. D. Murphy	15
4	Alfred Stieglitz	4
17	H. B. Reid	17
17	W. E. Wilmerding	17
11	W. P. Agnew	11
17	John Beeby	13
17	Chas. I. Berg	15
17	W. J. Cassard	13
17	John Aspinwall	7
17	L. B. Schram	10
5	J. Edgar Bull	4
4	H. Man	4

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The Annual Dinner.

The Fourth Annual Dinner of the Camera Club was served on the evening of February 2. On this occasion the Club abandoned the Bohemian atmosphere of Muschenheim's Arena, where preceding annual dinners were eaten, for more dignified environments at the New York Athletic Club. In general interest, in point of numbers, and in gastronomic details, the dinner was not only a success, but it clearly surpassed in these particulars its successful predecessors. As usual, there were souvenir menus decorated with prints contributed from the portfolios of the Club's best workers, and a half dozen framed prints were distributed, as the President, with his eye on the Lottery Law, felicitously put it, "by the incorruptible arbitrament of chance." After these trifles (including the dinner) had been disposed of, the speech-making business of the evening began. It was opened by a toast to the memory of Victoria, drank standing and in silence, and the expression on the part of the president of the Club's regret that its festivities should have fallen on the day of her funeral. Speeches followed by the president, Mr. Murphy, by Mr. Van Wormer, President of the New York Athletic Club; by Mr. Redfield, President of the Photographic Society of Philadelphia; by Mr. Plumb, President of the Orange Camera Club; by Mr. Stirling, Secretary of the Photographic Society of Philadelphia; by Mr. Arthur Hewitt, of the Orange Camera Club, and by Messrs Champney, Johnson, Man, Aspinwall and Bull, of the Camera Club.

After the speeches, the work of the Committee in charge of the dinner was accorded graceful recognition and the members and their guests dispersed.

J. Edgar Bull.

Note by Editor.—The dinner was in charge of a committee consisting of: Wm. J. Cassard, Chairman; J. Edgar Bull, and A .W. Craigie.

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The Standard Club Developer.

In accordance with the Club resolution adopting the metric system of weights and measures as the official standard of the Club, we publish herewith, translated into metric form, the formula of The Camera Club Standard Pyro Solution:

I.—Sulphite of Soda (cryst.)	300	gm.
Citric Acid	15	gm.
Ammon. Bromide	5	gm.
Dissolve in about 800 cc. of distilled water and add Pyro (Schering)	100	gm.
Add water to make up to	1000	cc.
II.—Sulphite of Soda (cryst.)	200	gm.
Potass. Carbonate	300	gm.
Water to make	1000	cc.

For use take 5 c. c. each of I. and II. and add 75 to 150 c. c. of water.

This translation has been prepared by Dr. Robert J. Devlin, who remarks that "the above is almost an exact reproduction—the only changes being, first, increasing the citric acid from 13 gm. to 15 gm., and second, reducing the Ammon. Bromide from 6.5 gm. to 5 gm., both of which seem unimportant modifications, but quite in the line of simplicity."

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American Pictorial Photography, Series II.

After innumerable and unavoidable delays the new portfolio, *American Pictorial Photography, Series II.*, was duly published. It is needless to dwell upon its cordial reception, for the production as it stands is a decided step in advance of Series I. The selection of plates covers every style of pictorial photography, disproving the oft quoted statement that CAMERA NOTES is synonymous with freak photography, and one-sided. The reproductions, if carefully studied, will be an object lesson to all interested in that special phase of photography, the pictorial. They will show that it has been our endeavor to carry out our original policy when founding CAMERA NOTES, to give our readers the opportunity of seeing what the best workers of the world are producing, irrespective of schools, or our own personal likes or dislikes.

The portfolio in question contains: *The Manger,* and *Blessed Art Thou Among Women,* by Gertrude Käsebier; *La Cigale, The Lady of Charlotte, Portrait of Miss Jones,* and *Portrait of Mr. Alfred Stieglitz,* by Frank Eugene; *Shylock, a Study,* by Jos. T. Keiley; *Hailing the Ferry,* by John E. Dumont; *Spinning,* by Emilie V. Clarkson; *Clytie,* by Wm. B. Dyer; *Edge of the Woods —Evening,* by Clarence H. White; *The Dance,* and *The Ranchman,* by Rud. Eickemeyer, Jr.; *Landscape,* by Ed. J. Steichen; *Portrait of Miss M., of Washington,* by Rose Clark and Elizabeth Flint Wade; *Coquette,* by Chas. I. Berg; *A Study,* by J. Wells Champney; *Head of a Girl,* by Eva L. Watson.

A few portfolios, the edition of which is limited to 150 numbered copies, are still for sale; apply to CAMERA NOTES for particulars. A. S.

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Another American Link.

A seventh American has been honored with an election to the "Linked Ring," Mr. Frank Eugene, the well known painter and photographer, who is now travelling in Europe, having had that honor conferred upon him. That Mr. Eugene well deserved the distinction, our readers, who have had the advantage of studying his work, will readily admit. In our last issue, in announcing Mrs. Käsebier's election to the "Ring," we referred to her as the only woman "Link." We have been informed that simultaneously with her election, Mrs. Carine Cadby, of England, was similarly honored, the two countries, America and England, each being represented by one woman in the famous body of pictorial photographers.

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Notes.

The M. A. Seed Dry Plate Company prepares a powdered form of chemically pure Sulphite of Soda—also Carbonate of Soda, which we recommend to our readers. This form has decided advantage over the crystals usually used by photographers.

The Lovell Dry Plate Manufacturing Company sends us several boxes of their dry plates, *backed* and *isochromatic.* The tests made with both these brands have proven highly satisfactory. The demand in this country for plates of this description is on the increase. We have always been surprised that backed plates are not more generally used by photographers. Possibly this may be due to the tardiness of many of our plate manufacturers.

The progressive photographer is always on the alert for new papers. Special attention is called to the *"Silver of Phosphate Paper"; Rotograph Bromide;* and the new *Camera Chemical Company's* (Denver, Col.) platinum papers.

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